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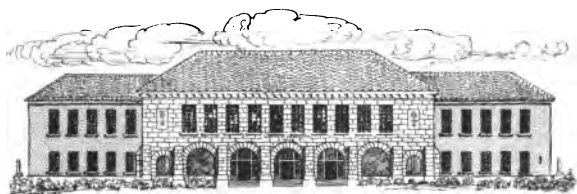
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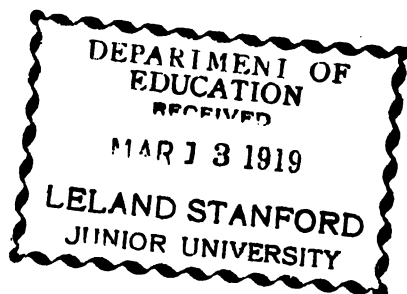


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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE HAWTHORNE READERS

INDIANA EDITION

LITERATURE

A FIFTH READER

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR., PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC IN UNION COLLEGE

AND

ADALINE WHEELOCK STERLING



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PREFACE

THE object of this Reader is in the main to serve as an introduction to literature. With this idea, the extracts have been very carefully selected so as to be representative of all the chief literary forms, and of the main periods, of our literature. As the book is for American children it contains a generous proportion of American writers. The extracts are generally quite representative of their authors. They are of considerable length: an extract of two or three pages, unless it be an independent piece, is not often representative. The length of the extracts cuts down number, but increases the quality. In some cases it was naturally impossible to find really representative passages which were suitable to the grade of students for which this book is designed. In two or three instances, therefore, the editors have allowed themselves to insert something perhaps a little beyond the possibilities of ordinary pupils,—as, for instance, the extract from Wordsworth,—in order to represent authors and forms of literature which ought not to be omitted. But such cases are very few: almost all the extracts will be easily apprehended by the pupil who begins at the beginning and comes to each extract in due course.

The Introduction aims to give a suggestion of two lines of literary study, as an indication of the princi-

ples by which the extracts were largely selected. The study of language and of thought is possible with any piece of good literature. Criticism and literary history demand particular selections and particular introduction. It is thought that such introduction as is given will make it easier for the teacher to give the pupil the whole good of the volume. It will also lead easily to a selection of supplementary reading where there is time, as well as to a more consistent choosing of books for the school library than might otherwise be possible.

But, although ideas of literary study have been in the editors' minds, they have not entirely dictated the plan of the book. Many pieces have seemed appropriate which had no definite place from either of the standpoints mentioned. Nor is the book especially arranged on these principles: it is, on the other hand, carefully graded according to the difficulty of the extracts. A pupil, then, may use the Reader with regard to the historical or descriptive study or entirely without regard to it. Even should no especial attention be paid to such particular studies, the pupil will certainly find advantage in having the material so chosen.

The Reader is illustrated with portraits only. Further illustration seems unnecessary in a book for older pupils. But, as many of our authors are included also in the Fourth Reader, this book has portraits only of those not represented there.

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SUCH a book as this is never possible except through the kindness of those who control the works of authors who have made themselves names in literature. We wish to offer our thanks and acknowledgments to—

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INTRODUCTION

THE study of Literature is a fascinating study, but it is also very indefinite—perhaps that is one of its charms. In each one of the sciences there is a definite set of facts and principles to know, and every one who studies that science must know it. It is not so with literature. Different teachers give preponderant attention to different matters. One will think it all important to know all that can be known of the various authors, and of the relation of their works to those which came before and after, while another will be wholly absorbed in appreciation and criticism of the especial work in hand. Some think the necessary thing is to have an exact knowledge of the language of poet and essayist, and will work hard even upon such a matter as grammatical structure, while others will care only for the inspiration of the noble ideas of the great writers of the past. There is a good deal to be said for almost every one of the main directions of literary study, although it is manifestly impossible with so large a subject to pursue all the different lines. The language is certainly important, even grammatically, for if we do not understand the language exactly, it is very likely that we shall not get the ideas rightly. But it would be a pity to miss the genuine exaltation of

spirit and the ennobling of ideas that come from due sympathy with great poets and thinkers. In like manner, we may say, criticism of any given work is important, for otherwise we can hardly know it at its true value. But it is also necessary, without doubt, to have some idea of historical sequence and perspective. A word on each of these lines of study will be useful.

There can be no doubt that some language work is always necessary with an author, whether it be of that simple sort that we call grammatical, or of the higher kind called rhetorical. We must know what the author meant, as well as what he said. If we read what he said, and think that it means something he did not intend, why, then we might as well be reading anybody else as that particular writer. So even grammatical study, when it is necessary to get at the meaning, is a matter, perhaps not of the greatest but certainly of the first importance.

Then it is also necessary that we should appreciate our author's thought and sympathize with it, at least while we read. This is not always the easiest thing in the world to do; but if we do not do it, we fail to get from the author what we might, and, as in the other case, we should do as well to read somebody else. We may not appreciate the ideas of Carlyle, let us say, may not get his full thought, or, if we do get it, we may dislike it and have no sympathy for it. In that case we do not get from him what another will, who does appreciate and sympathize. It may be hard, at first, even to get the spirit of an author. But we can learn to appreciate, and even to sympathize, for the time

being, and we must do so unless we are content to have our study merely formal.

These two lines of study are in every teacher's mind, and nothing more need be said of them, nor could anything more be said in our short space. We may, however, be rather more detailed upon two other aspects of literary study.

It is really of importance for us not only to understand and to appreciate, but also to criticise a little. The word "criticise" is often used as though it meant merely to find fault. But such is not its first meaning, nor its meaning here. To criticise a work of literature means to get at its literary character, and to know its precise kind and whether it be good of its kind and in general. It may seem that this work belongs to the advanced scholar only, but it is not so. Some little criticism is always done by everybody. Read for instance, a chapter by Stevenson, a speech by Webster, a letter by Lamb¹; are they all written in the same way? Certainly not, and no one would expect that they would be. Every particular purpose has its own kind of expression: Fiction, oratory, letter-writing, as well as history, science, and all the varied kinds of poetry. Each is something different from all the rest. We should at least know something of these different forms, and it is not at all hard to make a beginning of such knowledge.

There remains the historical study of literature, to which is to be added the biographical study of authors.

¹ Almost all the authors referred to in this Introduction will be found represented in the Reader.

Here one must rather restrain than encourage. History is almost always interesting, and so is biography ; especially is this so when we have to do with people we are as curious about as we are about authors. We want to know all about a poet who interests us : how much there must have been that we should like to know about Shakespeare ! We must always be careful not to let our interest in an author smother our appreciation of his work ; it would be better not to know any names and dates and biographical facts at all, than to know nothing about literature but facts and names and dates. Still, there can be no doubt that every author has a great deal of the spirit of his time about him, and that he must owe a good deal to those who went before him. So it is important to know at least something about the history of literature. It would certainly be a foolish mistake if we thought that Keats and Pope, or Bacon and Huxley, lived at the same time, for they write so very differently that we really could not appreciate either, did we not know that they were separated by many years.

Something more on these two latter topics is now added, for these are the subjects in which it is most practicable to outline some course of study.

ON LITERARY FORMS

When we first try to gain some idea of literary forms, the matter seems very confused. Literature is composed of the writings of poets and men of letters. Now, poets and men of letters write all sorts of things :

they are not confined by rule, but, as the spirit moves them, so they write. Still, in looking over the whole mass of literature we can make some broad divisions, and of these it will be useful for us to know a little. It is well for us to know what makes things different from each other, for so we come to a knowledge of some of their most individual characteristics. We will make some divisions and characterizations, illustrating them by authors represented in the following pages.

In the first place there is the great distinction, which is familiar enough to everybody, between prose and verse. Considering all the many kinds of prose, we are at first struck by the great number of different forms. For although many of us read chiefly novels and short stories, yet a moment's thought assures us that there are many other kinds of prose, even though we do not ourselves read them very much. We specify some of the divisions which will enable us to understand the difference between them.

One division which we can easily make is between that writing wherein we clearly see the person of the author and that in which we do not. Thus, to choose a striking contrast, in an autobiography like that of Franklin we see the writer all the time, while in a biography like the life of Cæsar by Plutarch we do not see the author at all. We may call these two divisions personal and impersonal, and continue to make further divisions on this basis.

Impersonal prose is the more common of the two. We more commonly use language to tell about things that have happened, not so often to tell about our-

selves. Among the kinds of impersonal prose is, first, history. In history the writer says nothing at all of himself; he presents to us the course of some events that occurred, but he remains himself in the background, or, more often, out of the picture altogether. We have many examples of history in our extracts: Macaulay and Green are representative English historians; Prescott, Motley, and Parkman are our greatest American historians. Their effort is to bring up events of a past time so that we shall get a brilliant, vivid picture of what happened long since. Next to history, and not unlike it, is biography. History presents us the life of a nation; biography gives us the life of a man. Macaulay and Carlyle, who were great historians, were biographers as well; in fact Carlyle rather thought that history, practically, was the biography of great men. He himself wrote two full biographies, the lives of Oliver Cromwell and of Frederick the Great, and each of them is practically a history of the time in which its subject lived. One of the most famous biographers is Plutarch; his "Lives," although written long ago, have never been forgotten. There are other famous biographies, which we could not very well represent in our extracts; one is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," a very famous book, and another is Washington Irving's "Oliver Goldsmith."

Both history and biography deal with men and women and tell what they did. But there is also much else in the world. Nature is a frequent subject for the writer. There are some poets who think deeply on nature, as, for instance, Wordsworth, — especially in

our extract, — and Emerson when he wrote poetry. But there are also prose writers who have watched nature carefully. In England, Gilbert White, more than a hundred years ago, and Richard Jefferies, who died not long since, are the chief figures; while America has been equally eminent in this kind, having given us Thoreau and Burroughs, as well as a number not so well known. But though these writers deal with nature, they have not dealt with it in a very definite and systematic manner. When people deal with nature in a definite and systematic manner, we call it science. Now, as a rule, we do not consider scientific writing a part of literature: scientists are apt to write merely to convey information to the learned, and this work is often very bare and dry. But in our century science has taken a step toward the great mass of readers; and many scientists have made an effort to put their work into a form that should appeal very widely to all, whether learned or not, who were in the habit of reading. Chief of these were Huxley and Tyndall, whose work has real literary value as well as scientific accuracy.

Besides all this prose that deals with fact, there is all the prose, that we are so familiar with, that deals with fiction. The first literature of any nation is apt to be mythology, *i.e.*, stories and legends of their gods and heroes. But these stories and legends are apt to be in poetry, which generally comes before prose, because it was more easily learned by heart and so remembered in very early times when writing was not known. The stories originally told are sometimes, long afterward, rewritten in prose by those who come later, as

in Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and Kingsley's "Heroes." After mythology, or along with it, are apt to come fables, which at first are commonly in poetry, although the parables of the Bible are not. Later, men get to telling stories in prose, and we have what we call short stories, tales, romances, and novels. There are no very strict limits to these classes, and perhaps the first and the last make a sufficient division. Of the short story we have not many examples in this book, but the one we have—Poe's "Gold Bug"—is among the best. One ought also, however, to read some of Hawthorne's and Irving's. Of the novel perhaps we need say nothing at all, for there are so many novels nowadays that it seems as though everybody must know all about them. Of the English novelists, Walter Scott, though not the first in time, as we have said elsewhere, was the first to make his books universally popular. Dickens followed him, and equaled him so far as popularity is concerned, although many doubt whether his books have as great literary value. In America, Hawthorne was one of our earlier novelists and is still our greatest.

Besides all these writings, which are quite impersonal, there is the other division; we have books which, though they deal with people and things, yet have so much of the character of the author that we may call them personal. And first of these we should put orations. The orator, the man of eloquence, infuses so much of his feeling and personality into his speech that we cannot feel that it is quite like those forms of literature of which we have been speaking. When we

hear a great oration we cannot but feel that it is not merely the subject that is of interest, but also the man who is dealing with the subject. Our great American orator is Webster ; the great English orator is Burke. Though we should not think of him chiefly as an orator, our great President, Lincoln, had a gift of speech quite as perfect in its way as that of men of much greater eloquence.

After the orators come the essayists. Of course men can write essays of a very impersonal character : thus, Macaulay's essays are miniature histories and biographies. But the true essayist deals with everything in his own way and allows himself great personal liberty. He gives us his ideas, his thoughts, his feelings, and as we read him we are really more charmed by his disposition and his way of putting things than by anything else. Addison's "Spectator," Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" are the famous English models in this kind. In America, Lowell and Curtis are the chief examples of the personal essayists—the latter, for month after month in the "Editor's Easy Chair," having what was almost a personal chat with his readers. Last in this group come the letter-writers. Letters in general we hardly think of including in Literature, which sounds rather paradoxical. The French pay rather more attention, or did once, to this form than do we Americans and English. Still, there are in English a number of very charming writers of letters, among whom we select as examples Cowper and Lamb, the latter's letters being really very like his essays.

But in all these kinds of writing, even in such personal writing as oratory, essays, and letters, we get always what the writer says of something else. There is also one kind, or perhaps we should say two, wherein the writer writes about himself. These books are among the most interesting books in literature. The author takes himself as a subject, and tells us how he thought, felt, and acted. These books are called autobiographies, and we have in our extracts a capital example in the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. There is a peculiar interest about such books: not only is there the interest which we naturally have in the life of a great man, but there is the additional charm which attaches to his telling us, himself, about himself. Many of the authors represented in our book have written about themselves: Ruskin's autobiography is called "*Præterita*," which means "things which happened some time since;" Bunyan's was called "*Grace Abounding*." Dickens wrote much that was autobiographic in the beginning of "*David Copperfield*." Other famous autobiographies are those of Gibbon the historian, and of De Quincey the essayist. Besides autobiographies we must notice personal narratives, in which the author tells us not of his whole life, but of some particular part of it. Such is Dana's "*Two Years before the Mast*." Such also are Bayard Taylor's books, Parkman's "*Oregon Trail*," Irving's "*Tour on the Prairies*," and Stevenson's "*Travels with a Donkey*."

Thus we have run over the whole range of prose literature, from those forms in which the writer tells us of

something quite apart from himself to the forms where he is himself the subject as well as the writer. Within these boundaries will be found all the different forms of prose, although in our description we have omitted some that were of minor importance.

When we turn from prose to poetry, time-honored tradition gives us a division on the same lines. The old critics divided poetry into epic, lyric, and dramatic. Of these the lyric division would answer roughly to our "personal" prose, although the difference of subject-matter seems to make it somewhat different. The lyric poet gives us his own thought and feeling: the epic or narrative poet tells of others. The third division, the dramatic, has nothing answering to it in our scheme of prose. The dramatist presents characters who speak in their own persons, and the drama is commonly thought of as a whole without regard to whether it be poetry or prose.

The chief directions of English poetry have been lyric and epic: at one time only — the time of Shakespeare — was the drama cultivated with great success. The Elizabethan drama is one of the great glories of English literature, but of the drama produced at various times afterward little has survived. The comedies of Goldsmith and of Sheridan are almost the only plays of the eighteenth century that have kept the stage or that are read with pleasure.

If we mean by epic poetry that which is narrative in character, and include a whole division of poetry and not merely one special kind of poem, then we shall

find much in English literature. From the simple ballad or song of adventure to the stately epic poem, there are many different forms (one kind often running into another, it is true), and examples of any of them may be easily found. Of the genuine old ballads, we present no specimens. The Scottish are the best, — for example, “Chevy Chase” or “Sir Patrick Spens,” — but their language is rather difficult for a young reader to understand. But in Macaulay’s “Lays of Ancient Rome,” we have admirable poems of ballad spirit, for Macaulay had in mind the old popular poetry of the Roman republic. In “Barclay of Ury” and “Hervé Riel,” we have modern representatives of poetic feeling inspired by heroic deeds. After the ballad comes the tale in verse, longer, and more careful of form and structure than the ballad. Here Chaucer is our great master in older literature, and Scott in later times ; but Longfellow, also, has entered this field and we have from him longer tales, like “The Courtship of Miles Standish,” as well as the ballads that are so familiar that we need only allude to them. Longer than the tale is the epic proper. A true epic poem seems now hardly possible save in early times such as those in which the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey” were composed. In modern literature we have but few examples : Milton’s “Paradise Lost” is that which our own literature can boast. But of poems in the epic manner and spirit, there are in English not a few. Our own extracts include one from Tennyson’s “Idylls of the King,” a number of narrative poems grouped together by common spirit and action, one from Keats’s

“Hyperion,” which was begun and never finished; and one from Matthew Arnold’s “Sohrab and Rustum,” which was originally written merely as an episode. So thus we have the different forms of epic or narrative poetry: the ballad which was in early times meant to be sung, the longer story or tale, and the more complete and carefully constructed epic poem.

Like the old ballad, the old lyric poetry was meant to be sung, originally to the lyre, the musical instrument of the Greeks; and even now, of course, poetry is sometimes sung, though not, as once, by the poet himself. Songs and hymns are very familiar to us, and although they do not always seem to us to be literature, yet they may be literature, and they represent the oldest literary forms in the world. Mrs. Howe’s “Battle Hymn” and the songs of Burns and Tom Moore show that poets have not entirely forgotten the old reason for their existence; these are true songs. Emerson’s “Concord Hymn” is more like a poem than it is like a song, and Bryant’s “Forest Hymn” is still more so.

One common form of the old lyric was the elegy or lament for the dead, or the ode or song celebrating some great occasion. Originally meant to be sung, these are now poetic forms, sometimes of great beauty and elaboration, as Milton’s “Lycidas,” or Tennyson’s “In Memoriam.” We have something of the sort in the passage from Lowell’s “Commemoration Ode” dedicated to Lincoln. Sometimes the elegy is not a poem on the death of any particular one, but is merely of an elegiac character, as the famous poem of Gray.

But by this time poetry, even lyric poetry, has got far away from the idea of being something written to be sung. The form often remains—though often even the form is not such as can be sung—and for subject we have not the few simple kinds that have been mentioned, but the whole wide range of exalted poetic feeling. Thus, to mention a few cases, the poet may think of some dramatic instance that enforces a pregnant thought, as in “The Fool’s Prayer,” “A Musical Instrument,” or “The Shepherd of King Admetus”; or his mind may be stirred by some simple natural production, as in “The Chambered Nautilus” or “The Rhodora.” Or he may merely follow the dictate of his own thought, sometimes presenting some settled conviction, as in “Waiting”; sometimes trying to explain some way of looking at life or nature, as in “Tintern Abbey”; sometimes reminded by some incident of a whole flood of feeling, as in “Lines on Receipt of my Mother’s Picture.” But here we are passing out of the domain of the purely lyrical: we are coming to descriptive poetry, and poetry that used to be called didactic, as Milton’s “L’Allegro” and Pope’s “Essay on Man,” in which the poet looks out of himself entirely and tells us what he sees in the outward world.

But such divisions of poetry are less satisfactory than our divisions of prose: they seem to teach us less, and certainly we seem to need them less; we want to come to a sympathy with the poet’s mind, and for such sympathy we are not very much helped by particular knowledge as to his modes of expression.

ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

So far as we know, the English people have always had something we might call a literature, although in the very early times, when there was no writing among them, it was not preserved, and we can only conjecture what it may have been. When they left the mainland of Europe and came over to England, they had, as did all of the Teutonic peoples, great songs, repeated by their bards, telling the deeds of their ancestors and their national heroes; and one of these, at least, was written down, and has been preserved to this day,—the poem of “Beowulf.” When King Alfred came to the throne, he saw that his people needed learning and knowledge. He set to work himself, and his scholars with him, to translate the best books he knew, into English, and some of these translations are left to us.

So English literature, even as written down, goes back a full thousand years. But the English language has changed so much in that thousand years that, if we saw one of those old books, we could not read it. In our study of literature, therefore, we must begin much later.

Several hundred years after Alfred, the Normans came to England, seized the government, and made many great changes. Among their novelties was the art of the courtly minstrel, who sang the tales of knight-hood and chivalry much as the old-time bard had sung of the heroes of the Saxons. As the centuries passed away there were many of these romances (so they were called), but they were more commonly written in French

than in English, so that they are not of much importance to us. Finally, however, came one who had the good old English language with the courtly French education, and in Chaucer we have what Lowell calls "the first result of the Norman yeast upon the home-baked Saxon loaf." Everybody should read Chaucer sometime; but even in Chaucer's day (he died in 1400) the English language was so different from our English that we cannot read it easily, and therefore we have no Chaucer in our book.

After Chaucer came a century of war and dissension, in which literature did not flourish; but with the opening of the sixteenth century began a new era. It is not great yet, but everywhere are signs of life, spirit, and genius. Men were curious in scholarship, active in religion, and ambitious in literature. The chief figure in the world of letters was Sir Thomas More, and his great book was named the "Utopia."

More and more men of genius came forward as the time passed, until in the last twenty-five years of the century we have what is called the age of Elizabeth (who reigned over England 1558-1603), a great period in religion, politics, and discovery, as well as in literature. Writers always have much about them that belongs to the time in which they write. They write for the men and women about them, and cannot be readily understood by those who think very differently. We have gone far from the time of Elizabeth, and there is much in what was written in her day that we cannot appreciate, or perhaps understand without study. But there were two men who wrote "not for an age, but for all

time," as was said of one of them. The plays of Shakespeare and the essays of Bacon are works of a very different character. But each has so much of the universal element in him that he will be understood and appreciated as long as England endures.

The dramatist and the scholar—Shakespeare and Bacon—may thus represent to us the two main directions of the literature of their day. Of the two, the drama was the more important. In the age of Elizabeth there were many famous dramatists, and the drama lasted along for forty years after Elizabeth's death. Then, however, a change came over England. The people called Puritans were rising to power. They were the people who dethroned Charles I, and put Cromwell in his place; the people who crossed the Atlantic and settled Plymouth and all New England. They were a strong set of men, but they had no love for the literature of which the England of the preceding time had been proud, and they closed the theaters and put a stop to the drama. Their great book was the Bible, and they saw little need of any other. In spite of this, they produced two of the greatest English writers since Shakespeare. John Milton wrote "*Paradise Lost*," and John Bunyan wrote "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

The Puritans did their work in England and passed away. King Charles the Second returned to his father's kingdom and began a reign of gayety and merriment. It was not a great time for literature: what was written seemed very bright and sparkling and clever, but it did not last. We do not remember much of it. Not till the beginning of the eighteenth century do we

find much of which we can say that it was of the best. With the reign of Queen Anne there came poetry and prose which, though not quite of the taste of to-day, is still very fine. We can enjoy it thoroughly as soon as we get used to the slightly old-fashioned air that it has about it. The chief poet of the time was Alexander Pope: the chief prose-writer was Joseph Addison. Each had an immense influence on the writers who came after: the poetry of Pope is a model of clever, epigrammatic brilliancy; the prose of Addison is a model of easy and graceful correctness. Later in the century, among other authors were two greater than those about them; but although they were personally greater and more lovable men, yet they were not of so strong an influence upon other authors: Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson worked largely on the lines laid down by their great predecessors.

While literature was thus developing in England, there had been nothing that we could really speak of as literature in America. The American people still had too much to do in overcoming the obstacles which stand in the way of those who would subdue a continent, to pay much attention to the lighter arts of life. So far as they dealt with literature at all, it had been chiefly at the call of religious thought; and two at least of their clergymen may be called famous, — Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Now, however, came a man who attracted the attention of the world to himself as a man of scholarship and literature. Benjamin Franklin was a typical American: he paid attention to those things that seemed to him most im-

portant in the everyday life of himself and his neighbors. He learned much by investigating whatever was not plain, and he wrote much because he had much to say. The first habit made him a scholar, the second a writer, and in each case, a man of whom the American, not only of his day but of ours, was, and is, rightly proud.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century it began to be apparent that there was to be a new movement in English literature. It is a curious fact, perhaps no more than a coincidence, that the coming-in of each century had been welcomed by a burst of literature: Shakespeare and Bacon about 1600, Pope and Addison about 1700, and in each case a number of other men of first-rate power. Now, as the year 1800 came nearer and nearer, the time was growing ripe for new poets and new writers of prose. Already the poets had begun to feel that the poetry for which Pope was so wonderful a model and Goldsmith so charming an example, was not free enough to express all the fresh, new ideas that were in men's minds. We must remember that the nineteenth century has wrought a great change in men's thoughts: it is not unnatural that the forms of literature should have changed. There had already been signs of a freer poetry: Gray and Cowper, and, in Scotland, Burns, had each in his own way written with a sincerity and simplicity that strike us nowadays as far better than all the brilliancy of Pope. After them came men who broke away still more from old traditions: their minds were filled with fresh imaginations and new feelings, and they expressed

themselves strongly and naturally. Walter Scott, who had been brought up on tales of chivalry and ballads of older time, charmed everybody by his fresh and stirring tales of the old days in Scotland. Byron, who was a rover by nature, traveled all over Europe, and fascinated the world by his passionate admiration and sympathy for romantic scenes and stories. Wordsworth saw a poetry in nature and in man that had not been dreamed of. There were others, of whom we have not space to speak: Coleridge, Campbell, Southey. Shelley and Keats, perhaps more poetical than these, expressed their keen love of beauty in nature and in the life of long ago.

Scott was not a poet only: he also wrote the "Waverley Novels." They are not the first English novels. In the century before, there had been fine novels, not only those of Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, but Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Scott's novels, however, were the first to be as universally read as novels are to-day. He was followed as the century went on by many another distinguished novelist, though by none so famous, except, perhaps, Dickens. Thackeray and George Eliot, and in our own day Stevenson, are other great names, although among the less famous one finds much that is very charming.

In America, with the opening of the century came the work of Washington Irving. Irving was the first American who could create literature in the European sense. He lived long in Europe, and by nature perhaps, certainly by training, he saw everything in a literary way; he was looked up to by his countrymen,

and rightly, for he taught them that they, too, could express themselves with ease and power.

Irving alone did not constitute a literature, and America was still too much bent on material advancement to produce many men of greatness in the world of thought. Still, a beginning was made. Irving's "Sketch-Book," which was published in 1820, was soon followed by the first books of Cooper and Bryant, of Hawthorne and Longfellow, of Emerson and Poe, — the latter being the most original of all, though in very different ways.

In England, the same years saw the ripening of several of the poets we have just mentioned, and the appearance of those two who are best representative of the century, so far as English literature is concerned. We usually think of Tennyson as a more popular poet than Browning, but neither was at all popular on his first publication. Tennyson, however, soon captivated the public ear, so that when, on the death of Wordsworth, he was made Poet Laureate, the choice was felt to be a singularly appropriate one. Yet Browning also has been a great figure in the poetic life of our time, although his true position is rather hard to present to younger readers. In America our representative man of letters, after Irving, was Lowell. He was not so great a poet as either of the two of whom we have just spoken, but his range was greater than that of either; he was not only a poet, but a humorist and an essayist. He is, however, not really so remarkable for his power in such varied lines as he is for being an example of the best thought of the country expressing itself in literature. Of his time were Whit-

tier the poet, Holmes, who was primarily a humorist, and Curtis, the essayist.

The novel and poetry are the two forms of literature that we think of most readily, but they are not the only forms. Not less absorbing in interest than either is history. There were great historians in the eighteenth century, but a new vitality was given to history by Macaulay, Carlyle, and Green in England, and Prescott, Motley, and Parkman in America. The English writers present, on the whole, a new conception of history, an attempt to grasp and express the life and spirit of a whole people. The three Americans, having a more limited subject-matter, contented themselves in an effort to present the brilliant and picturesque features of the life which interested them.

One mark of the nineteenth century has been the development of science. The direct contribution of science to literature has been considerable; there are not a few scientists who, like Huxley and Tyndall, have presented their results in a form which may be read with pleasure by anybody. But we must mention also an indirect contribution of science in teaching us a keener appreciation of nature. In America, Thoreau and Burroughs stand pre-eminent as having made their place among men of letters by recording their thoughts of nature in prose, as Wordsworth recorded his in poetry. In England, Jefferies was a worthy successor of the charming White of Selborne.

Such is a very rapid sketch of the course of English literature, an enumeration of some of the most famous names. We cannot pretend to completeness in a few

pages, and though we have omitted much, we must stop here, content if we have been successful in indicating the place in literature of the greatest authors, examples of whose work will be found in the following pages.

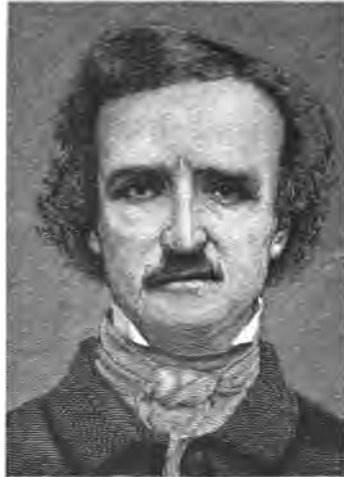
FIFTH READER



1. THE GOLD BUG

By Edgar Allan Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE (Jan. 19, 1809–Oct. 7, 1849) was one of the most remarkable of our American men of letters, although many circumstances have stood in the way of his complete recognition. He wrote much that was not equal to his best, and his ways of life and of thought made enemies, and alienated friends. He was greatest as a poet (p. 270), but some of his prose is of the finest quality. The following extract is a part of "The Gold Bug," — a story which exhibits in a most fascinating form Poe's particular power of analytic reasoning. The story is a masterpiece of its kind: nothing better of the sort has ever been written. The persons in the story, the writer, his friend Legrand, and an old slave named Jupiter, after laborious search have discovered a chest of treasure. Legrand, who directed the undertaking, tells how he was led to begin upon it.



EDGAR ALLAN POE

PART ONE

WHEN at length we had concluded our examination and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I

was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarabæus? You recollect, also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterward I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me,—for I am considered a good artist,—and therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's head just where it seemed to me I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and, seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more

closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline — at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that unknown to me there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarabæus, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection — a sequence of cause and effect — and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction that startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarabæus. I became perfectly certain of this ; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain ; but even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glowworm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and, putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabæus was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half-buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnant of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while, for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterward we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at

once — you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession ; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful — but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment — not a paper — with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask ‘Where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull or death’s head is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable, almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment ; since for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning — some relevancy — in the death’s head. I did not fail to observe, also, the form of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been by some accident destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just

a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum — for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.”

“But,” I interposed, “you say the skull was not upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull — since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarabæus?”

“Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the scarabæus there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. You, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.”

scarabæus: Legrand had found a peculiar kind of beetle which Jupiter insisted was pure gold, whence the name of the story.

adventure: that in which they had found the treasure beetle, the sketch alluded to in the beginning of the extract, as told in an earlier part of the story.

PART TWO

“At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and did remember with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh, rare and happy

accident!) and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you; but before I could speak you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light upon the parchment the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffer, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

“I now scrutinized the death’s head with care. Its outer edges — the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum — were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been

imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was not that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the sole day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried somewhere upon the Atlantic coast by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still remaining entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterward reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It

seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had first given birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?”

“Never.”

“But that Kidd’s accumulations were immense, is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit.”

“But how did you proceed?”

“I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and to my inexpressible joy found it spotted in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain

another minute. Upon taking it off the whole lot was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's head and the goat:—

53†††305))6*;4826)4†.)4†);806*;48†8†(60))85;1†);†*8†83(88)5*†;4
6(;88*96*?;8)*†(;485);5*†2:*†(;4956*2(5*—4)8†8*;4069285);)6†8)
4††;1(†9;48081;8:8†1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(†9;48;(88;4(†734;48)4
†;161;188;†?

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind at once that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear to the crude intellect of the sailor absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abtruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances and a certain bias of mind have led me to take interest in such riddles. Having once established connected and

legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import."

money: the treasure which they had found. Captain Kidd was a real character. All along the Atlantic coast there are legends of Captain Kidd's buried money.

instrument: A legal paper is called an "instrument."

Golconda: a place in India, famous for the polishing and cutting of diamonds.

import: The solution of the cipher or cryptograph would be too long for our limits. But any ingenious boy or girl will like to turn to the story and follow out Poe's solution of what seems a perfectly insoluble puzzle.

Few persons can be made to believe that it is not quite an easy thing to invent a method of secret writing which shall baffle investigation. Yet it may be roundly asserted that human ingenuity cannot concoct a cipher which human ingenuity cannot resolve. In the facility with which such writing is deciphered, however, there exists very remarkable differences in different intellects. Often, in the case of two individuals of acknowledged equality as regards ordinary mental efforts, it will be found that, while one cannot unriddle the commonest cipher, the other will scarcely be puzzled by the most abstruse. It may be observed generally that in such investigations the analytic ability is very forcibly called into action; and, for this reason, cryptographical solutions might, with great propriety, be introduced into academies as the means of giving tone to the most important of the powers of the mind.

E. A. POE: *Cryptography*.

2. HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

LORD MACAULAY, as he was created in 1857 (Oct. 25, 1800—Dec. 28, 1859), is more widely known as an essayist, an historian and a critic than as a poet. Yet his poetry has very fine qualities: he wrote but a few poems, and all of them express his interest in the striking episodes of history that he knew so well. It is moving poetry: everything is carried along and made vivid by his powerful imagination and his enthusiastic sympathy. In "The Lays of Ancient Rome" Macaulay endeavored to revive the old poems, never written down, perhaps, but sung long ago, which are supposed to have been the means of pre-



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

serving many of the facts of the early history of Rome. The subject of "Horatius" is an incident in the attack made upon Rome by Lars Porsena, the king of Etruria, or Tuscany. The invading army had almost reached the city: the Tiber only lay between, and that was spanned by a bridge which could not be destroyed before the Tuscans would be upon it. Three Romans—Horatius, Herminius, and Lartius—volunteered to keep the enemy off the bridge until it could be cut down. For a time they withstood every attack of the whole Tuscan army. Our extract opens when a lull had come upon the combat.

BUT now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark ! the cry is " Astur ! "
And lo ! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
That none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay ;
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way ? "

Then whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh ;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.

There lacked not men of prowess
Nor men of lordly race ;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three ;
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who, unaware
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bea
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack ;
But those behind cried " Forward ! "
And those before cried " Back ! "
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

“Come back, come back, Horatius !”

Loud cried the Fathers all.

“Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !

Back ere the ruin fall !”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;

Herminius darted back ;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,

And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more

But with a crash like thunder

Fell every loosened beam,

And like a dam, the mighty wreck

Lay right athwart the stream ;

And a long shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,

As to the highest turret-tops

Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken

When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard

And tossed his tawny mane,

And burst the curb and bounded,

Rejoicing to be free,

And whirling down, in fierce career

Battlement and plank and pier

Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see :
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

“O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day !”
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shout and clapping
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

fourfold shield : made of four folds of bull's hide, hooped and strengthened with brass.

brand : a poetic word for "sword."

she-wolf's litter : It was the tradition that Romulus and Remus, the ancestors of the Romans, had been deserted when infants, and nourished by a she-wolf who found them by the river Tiber.

Mount Alvernum : a mountain to the north of Rome.

augurs : an order in the Roman priesthood ; they were soothsayers.

Lucumo was the name given to the Etrurian nobles.

corpses : Many Tuscan chiefs had been slain before Astur.

constant : He did not vary in the least from his strength of resolution.

Sextus : the son of the Roman king, Tarquinius, who had been expelled from Rome.

Palatinus : one of the seven hills of Rome ; see p. 233.

Tiber : The Romans personified the Tiber as a river-god.

harness : armor.

crest : the ornament of his helmet.

3. FRANKLIN'S EARLY STUDIES

By Benjamin Franklin



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (Jan. 17, 1706-April 17, 1790) was the first American to be generally known at home and abroad, both in England and on the continent, as a scholar and a man of letters. All the more strange is it that he had but little regular education. Almost everything that he knew, he taught himself. Fortunately for us he wrote an account of his own life, so that we can, to some degree, see how he accomplished the remarkable things he did accomplish. From being a poor boy, he became one of the greatest and most respected men in the country, and there can be little doubt that one of the means

by which he succeeded, was, to use his own words, his "being able to write." He became an eminent man mainly because he was always ready to suggest and promote plans for the public advantage. It astonishes one to read of all the institutions he had an active hand in

founding. His usual method was first to put his scheme in writing so as to present it to his fellow-citizens to best advantage. He had studied carefully the art of writing as a means of practical utility, and he always used it for what he could accomplish by it. The following is his own account of his beginning, a little abbreviated by the omission of some details.

PART ONE

I CONTINUED thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that, if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learnt so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments while the intention in making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time

on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

From a child, I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the Pilgrim's Progress, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's Lives there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's called an Essay on Projects, and another of Dr. Mather's called Essays to do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717, my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the inden-

tures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street ballad style; and when they were printed, he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me that verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet,

most probably a very bad one ; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice ; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and, perhaps, enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words ; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point and were not to see one another for some time, I sat down to put my arguments

in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I owed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

on liking: to see how each side liked it.

fee: An apprentice commonly paid a fee to be taught a trade.

Pilgrim's Progress: see pp. 103 and 110.

De Foe: the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

Plutarch: see p. 240.

Mather: Cotton Mather, a famous Boston clergyman of an earlier generation.

bound: as an apprentice.

indentures: the agreement concerning the apprenticeship.

pretty: not in the modern sense.

occasional ballads: ballads on occasions or events like those mentioned.

Grub-Street: a street in London where poor authors lived in Franklin's day.

dispute's sake: It was over one hundred years before the rest of the country caught up with Franklin.

PART TWO

About this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over,

and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at a book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses ; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse ; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them to the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them ; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the

method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the "New England Courant." The only one before it was the "Boston News-Letter." I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five and twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper, if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under

the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

Encouraged, however, by this, I wrote and conveyed in the same way to the press several more papers, which were equally approved ; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And perhaps this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and accordingly expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he demeaned me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had

often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss ; and thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censured, and imprisoned for a month, by the Speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examined before the Council ; but though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice who was bound to keep my master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper ; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libeling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order of the House (a very odd one), that "James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the 'New England Courant.'"

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper ; but, my brother seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ; and, to avoid the

censure of the Assembly that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be returned to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion; but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on, accordingly, under my name for several months.

"Spectator": a periodical published shortly before this time by Addison and his friends; see p. 471.

five and twenty: And a hundred and twenty-five years later the number had grown still more wonderfully.

ingenious: clever.

He: his brother.

Speaker's: i.e., the Speaker of the Assembly.

4. BARCLAY OF URY

By John Greenleaf Whittier

WHITTIER (Dec. 17, 1807–Sept. 7, 1892) was distinctly a New England poet and a poet of freedom. But his love of freedom had for its other side a hatred of every kind of oppression, and although especially aroused by the wrongs of his own day, he sympathized with those who were unrighteously persecuted in every land and time. A Quaker himself, he found enough examples to his hand in the history of his own Society. He loved to write of New England: in "Cassandra Southwick" and "The King's Missive" we have tales of Quaker persecution in Massachusetts. "Barclay of Ury," however, is the story of one of the early converts to the doctrines of the Society of Friends in Scotland. Whittier was always happy in his stories in verse: everything is easy and simple, but never commonplace or unpoetic. One may feel that he sometimes reaches a higher note in some of his lyrics, but the tone of his tales is always noble.

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury ;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master ;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding ;
And to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward ;
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
Push him ! prick him ! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward."

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud :
" Barclay ! ho ! a Barclay !"

And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly,

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud : " God save us !
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lützen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
" Put it up, I pray thee :
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

" Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marveled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity ;
" Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

“Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly’s line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!”

“Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end:”
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
“Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?”

“Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?”

“Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

“When each good wife o’er and o’er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,

Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

“Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friend’s falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving ;
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full daybreaking !”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial :
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
 Angel comfortings can hear,
 O'er the rabble's laughter ;
 And while Hatred's fagots burn,
 Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
 Share of Truth was vainly set
 In the world's wide fallow ;
 After hands shall sow the seed,
 After hands from hill and mead
 Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
 Must the moral pioneer
 From the Future borrow ;
 Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
 And, on midnight's sky of rain,
 Paint the golden morrow !

Colonel Barclay, Laird of Ury, was one of the earliest members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers.

kirk : church.

college green : Aberdeen has a well-known university.

carlin : a contemptuous term for old woman.

Lützen : a celebrated battle of the Thirty Years' War, fought near the town of that name in Prussia, Nov. 16, 1632. The Protestant army was led by Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, against the imperial forces under Wallenstein. The victory was won by the Protestants, but their leader fell in the battle.

passive to : suffering, enduring.

Count Tilly : a famous general, commander of the Catholic League at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

Walloon lancers : soldiers from southern Belgium.

end: "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Jewry: Judea.

snooded: A snood was a fillet worn by young women in Scotland to confine their hair.

Tolbooth: the town jail; so called because the temporary hut erected at country fairs and markets, called a "toll booth," was also used as a place of confinement for those who did not pay, or were charged with some breach of the law in buying or selling.

5. THE FOOTBALL GAME

By Thomas Hughes



THOMAS HUGHES

THOMAS HUGHES, though more famous than many a professed man of letters, wrote but few books and was really more interested in working for the general welfare of the community. He was born Oct. 23, 1823, and educated at Rugby and Oxford. In his earlier days he was active with those who tried to bring about reforms in England; in later years he led a colony of Englishmen to settle in Tennessee and find better conditions of life than were open to them at home. But he will always be best known to the world in general by his "Tom Brown's School-Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." Our ex-

tract is the famous account of football at Rugby. It is from the Rugby game that our own football has developed through many changes. Still a football player will see in this account the points which have been developed (not always for the better) in the American game. This game was played with great numbers on each side. Our game has but eleven; but the general distribution of players is the same and the general rule that the ball may be taken in the hand is the same.

PART ONE

“**H**OLD the punt-about!” “To the goals!” are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up toward the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom among them, who are making for the goal under the school-house wall, are the school-house boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal are the school-boys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their jackets, and, all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces, on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds. There is none of the color and tastiness of get-up, you will perceive, which lends such a life to the present game at Rugby, making the dullest and worst-fought match a pretty sight. Now each house has its own uniform of cap and jersey, of some lively color; but at the time we are speaking of, plush caps have not yet come in or uniforms of any sort, except the school-house white trousers, which are abominably cold to-day: let us get to work, bare-headed and girded with our plain leather straps—but we mean business, gentlemen.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don’t

mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen: they're going to try at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my word; for hasn't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick-off? The new ball you may see lie there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing toward the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the school-house side is drilled. You will see in the first place, that the sixth-form boy, who has the charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal-posts, at distances of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play. Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters; and now he moves away; see how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, half-way between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies; there is young Brooke and the bull-dogs — mark them well — they are “the fighting brigade,” the “die-hards,” larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick off, you see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to — here Warner, and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke,

absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshiping subjects, a true football king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way. The goal-keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and nohow; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight it must take more than that to hinder them from winning: and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of the school-house wings; a shout of "Are you ready?" and loud affirmative reply. Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning toward the school goal; seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the school-house cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back among the masses of the school already in motion. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got: you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side!" "Down with him!" "Put him over!" "Bravo!" This is what we call a

scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a school-house match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.

But see ! it has broken ; the ball is driven out on the school-house side, and a rush of the school carries it past the school-house players-up. "Look out in quarters !" Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out. No need to call though, the school-house captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost school-boys, who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country. And then follows rush upon rush, and scrummage upon scrummage, the ball now driven through into the school-house quarters, and now into the school goal ; for the school-house have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries. You say you don't see much in it all ; nothing but a struggling mass of boys, and a leather ball, which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron ; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football match. You can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play, and turns by which a game is lost and won—it takes an old player to do that, but the broad philosophy of football you can understand if you will. Come along with me a little nearer, and let us consider it together.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are

thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage ; it must be driven through now, by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it ! Here come two of the bulldogs, bursting through the outsiders ; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons, my sons ! you are too hot : you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke : he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets a chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here come Speedicut, and Flashman the school-house bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking up, by the school-house fire, with " Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees ! " But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the school-house — but to make us think that's what you want — a vastly different thing ; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it's all push and no kicking. We respect bēys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in ; but you — we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them — they are most useful players, the

dodgers ; who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from among the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal ; they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers. As endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing or not facing a scrummage at football.

Three-quarters of an hour are gone ; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the school-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bull-dogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvelous knack of keeping his legs. The school-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the school-house. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bull-dogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In touch !" "Our ball !" Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another : he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah ! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three

trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bull-dogs are close upon it. The school leaders rush back shouting "Look out in goal!" and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, and the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal-posts.

punt-about: a football kicked about for practice before the game.

school-house: The boys at Rugby lived in different buildings. One of these was called "The School-house," and in the present game the school-house boys played against all the other boys in the school.

play-up: to keep near the ball; the others (like the present full-back) kept nearer their own goal.

old Brooke: the leading boy at Rugby; called "old" because he had a younger brother.

sixth form: the highest form or class. The numbering of English classes begins with the lower ones.

quarters: represents the ground now covered by the half-backs.

players-up: the rushers. Old Brooke was center rush; on each side he had a small group who answer to the present guards; beyond, on either side, young Brooke and the other bull-dogs answer to the present ends.

he of Russia: *i.e.*, the Czar.

off your side: A player who is ahead of the ball is "off side," *i.e.*, on his opponent's side.

the consulship of Plancus: a reminiscence of the Latin poet Horace; meaning practically, "in the times when we were young."

broad philosophy : It is much the same to-day, although there are fewer players and more rules.

three-quarters : The play was probably not so hard on each player as it is now when the players are fewer. A football game to-day consists usually of one hour's play with a good rest in the middle.

in touch : The ball goes over the side line near the goal.

PART TWO

The school leaders come up furious, and administer teco to the wretched fags nearest at hand : they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that the school-house kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it ? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby : if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back ; he will not kick out till they are all in a goal, behind the posts. They are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over ; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the school-house goal. Fond hope ! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark the spot

where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance ; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room ! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you ! place it true and steady ! Trust Crab Jones — he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. “ Now ! ” Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal : and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the school-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour — such a thing hasn't been done in the school-house match this five years.

“ Over ! ” is the cry. The two sides change goals, and the school-house goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school ; the most openly triumphant of them, among whom is Tom, a school-house boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of goal-keepers, has been able to do, to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

At this moment Griffith, the itinerant vender of

oranges from Hill Morton, enters the close with his heavy baskets ; there is a rush of small boys upon the little pale-faced man, the two sides mingling together, subdued by the great Goddess Thirst, like the English and French by the streams in the Pyrenees. The leaders are past oranges and apples, but some of them visit their coats, and apply innocent-looking ginger-beer bottles to their mouths. It is no ginger-beer though, I fear, and will do you no good. One short mad rush, and then a stitch in the side, and no more honest play ; that's what comes of those bottles.

But now Griffith's baskets are empty, the ball is placed again midway, and the school are going to kick off. Their leaders have sent their number into goal, and rated the rest soundly, and one hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They are to keep the ball in front of the school-house goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake ; and so old Brooke sees, and places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or five picked players, who are to keep the ball away to the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the charges.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the school time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are among us. Meet them like Englishmen, you school-house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time

to show what mettle is in you — and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honor, and lots of bottled beer to-night, for him who does his duty in the next half-hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal, and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bull-dogs, break through and carry the ball back ; and old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war-horse, the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows ; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away toward the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for ; the whole sum of school-boy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal ; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the island side, where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him ? Yes ! look at little East ! The ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger ; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulders, as if he would bury himself in the ground ; but the ball rises straight into the air, — and falls behind Crew's back,

while the "bravos" of the school-house attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defense of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, and ball well down among them, straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bull-dogs rush in for the last time ; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and, turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrummage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment—he has the ball ! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal !" Crab Jones catches it for a moment ; but before he can kick it, the rush is upon him and passes over him ; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the school-house goal not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

There stands the school-house præpostor,—safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time,

Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball,—under the very feet of the advancing column; the præpostor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præpostor, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcass. “Our ball,” says the præpostor, rising with his prize; “but get up there, there’s a little fellow under you.” They are hauled and roll off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. “Stand back, give him air,” he says; and then feeling his limbs, adds, “No bones broken. How do you feel, young un?”

“Hah-hah,” gasps Tom as his wind comes back, “pretty well, thank you—all right.”

“Who is he?” says Brooke. “Oh, it’s Brown; he’s a new boy; I know him,” says East, coming up.

“Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player,” says Brooke.

And five o’clock strikes. “No side,” is called, and the first day of the school-house match is over.

toco: a good drubbing.

Lombard Street: a street in London where bankers have long done business. The expression means that a matter is near a certainty.

kick out: This kicking out after a touchdown between the goal-posts is not now a part of the game; the ball is usually carried out. It may be kicked out, however, and sometimes is, when the touchdown is made far to one side or the other.

past oranges and apples: *i.e.*, too old for them.

straight in the air : Crew had meant to kick it over the school-house goal-line, but as East kicked it at the same moment, the ball merely went up in the air.

præpostor : one of the oldest boys in the school, who had some authority over the younger ones.

on the ball : If the other side could have got the ball first, they would have had a touchdown, and probably kicked a goal from it, which would have made the score even.

6. HERVÉ RIEL

By Robert Browning

ROBERT BROWNING (May 7, 1812–Dec. 12, 1889) is rather a difficult poet because his subjects are often not easy to realize, and because his way of speaking of them is often not easy to understand. As to the subject, we have here something simpler than is usual with Browning; namely, a brave deed such as we can all appreciate. Browning more often takes for a subject some feeling or emotion or train of thought. Even in the case of this poem he seems to care more for the noble character of the sailor than for his brave deed. Notice how little space he gives to what Hervé Riel actually did—to the actual steering of the ships—not even a full stanza. As to the style, the mode of expression, you must read the poem very carefully, or you may miss the meaning here and there. Note, for instance, in line 4 that the relative *which* is omitted, that in line 5 we have inversion, that in line 8 there is no verb, that in line 14 the object of “can and will” is unexpressed. Throughout the poem you will find little difficulties of expression that will call for study.

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French, — woe to France !
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the
blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase ;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville ;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ;
And they signaled to the place
“ Help the winners of a race !
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or,
quicker still,
Here's the English can and will.”

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on
board ;
“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass ? ” laughed they :
“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored, —
Shall the ‘ Formidable ’ here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
way,
Trust to enter — where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these —
A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second,
third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins! Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-
ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,—

Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hallooos "Anchor!"—sure as
fate,
Up the English come—too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

“Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away !
' Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance !”
Now hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord,
“This is Paradise for Hell !
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing !”
What a shout, and all one word.
“Hervé Riel !”

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, “My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I feel the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips ;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
' Faith our sun was near eclipse !
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still,
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's not
Damfreville.”

X

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 " Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
 a run ?
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore ! "
That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man, but for whom, had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.
Go to Paris : rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank !
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé.
 Riel.

So for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the
 Belle Aurore !

The story which the poet tells is a true one, and gives immortality to a brave sailor whom his country had forgotten.

the Rance : the river which runs into the English Channel at Saint Malo, on the north coast of Brittany. Saint Malo is a town ; La Hague, a promontory.

think to make : A small vessel can hardly enter at full tide ; how can a big one get in at ebb ?

Croisickese : a native of La Croisic, a village at the mouth of the river Loire, on the other side of Brittany. Browning liked the place.

pressed : impressed, forced to do service.

Malouins : natives of Saint Malo.

disembogues : enters the sea.

rampired : fortified.

for : in exchange for, in place of.

bore the bell : were victors.

the Louvre : the great museum and picture-gallery in Paris in which heroes and statesmen are honored.

7. PARABLES

From the Old and New Testaments

A PARABLE is a fable told to illustrate a religious idea. Most familiar to us are the parables of the Bible. We think usually of the New Testament, for Our Lord preferred to teach mainly by their means, but there are parables in the Old Testament as well. Our first extract gives the first parable that occurs in the Bible ; the other two are so familiar as to need no comment, except the remark that we must not think because these stories are of a religious character that there is nothing literary in them. They are of the best kind of literature ; namely, the speaking or writing that unerringly accomplishes its object. No stories of this time, or indeed of any other, have made a deeper impression upon the world.

THE BRAMBLE IS MADE KING

AND all the men of Shechem gathered together, and all the house of Millo, and went, and made Abimelech king, by the plain of the pillar that was in Shechem. And when they told it to Jotham, he went out and stood in the top of Mount Gerizim, and lifted up his voice and cried, and said unto them : —

“Hearken unto me, ye men of Shechem, that God may hearken unto you. The trees went forth on a time to anoint a King over them ; and they said unto the olive tree, ‘Reign thou over us.’ But the olive tree said unto them, ‘Should I leave my fatness, where-with by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?’

“And the trees said unto the fig tree, ‘Come thou and reign over us.’ But the fig tree said unto them, ‘Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?’

“Then said the trees unto the vine, ‘Come thou and reign over us.’ And the vine said unto them, ‘Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go and be promoted over the trees?’

“Then said all the trees unto the bramble, ‘Come thou and reign over us.’ And the bramble said unto the trees, ‘If in truth ye anoint me King over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow : and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.’”

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" And He said unto him, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?" And he answering said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And He said unto him, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." But he willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?"

Jesus made answer and said, "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said to him, 'Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?"

And he said, "He that showed mercy on him."
Then said Jesus unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."

lawyer: one learned in the Jewish law, a theologian.

tempted: made trial of.

justify: He wished to show that his question had not been entirely foolish.

Levite: a member of the lower religious order.

Samaritan: The Samaritans were not friendly with the Jews.

pence: What is called a penny in our translation of the Bible, seems to have been a fair day's wage for a workingman.

THE PRODIGAL SON

"Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

And He said, "A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

"And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, "Father, I have sinned against

Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son ; make me as one of thy hired servants.””

“ And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, ‘ Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.’ But the father said to his servants, ‘ Bring forth the best robe and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet ; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it ; and let us eat and be merry ; for this my son was dead and is alive again : he was lost and is found.’ And they began to be merry.

“ Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, ‘ Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.’ And he was angry and would not go in ; therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he answering, said to his father, ‘ Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment ; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.’ And he said unto him, ‘ Son, thou art ever with me ; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.’ ”

8. FABLES

By John Gay



JOHN GAY

JOHN GAY (born at Barnstaple, England, September, 1685 ; died in London, Dec. 4, 1732) was a poet whose verses rather carry out the promise of his name. He attempted nothing serious or profound, but in the lighter forms of poetry he was extraordinarily successful. His fame in his own day was made by "The Beggar's Opera" and its sequel "Polly," but now his best-known works are the "Fables." They are certainly very clever and very well-put. A Fable is a story not unlike a Parable, but it usually has a moral rather than a religious or spiritual significance. Thus there is

nothing religious about these two fables, though each has a good moral. A Parable, however, is commonly a means of illustrating religious truth. "The Prodigal Son" presents in figurative form a religious idea.

THE LION AND THE CUB

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base !
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
Then o'er some petty club preside ;

So poor, so paltry, is their pride !
Nay, e'en with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind ;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;
With asses all his time was spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs ;
An ass in everything but ears !
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinned applause before he spoke ;
But at each word, what shouts of praise !
" Good gods ! how natural he brays ! "

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat ;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays : the Lion starts.

" Puppy ! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation :
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."

" Why so severe ? (the Cub replies)
Our senate always held me wise."

" How weak is pride ! (returns the sire)
All fools are vain when fools admire !
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood :
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
“Draw near, my Birds ! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies ;
Behold the busy negro race,
See, millions blacken all the place !
Fear not ; like me with freedom eat ;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife !
But man, curs'd man, on Turkey preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine:
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are cursed,
Of the seven deadly sins, the worst.”

An Ant, who climbed beyond her reach,
Thus answered from the neighboring beech :
“Ere you remark another's sin
On your own conscience look within ;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.”

place : position of authority.

cellar : not in the general sense of to-day, but meaning a low drinking-place.

club : an association of those who gather to drink and smoke.

sordid : low, mean.

senate : the circle that gathered around him.

mote : Cf. Matthew vii. 3.

chine : the backbone and meat about it.

9. VANITY FAIR

By John Bunyan

JOHN BUNYAN (born at Elstow, England, about the end of November, 1628, died in London, Aug. 31, 1688) became a devoted minister of religion, and wrote much on religious subjects. Many of his works are now wholly forgotten, but one of them is better remembered and has been more read than any other book written by an Englishman; namely, "The Pilgrim's Progress." This book of simple thoughts, written in plain and simple language by a plain man of the people, is better known and better loved than the great English epic written at about the same time by the great poet, John Milton. Scholars and



JOHN BUNYAN

simple folk alike have read it over and over again. The secret of this great success in literature may be that the writer himself had no thought of literature in writing it, but merely a desire to help those who loved the religion that he loved. There are other instances of men who have written finely because they wrote only from need to say what they had in mind,—notably Franklin and Lincoln. See pp. 58 and 402.

AND at the Town there is a Fair kept, called Vanity Fair: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the Town where 'tis kept is lighter than Vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is Vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is Vanity."

This Fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing: I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were Pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their Companions, perceiving by the path that the Pilgrims made, that their way to the City lay through this Town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a Fair; a Fair wherein should be sold all sorts of Vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this Fair are all such Merchandise sold, as Houses, Lands, Trades, Places, Honors, Preferments, Titles, Countries, Kingdoms, Pleasures, and Delights of all sorts, as Wives, Husbands, Children, Masters, Servants, Lives, Blood, Bodies, Souls, Silver, Gold, Pearls, Precious Stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this Fair there is at all times to be seen Jugglings, Cheats, Games, Plays, Fools, Apes, Knaves, and Rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, Thefts, Murders, Adulteries, False-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other Fairs of less moment there are the several Rows and Streets under their proper names, where such and such Wares are vended, so here like-

wise you have the proper places, Rows, Streets, (viz. Countries and Kingdoms) where the Wares of this Fair are soonest to be found : Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of Vanities are to be sold.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this Town where this lusty Fair is kept ; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this Town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this Town to his own Country, and that upon a Fair-day too ; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief Lord of this Fair, that invited him to buy of his Vanities : yea, would have made him Lord of the Fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the Town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from Street to Street, and showed him all the Kingdoms of the World in a little time, that he might, (if possible) allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his Vanities ; but he had no mind to the Merchandise, and therefore left the Town, without laying out so much as one Farthing upon these Vanities. This Fair therefore is an Ancient thing, of long standing and a very great Fair.

Now these Pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this Fair. Well, so they did ; but behold, even as they entered into the Fair, all the people in the Fair were moved, and the Town itself as it were in a hubbub about them ; and that for several reasons : for

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of Raiment as was diverse from the Raiment of any that traded in that Fair. The people therefore of the Fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were Fools, some they were Bedlams, and some they are Outlandish-men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their Apparel, so they did likewise at their Speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the Fair were the men of this World; so that, from one end of the Fair to the other, they seemed Barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the Merchandisers was, that these Pilgrims set very light by all their Wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers to their ears, and cry, Turn away mine eyes from beholding Vanity, and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, We buy the Truth. At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the Fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the Fair, who quickly came down and de-

puted some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the Fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual Garb? The men told them that they were Pilgrims and Strangers in the World, and that they were going to their own Country, which was the Heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the Town, nor yet to the Merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their Journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the Truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than Bedlams and Mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the Fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the Cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the Fair. There therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the Great One of the Fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the Fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they therefore in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the Cage, and telling them that

they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended no body any harm; and that there were many that traded in their Fair that were more worthy to be put into the Cage, yea, and Pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, (the men themselves behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them) they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late Hubbub that had been in the Fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged Irons upon them, and led them in Chains up and down the Fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the Fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the Cage, nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the Fair.

Then were they remanded to the Cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the Stocks.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their Trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies, and arraigned. The Judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their Indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the Contents whereof was this :

That they were enemies to, and disturbers of their trade ; that they had made Commotions and Divisions in the Town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous Opinions in contempt of the Law of their Prince. And Faithful came to trial first.

The names of the Jury were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable ; who every one gave in his private Verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge.

Fair : A fair in Bunyan's day was the gathering in one place of merchants and peddlers from all the country round. Fairs were sometimes held but for a few days, sometimes they lasted a long time.

These two : Christian, concerning whom the story is told, and Faithful, his companion.

Jugglings : The great fairs were occasions for the coming together of everybody who could show off something for money.

proper : own.

lusty : lively, vigorous.

Town : see Matthew iv. 8-11.

cheapen : to bargain about.

Bedlams : crazy people.

carriages : behavior.

Great One : Each fair had a chief ruler.

upon them : in judgment of them.

let : hinder.

rendering : returning.

contrariwise : on the other hand.

Pillory : an old means of punishment in which the prisoner stood with his head and hands fastened by a board.

remanded : returned.

Stocks : The stocks were something like the pillory, except that the feet were held fast while the prisoner sat down.

in order to : in due course leading to.

arraigned : a legal term meaning "called to answer an accusation."

10. BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

It is interesting to follow the extract from "The Pilgrim's Progress" with a passage from Macaulay's essay on the subject.

IT is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's

Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the plain and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should be the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace at the doors of which armed men kept guard and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulcher, the steep hill and the pleasant arbor, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pilgrim fought the good fight. As we advance the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the

darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes to terrify the adventurers. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste-moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveler ; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims ; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day.

Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and sheets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

not so: He had been saying that "other allegories only amuse the fancy."

Johnson: see pp. 491, 503.

Tories: Johnson was a Tory, and Bunyan had been of that political party which in Johnson's day were called Whigs.

tinker: Bunyan was a brasier, or tinker, in early life.

11. NATHAN HALE

By Francis Miles Finch

FRANCIS M. FINCH is not an author by profession, but a judge. He has long been on the Bench of the highest court of the State of New York. That he has many of the gifts of the poet, however, is shown not only by the poem which follows, but also by one even more widely known, namely, "The Blue and the Gray," which was written a few years after the Civil War. Judge Finch was born at Ithaca, N.Y., June 9, 1827, and has lived there for the greater part of his life, practicing law until the time of his elevation to the Bench.

TO drum beat and heart beat
A soldier marches by ;
There is color in his cheek
There is courage in his eye ;
Yet to drum beat and heart beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp ;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armèd sentry's tramp ;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line ;
And counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine ;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance ;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound !
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found ;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom ;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom ;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod ;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God !
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree ;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty ;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame leaf and Angel leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn ;
And on Fame leaf and Angel leaf
The name of HALE shall burn !

and heart beat : Notice in this line, and many others, the repetition. It occurs here for a particular effect: it accumulates the emphasis on the word before the word repeated and thus gains a slow movement appropriate to a funeral march. If you compare Poe's "Annabel Lee" (p. 270), you will see repetition used in a different way.

must die : The first stanza imagines Hale on the way to execution; the succeeding stanzas tell of the events that led up to it.

last words : "I am sorry," he said, "that I have but one life that I can give to my country."

lamp : light.

Fame leaf : The memory of Nathan Hale has been honored in several cities.

12. PIP AND THE CONVICT

By Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS (born near Portsmouth, England, Feb. 7, 1812; died at his house at Gadshill, near Rochester, England, June 9, 1870) had an immense range of power, from that which aroused the feeling of horror to the broadly humorous. We remember him chiefly for his humor; but if we turn to his novels, we perceive other indications of his ability: he was pathetic, for instance, he was sarcastic, he was realistically vivid. In this extract the most noteworthy feature is the grotesque imagination which results in humor and in terror, generally in both together. That a child should have absurd fancies about his little brothers from the tombstones, that to his shaken wits the church should seem to jump over the weathercock, that dead hands should seem in his imagination to grasp at the convict's leg,—these we find it hard to think simply humorous or horrible. The mixture is characteristic of Dickens, and so is the remarkable vitality of the passage.

MY father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of them (for their days were long before the days of the photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me the odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana*

Wife of the Above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine — who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle — I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard ; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried ; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried ; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes ; and that the low leaden line beyond it was the river ; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea ; and that the bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise ! " cried a terrible voice, as a man

started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat !"

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars ; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled ; whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"O ! don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name !" said the man. "Quick !"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man starting at me. "Give it mouth."

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "P'int out the place !"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my legs—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my age and not strong.

"Hang me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head. "And if I ha'n't half a mind to."

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me ; partly, to keep myself upon it ; partly, to keep myself from crying.

"Now then, lookee here !" said the man. "Where's your mother ?"

"There, sir !" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir !" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh !" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother ?"

"Yes, sir," said I ; "him too ; late of this parish."

"Ha !" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with — supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I ha'n't made up my mind about ?"

"My sister, sir — Mrs. Joe Gargery, — wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh ?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could

hold me ; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine ; and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is."

"Yes, sir."

"And know what wittles is."

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful tones : —

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. . . . Now what do you say ?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get

him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the battery, early in the morning.

"Say Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man. I said so, and he took me down.

"Gooo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" he said, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or an eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both arms — clasping himself, as if to hold himself together — and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the branches that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in. When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned to look at me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore foot among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping stones when the rains were heavy or the tide was in.

Also Georgiana . . . late of this parish: These expressions were on the tombstone.

that universal struggle: *i.e.* to get a living.

lair: He speaks as if the wind were a wild beast.

pollards: trees with the tops cut off so as to make a thick spread of small branches.

13. THE OWL CRITIC

By James T. Fields



JAMES T. FIELDS

JAMES T. FIELDS (born at Portsmouth, N.H., Dec. 31, 1817, and died at Boston, April 24, 1881) was more noteworthy as a publisher than as an author. He wrote comparatively little himself, but he was the means of bringing to a wide public the writings of many whom we know well. The publishing-house in which he was a partner brought out the books of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, and of almost all whom we think of as the distinctively New England authors; and to these men Mr. Fields was not merely the man of business but the trusted literary adviser. He was for a long time editor of the

"Atlantic Monthly," in which position he succeeded James Russell Lowell. He was, however, at least toward the close of his life, best known throughout the country as a lecturer, for he was one of the well-known figures of the old Lyceum Lecture course of thirty years ago.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:

The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
 Not one raised his head, or even made a suggestion;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mr. Brown,”
Cried the youth with a frown,
“How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis !
I make no apology ;
I’ve learned owl-eology.
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mr. Brown ! Mr. Brown !
Do take that bird down,
Or you’ll soon be the laughing-stock all over town !”
And the barber kept on shaving.

“I’ve *studied* owls
And other night-fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true ;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed ;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can’t *do* it, because
’Tis against all bird-laws.

Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so !
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness.
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business.
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass ;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down ;
Have him stuffed again, Brown !"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,

Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather ;
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked around, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :
"Your learning's at fault *this* time, any way :
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day !"
And the barber kept on shaving.

Audubon : a noted ornithologist. He walked over almost the whole United States (of his day), studying birds, which he drew beautifully.

Burroughs : see p. 328.

Sir Critic : This line indicates, as does the title of the poem, that we have in this poem a bit of satire as well as something funny. Critics are often laughed at because they think they know so much that they cannot appreciate what is really natural and — though not here — beautiful.

MAXIMS

No man so well a kingdom rules as he
Who hath himself obeyed the sovereignty.

For all our works a recompense is sure ;
'Tis sweet to think on what was hard t' endure.

Who with a little cannot be content
Endures an everlasting punishment.

ROBERT HERRICK: *Hesperides*.

14. TOM AND MAGGIE

By George Eliot



GEORGE ELIOT

MARY ANN EVANS, known to her family as Marian, and to her readers as George Eliot (Nov. 22, 1819–Dec. 22, 1880), was a precocious child, giving early evidence of clear, strong intellect and easily outstripping her schoolmates in all mental accomplishments. After the death of her father in 1849, she settled in London as assistant editor of the "Westminster Review," a magazine of philosophic and scientific tendency. She was thrown into the society of some of the most able writers of the day, and a strong attachment arose between her and George Henry Lewes, which was of the greatest importance to

her. They remained close friends till his death. Her early literary labors were mainly critical, but Mr. Lewes encouraged her to try her powers in story-writing. In 1857 she published over the name of George Eliot three stories, entitled "Scenes from Clerical Life." Her success was immediate, and the works which followed served to increase her reputation. After the death of Mr. Lewes in 1878, she married Mr. John W. Cross, but died before the close of the year. George Eliot's style is marked by scholarly correctness; she is a master of powerful figures of speech, is clever in her delineation of character, and shows a good deal of humor, especially in her presentation of the village folk. Her intense earnestness in endeavoring to show how every deed brings its own consequence of joy or sorrow imparts a tone of seriousness to all her novels. "The Mill on the Floss," from which the selection is taken, gives a fine picture of village life, and is one of her best works. The heroine, Maggie Tulliver, is ambitious, quick of intellect, and strong-willed, but is misunder-

stood, and suffers through her affections. Some of the descriptions of places in the story are recollections of the author's own childish surroundings, and Maggie's intense, brooding girl-life was George Eliot's own experience.

TOM was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig wheels to be expected ; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came, — that quick, light bowling of the gig wheels, — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door.

“There he is, my sweet lad ! But Lord ha' mercy ! he's got never a collar on ; it's been lost on the road, I'll be bound, and spoilt the set.”

Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open ; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other ; while Tom descended from the gig and said with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, “Hello ! Yap, what ! are you there ?”

Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered towards the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and at twelve or thirteen years of age look as much alike as goslings, — a lad with light brown hair, cheeks of cream

and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows — a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood ; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which Nature seemed to have moulded and colored with the most decided intentions.

"Maggie," said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in *my* pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with *her* at these games — she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's — a — new — guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line—two new uns—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread, on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here! . . . I say, *won't* we go and fish to-morrow down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything—won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying after a pause:—

"Wasn't I a good brother now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good. . . . I *do* love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one before he spoke again.

"And the fellows fought me because I would not give in about the toffee."

"Oh dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added:—

"I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know,—that's what he got for wanting to leather *me*; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — wouldn't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you hadn't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking — just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might rush towards us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion *isn't* coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom, promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you have only five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk, and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry — I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot — and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd

forgive you if *you* forgot anything — I wouldn't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly — but I never *do* forget things — *I* don't."

"Oh, please forgive me ! Tom, my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone : —

"Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you ?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

"Didn't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't ?"

"Ye-ye-es — and I — lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie ; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom ; "if you minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be — and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

"Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her Fetish; she was too miserable to be angry.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself — hide behind the tub and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now — would he forgive her? perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to

fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub ; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, " Why, where's the little wench ? " and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, " Where's your little sister ? " — both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

" I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to " tell " of Maggie, though he was angry with her ; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

" What ! hasn't she been playing with you all this while ? " said the father. " She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

" I haven't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

" Goodness heart ! she's got drowneded ! " exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. " How could you let her do so ? " she added,

as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, Tom, I doubt?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip hand; but he went out sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point—namely, he would punish everybody who deserved it: why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but then he never *did* deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes

and disheveled hair to beg for pity. But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "Oh, Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things—do love me—please, dear Tom!"

We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We no longer approximate in our behavior to the mere impulsiveness of the lower animals, but conduct ourselves in every respect like members of a highly civilized society. Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved: he actually began to kiss her in return, and say:—

"Don't cry, then, Maggie—here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Maggie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morn-

ing Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand, and the handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her.

croft: a small farm inclosure.

phiz: face; an abbreviation of *physiognomy*.

box: We say "trunk" in America.

stodgy: heavy, lumpish.

Christmas boxes: Christmas presents.

Her fetish was an old rag-doll, on which she had formerly been able to expend her emotions.

wench: an expression not uncommon in country districts of England, meaning "girl."

IANTHE'S TROUBLES

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down and up again as blithe as ever;
From you, Ianthé, little troubles pass
Like little ripples in a sunny river.

PERSISTENCY

My hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

15. THE AMERICAN FLAG

By Joseph Rodman Drake



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

DRAKE (Aug. 7, 1795–Sept. 21, 1820) was one of our earlier poets. He is remembered by this one poem. Drake and his friend Fitz-Greene Halleck were the authors of "The Croaker Poems," which were immensely popular in their own day, although they are not now much read, for they dealt chiefly with the life of the city of New York in the early years of the century. This one, however, is of so much more general and national character, that it has remained popular. Although the spirit with which the whole poem is carried through will appeal to any one, yet the 29th line is the best because so much more genuine.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on :
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall :
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death !

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

azure : notice the blue of the sky on a starry night.

baldric : belt.

trumpings : trumpeting.

blendings : *i.e.*, of the flag.

mouthings : not in the usual sense.

battle shroud : of smoke.

bellied : swelled out by the wind.

welkin : the heavens.

16. BEFORE THE MAST

By Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

R. H. DANA (born in Cambridge, Aug. 1, 1815, and died in Rome, Jan. 6, 1882) was by profession a lawyer, and published one or two books on law. But the book by which he became universally known is "Two Years before the Mast." The expression "before the mast" is not so common in these days of steam as it used to be: it meant "as a common sailor." Dana had passed half through Harvard College when his health failed and he determined to take a long sea voyage. He sailed for two years as a common sailor, and then returned to finish his college course. Shortly afterwards he published this account of his seafaring life, which at once became extremely popular.



RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

A REGULAR CAPE HORN

Sunday, Nov. 9th. To-day the sun rose clear and continued so until twelve o'clock, when the captain got an observation. This was very well for Cape Horn, and we thought it a little remarkable that, as we had not had one unpleasant Sunday during the whole voyage, the only tolerable day here should be a Sunday. We got time to clear up the steerage and forecastle, and set things to rights, and to overhaul our wet clothes a little. But this did not last very long

Between five and six—the sun was then nearly three hours high—the cry of “All starboardlines, ahoy!” summoned our watch on deck, and immediately all hands were called. A true specimen of Cape Horn was coming upon us. A great cloud of a dark slate-color was driving on us from the southwest; and we did our best to take in sail before we were in the midst of it. We had got the light sails furled, the courses hauled up, and the topsail reef-tackles hauled out, and were just mounting the fore-rigging, when the storm struck us. In an instant the sea, which had been comparatively quiet, was running higher and higher; and it became almost as dark as night. The hail and sleet were harder than I had yet experienced; seeming almost to pin us down to the rigging. We were longer taking in sail than ever before; for the sails were stiff and wet, the ropes and rigging covered with snow and sleet, and we ourselves cold and nearly blinded by the violence of the storm.

By the time we had got down upon deck again, the little brig was plunging madly into a tremendous head sea, which at every drive rushed in through the bow-ports and over the bows, and buried all the forward part of the vessel. At this instant the chief mate, who was standing on the top of the windlass, at the foot of the spencer-mast, called out, “Lay out there and furl the jib!” This was no agreeable or safe duty, yet it must be done. An old Swede (the best sailor on board), who belonged on the forecastle, sprang out upon the bowsprit. I was near the mate, and sprang forward, threw the downhaul over the

windlass, and jumped between the knight-heads out upon the bowsprit. The crew stood abaft the windlass and hauled the jib down, while we got out upon the weather side of the jib boom, our feet on the footropes, holding on by the spar, the great jib flying off to leeward and *slatting* so as almost to throw us off the boom.

For some time we could do nothing but hold on, and the vessel, diving into two huge seas, one after the other, plunged us twice into the water up to our chins. We hardly knew whether we were on or off; when, coming up dripping from the water, we were raised high into the air. John (that was the sailor's name) thought the boom would go every moment, and called out to the mate to keep the vessel off, and haul down the staysail; but the fury of the wind and the breaking of the seas against the bows defied every attempt to make ourselves heard, and we were obliged to do the best we could in our situation. Fortunately no other seas so heavy struck her, and we succeeded in furling the jib "after a fashion"; and, coming in over the staysail nettings, were not a little pleased to find that all was snug, and the watch gone below; for we were soaked through, and it was very cold. The weather continued nearly the same through the night.

A DUCKING

We had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and everything secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do but to steer and to stand our watch. Our clothes were all wet

through, and the only change was from wet to more wet. It was in vain to think of reading or working below, for we were too tired, the hatchways were closed down, and everything was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching. We had only to come below when the watch was out, wring our wet clothes, hang them up, and turn in and sleep as soundly as we could, until the watch was called again. A sailor can sleep anywhere,—no sound of wind, water, wood, or iron can keep him awake,—and we were always fast asleep when three blows on the hatchway, and the unwelcome cry of “All starboardlines ahoy! eight bells there below! do you hear the news?” roused us up from our berths to the cold, wet decks. The only time when we could be said to take any pleasure was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea (or, as the sailors significantly call it, “water bewitched”) sweetened with molasses. This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuit and cold salt beef, made a meal. Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea, and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers, and the bearer lying at his length on the decks.

I remember an English lad who was the life of the crew, but whom we afterwards lost overboard, standing for nearly ten minutes at the galley, with his pot of tea in his hand, waiting for a chance to get down into

the forecastle ; and, seeing what he thought was a "smooth spell," he started to go forward. He had just got to the end of the windlass, when a great sea broke over the bows, and for a moment I saw nothing of him but his head and shoulders ; and at the next instant, he was taken off his legs, and carried aft with the sea until, the stern lifting up, and sending the water forward, he was left high and dry at the side of the long-boat, still holding on to his tin pot, which had now nothing in it but salt water. But nothing could ever daunt him, or overcome, for a moment, his habitual good humor. Regaining his legs, and shaking his fist at the man at the wheel, he rolled below, saying, as he passed, "A man's no sailor, if he can't take a joke." The ducking was not the worst of such an affair, for, as there was an allowance of tea, one could get no more from the galley ; and though the sailors would never suffer a man to go without, but would always turn in a little from their own pots to fill up his, yet this was at best but dividing the loss among all hands.

starboardlines : the sailor's name for the members of starboard watch.

Cape Horn : the name given to the furious storms about the cape.

courses : the lowest square sails of a ship.

reef-tackles : the ropes and pulleys attached to the side edges of a sail, by which it is drawn up to the ends of the yard when reefed.

spencer-mast : a *spencer* is a small fore-and-aft storm sail, sometimes rigged on a separate mast of its own, fastened up and down against the mast, and thence called a spencer-mast.

eight bells : the signal for four, eight, and twelve o'clock, at which hours one watch ends and the next begins.

17. THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

By James Russell Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is the typical American man of letters. He knew literature through and through from the outside and from within ; that is, he knew literature as a critic and as an artist as well. His work extended into many different fields. Our extracts represent him as a poet in the following and in No. 65, and as an essayist in No. 53, and in the criticisms on pp. 213 and 438. But even such a presentation is by no means a complete picture of this many-sided man. He was born in Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1819, lived there except for years spent abroad and some toward the end of his life, and died there, Aug. 12, 1891. His first work was in poetry: he early published verses which were well received. This poem is one of his earlier works, and in it he presents very charmingly the relation of the poet to the world. He himself, shortly afterward, saw other uses for poetry: in his satire "The Biglow Papers" he used it to arouse the public conscience in the presence of a great wrong, and in some of his later poems, notably the "Commemoration Ode," p. 414, he used it to give expression to public feeling on great public occasions.

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,

Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine ;

And so, well-pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught

Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

The story is from the classic mythology. The youth was Apollo, the god of poetry, who had for a time been exiled from the abode of the gods.

tortoise : Such is the fabled origin of the lyre.

18. ROB ROY'S COUNTRY

By Walter Scott

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832. He was a famous novelist and poet. Of his poems we shall speak later (p. 219); the present extract is from "Rob Roy," one of his best novels. The Waverley Novels have been a delight to three generations of English-reading people. Everybody knows about them and about their kindly and lovable author. There is disagreement as to which shall be called the best. We prefer the novels in which Scott presented the Scottish life of his own day or of the century preceding, to the novels of chivalric centuries and of times of mere romance. The time of "Rob Roy" was about one hundred years before Scott, but the Highland scenery and character had not changed much and Scott's studies had been from the life. The extract may well be compared with the extract from Stevenson which comes shortly afterward. The scene of this extract is not more than a dozen miles south of the Braes of Balquidder which are the

scene of the second extract from Stevenson. The Rob Roy of Scott's novel was the father of Robin Oig, who played the pipes with Alan Breck Stewart. The time of the stories is different: "Rob Roy" was during the rising of 1715; "Kidnapped," after the rising of 1745. Still, the passages are near enough to make a comparison very curious and interesting. One can appreciate the easy, free, and strong way in which Scott carries on his story, although he rather lacks the interest in especial points which we find in Stevenson.

PART ONE

[Francis Osbaldistone accompanies unwillingly a party of English soldiers who are making an attack on Rob Roy.]

I SHALL never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed

to be placed in a state of inferiority in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted. The miserable little *bourocks*, as the bailie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the village called the Clachan of Aberfoil, were composed of loose stones cemented by clay instead of mortar, and thatched by turfs laid rudely upon rafters formed of native and unhewn birches and oaks from the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly that Andrew Fairservice observed we might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet had "gane through the riggin'."

Our route, though leading toward the lake, had hitherto been so much shaded by wood that we only from time to time obtained a glimpse of that beautiful sheet of water. But the road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and, winding close by the margin of the loch, afforded us a full view of its spacious mirror, which now, the breeze having totally subsided, reflected in still magnificence the high, dark, heathy mountains, huge gray rocks, and shaggy banks, by which it is encircled. The hills now sunk on its margin so closely, and were so broken and precipitous, as to afford no passage except just upon the narrow line of the track which we occupied, and which was overhung with rocks, from which we might have been destroyed merely by rolling down stones, without much possibility of offering resistance. Add to this that, as the road winded round every promontory and bay which indented the lake, there was rarely a possibility of see-

ing a hundred yards before us. Our commander appeared to take some alarm at the nature of the pass in which he was engaged, which displayed itself in repeated orders to his soldiers to be on the alert, and in many threats of instant death to Dougal, if he should be found to have led them into danger. Dougal received these threats with an air of stupid impenetrability which might arise either from conscious innocence or from dogged resolution.

"If shentlemans were seeking ta Red Gregarach," he said, "to be sure they couldna expect to find her without some wee danger."

Just as the Highlander uttered these words, a halt was made by the corporal commanding the advance, who sent back one of the file who formed it to tell the captain that the path in front was occupied by Highlanders, stationed on a commanding point of particular difficulty. Almost at the same instant a soldier from the rear came to say that they heard the sound of a bagpipe in the woods through which we had just passed. Captain Thornton, a man of conduct as well as courage, instantly resolved to force the pass in front without waiting till he was assailed from the rear; and, assuring his soldiers that the bagpipes which they heard were those of the friendly Highlanders who were advancing to their assistance, he stated to them the importance of advancing and securing Rob Roy, if possible, before these auxiliaries should come up to divide with them the honor as well as the reward which was placed on the head of this celebrated freebooter. He therefore ordered the rear-guard to join the center,

and both to close up to the advance, doubling his files so as to occupy with his column the whole practicable part of the road, and to present such a front as its breadth admitted. Dougal, to whom he said in a whisper, "You dog, if you have deceived me, you shall die for it!" was placed in the center, between two grenadiers, with positive orders to shoot him if he attempted an escape. The same situation was assigned to us as being the safest; and Captain Thornton, taking his half-pike from the soldier who carried it, placed himself at the head of his little detachment and gave the word to march forward.

The party advanced with the firmness of English soldiers.

loch: Scotch for lake. It was probably Loch Katrine, which lies to the right as one goes from Aberfoil, with the Forth on the left.

shaggy: rough.

Dougal: a Highlander who had been forced to act as guide.

Red Gregarach: Rob Roy or Robert the Red. His name was MacGregor, and he was called Roy from the color of his hair.

PART TWO

[Osbaldistone visits Rob Roy at his home.]

We pursued the margin of the lake for about six English miles, through a devious and beautifully variegated path, until we attained a sort of Highland farm, or assembly of hamlets, near the head of that fine sheet of water, called, if I mistake not, Lediart, or some such name. Here a numerous party of MacGregor's men were stationed in order to receive us. The taste, as

well as the eloquence of tribes in a savage, or, to speak more properly, in a rude state, is usually just, because it is unfettered by system and affectation ; and of this I had an example in the choice these mountaineers had made of a place to receive their guests. It has been said that a British monarch would judge well to receive the embassy of a rival power in the cabin of a man-of-war ; and a Highland leader acted with some propriety in choosing a situation where the natural objects of grandeur proper to his country might have their full effect on the minds of his guests.

We ascended about two hundred yards from the shores of the lake, guided by a brawling brook, and left on the right hand four or five Highland huts with patches of arable land around them, so small as to show that they must have been worked with the spade rather than the plow, cut as it were out of the surrounding copsewood, and waving with crops of barley and oats. Above this limited space the hill became more steep ; and on its edge we descried the glittering arms and waving drapery of about fifty of MacGregor's followers. They were stationed on a spot, the recollection of which yet strikes me with admiration. The brook, hurling its waters downward from the mountain, had in this spot encountered a barrier rock, over which it had made its way by two distinct leaps. The first fall, across which a magnificent old oak, slanting out from the further bank, partly extended itself as if to shroud the dusky stream of the cascade, might be about twelve feet high ; the broken waters were received in a beautiful stone basin, almost as regular as if hewn by a

sculptor ; and after wheeling around its flinty margin, they made a second precipitous dash, through a dark and narrow chasm at least fifty feet in depth, and from thence, in a hurried, but comparatively a more gentle course, escaped to join the lake.

With the natural taste which belongs to mountaineers, and especially to the Scottish Highlanders, whose feelings, I have observed, are often allied with the romantic and poetical, Rob Roy's wife and followers had prepared our morning repast in a scene well calculated to impress strangers with some feelings of awe. They are also naturally a grave and proud people, and, however rude in our estimation, carry their ideas of form and politeness to an excess that would appear overstrained, except from the demonstration of superior force which accompanies the display of it ; for it must be granted that the air of punctilious deference and rigid etiquette which would seem ridiculous in an ordinary peasant, has, like the salute of a *corps-de-garde*, a propriety when tendered by a Highlander completely armed. There was, accordingly, a good deal of formality in our approach and reception.

The Highlanders, who had been dispersed on the side of the hill, drew themselves together when we came in view, and, standing firm and motionless, appeared in close column behind three figures, whom I soon recognized to be Helen MacGregor and her two sons. MacGregor himself arranged his attendants in the rear, and requesting Mr. Jarvie to dismount where the ascent became steep, advanced slowly, marshaling us

forward at the head of the troop. As we advanced we heard the wild notes of the bagpipes, which lost their national discord from being mingled with the dashing sound of the cascade. When we came close, the wife of MacGregor came forward to meet us. Her dress was studiously arranged in a more feminine taste than it had been on the preceding day, but her features wore the same lofty, unbending, and resolute character; and as she folded my friend the bailie in an unexpected and apparently unwelcome embrace, I could perceive, by the agitation of his wig, his back, and the calves of his legs, that he felt much like one who feels himself suddenly in the grip of a she-bear, without being able to distinguish whether the animal is in kindness or in wrath.

"Kinsman," she said, "you are welcome—and you too, stranger," she added, releasing my alarmed companion, who instinctively drew back and settled his wig, and addressing herself to me, "you also are welcome. You came," she added, "to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed and our hands were red. Excuse the rudeness that gave you a rough welcome, and lay it upon the evil times, and not upon us." All this was said with the manners of a princess and in the tone and style of a court. Nor was there the least tincture of that vulgarity which we naturally attach to the Lowland Scottish. There was a strong provincial accentuation, but, otherwise, the language rendered by Helen MacGregor, out of the native and poetical Gaelic into English, which she had acquired as we do learned tongues, but had probably never heard applied to the mean purposes of ordinary life,

was graceful, flowing, and declamatory. Her husband, who had in his time played many parts, used a much less elevated and emphatic dialect; but even *his* language rose in purity of expression, as you may have remarked if I have been accurate in recording it, when the affairs which he discussed were of an agitating and important nature; and it appears to me in his case, and in that of some other Highlanders whom I have known, that, when familiar and facetious, they used the Lowland Scottish dialect; when serious and impassioned, their thoughts arranged themselves in the idiom of their native language; and in the latter case, as they uttered the corresponding ideas in English, the expressions sounded wild, elevated, and poetical. In fact, the language of passion is almost always pure as well as vehement, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a Scotchman, when overwhelmed by a countryman with a tone of bitter and fluent upbraiding, reply, by way of taunt, to his adversary, "You have gotten to your English."

Be this as it may, the wife of MacGregor invited us to a refreshment spread out on the grass, which abounded with all the good things their mountains could offer, but was clouded by the dark and undisturbed gravity which sat on the brow of our hostess, as well as by our deep and anxious recollection of what had taken place on the preceding day. It was in vain that the leader exerted himself to excite mirth; a chill hung over our minds as if the feast had been funereal; and every bosom felt light when it was ended.

"Adieu, cousin," she said to Mr. Jarvie, as we rose

from the entertainment ; "the best wish Helen MacGregor can give to a friend is, that he may see her no more."

The bailie struggled to answer, probably with some commonplace maxim of morality; but the calm and melancholy sternness of her countenance bore down and disconcerted the mechanical and formal importance of the magistrate. He coughed, hemmed, bowed, and was silent.

kinsman: Bailie Nichol Jarvie, although an inhabitant of Glasgow, had some connection with the family of Rob Roy.

19. THE FLIGHT ACROSS SCOTLAND

By Robert Louis Stevenson

STEVENSON was born at Edinburgh, Nov. 13, 1850, and died at Apia, Samoa, Dec. 3, 1894. He wrote books of very various kinds, and poetry as well as prose. "Treasure Island," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Ebb Tide," are stories very different from each other. "Kidnapped" is different from all of them. In "Kidnapped" Stevenson comes as near Sir Walter Scott as he does anywhere, and thus shows the difference which there is between the two masters. Scott is undoubtedly the broader, more human in sympathy, more powerful with the power that does everything without effort. But Stevenson has a more intense appreciation of the moods of character or of nature, and a keener feeling for the moment of blazing excitement. The two passages that follow give some of the exciting moments in the flight across Scotland of David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart. They had been witnesses of a murder, which had been instigated by political passion, and as the author himself writes in the introduction to the sequel of the story : "The two now lived the life of hunted men upon the moors, the outcry on account of the murder being very great, and its guilt being declared to rest on James Stewart of the Glens, the already outlawed Alan Breck, and a lad unknown, being no other than David Balfour ; for whose apprehension blood money was offered and the country scoured by soldiery."

THE FLIGHT IN THE HEATHER; THE ROCKS

SOMETIMES we walked, sometimes ran; and as it drew on to morning, walked ever the less and ran the more. Though, upon its face, that country appeared to be a desert, yet there were huts and houses of the people, of which we must have passed more than twenty, hidden in quiet places of the hills. When we came to one of these, Alan would leave me in the way, and go himself and rap upon the side of the house and speak awhile at the window with some sleeper awakened.

This was to pass the news; which, in that country, was so much of a duty that Alan must pause to attend to it even while fleeing for his life; and so well attended to by others, that in more than half of the houses where we called, they had heard already of the murder. In the others, as well as I could make out (standing back at a distance and hearing a strange tongue) the news was received with more of consternation than surprise.

For all our hurry, day began to come in while we were still far from any shelter. It found us in a prodigious valley, strewn with rocks and where ran a foaming river. Wild mountains stood around it; there grew there neither grass nor trees; and I have sometimes thought since then, that it may have been the valley called Glencoe, where the massacre was in the time of King William. But for the details of our itinerary, I am all to seek; our way lying now by short cuts, now by great detours; our pace being so hurried; our time

of journeying usually by night ; and the names of such places as I asked and heard being in the Gaelic tongue and the more easily forgotten.

The first peep of morning, then, showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

"This is no fit place for you and me," he said. "This is a place they're bound to watch."

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the water-side, in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering that made my belly quake ; and there hung over the lynn a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but jumped clean upon the middle rock and fell there on his hands and knees to check himself, for that rock was small, and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril before I had followed him, and he had caught and stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side upon a small rock slippery with spray, a far broader leap in front of us, and the river dinning upon all sides. When I saw where I was there came on me a deadly sickness of fear, and I put my hand over my eyes. Alan took me and shook me ; I saw he was speaking, but the roaring of the falls and the trouble of my mind prevented me from hearing ; only I saw his face was red with anger, and that he stamped upon the rock. The same look showed me the water raging by and the mist hanging in the air ; and with that I covered my eyes again and shuddered.

The next minute Alan had set the brandy bottle to my lips, and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood into my head again. Then, putting his hands to his mouth and his mouth to my ear he shouted, "Hang or drown!" and turning his back upon me, leaped over the farther branch of the stream, and landed safe.

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me in stead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again, and I was slithering back into the lynn, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety.

Never a word he said, but set off running again for his life, and I must stagger to my feet and run after him. I had been weary before, but now I was sick and bruised, and partly drunken with the brandy; I kept stumbling as I ran, I had a stitch that came near to overmaster me; and when at last Alan paused under a great rock that stood there among a number of others, it was none too soon for David Balfour.

A great rock, I have said; but by rights it was two rocks leaning together at the top, both some twenty feet high, and at the first sight inaccessible. Even Alan (though you may say he had as good as four

hands) failed twice in an attempt to climb them; and it was only at the third trial, and then by standing on my shoulders and leaping up with such force as I thought must have broken my collar-bone, that he secured a lodgment. Once there, he let down his leathern girdle; and with the aid of that, and a pair of shallow footholds in the rock, I scrambled up beside him.

Then I saw why we had come there; for the two rocks, both being somewhat hollow on the top and sloping one to the other, made a kind of dish or saucer, where as many as three or four men might have lain hidden.

ALAN PLAYS THE PIPES WITH ROBIN MACGREGOR

Just in the door, he met Alan coming in; and the two drew back and looked at each other like strange dogs. They were neither of them big men, but they seemed fairly to swell out with pride. Each wore a sword, and by a movement of his haunch, thrust clear the hilt of it, so that it might be the more readily grasped and the blade drawn.

"Mr. Stewart, I am thinking," says Robin.

"Troth, Mr. MacGregor, it's not a name to be ashamed of," answered Alan.

"I did not know ye were in my country, sir," says Robin.

"It sticks in my mind that I am in the country of my friends the Maclarens," says Alan.

"That's a kittle point," returned the other. "There may be two words to say to that. But I think I will have heard that you are a man of your sword?"

"Unless ye were born deaf, Mr. MacGregor, ye will have heard a good deal more than that," says Alan. "I am not the only man that can draw steel in Appin ; and when my kinsman and captain, Ardshiel, had a talk with a gentleman of your name, not so many years back, I could never hear that the Macgregor had the best of it."

"Do ye mean my father, sir ?" says Robin.

"Well, I wouldnae wonder," said Alan. "The gentleman I have in my mind had the ill-taste to clap Campbell to his name."

"My father was an old man," returned Robin. "The match was unequal. You and me would make a better pair, sir."

"I was thinking that," said Alan.

I was half out of bed, and Duncan had been hanging at the elbow of these fighting cocks, ready to intervene upon least occasion.

But when that word was uttered, it was a case of now or never ; and Duncan, with something of a white face to be sure, thrust himself between.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will have been thinking of a very different matter, whateffer. Here are my pipes, and here are you two gentlemen who are baith acclaimed pipers. It's an old dispute which one of ye's the best. Here will be a braw chance to settle it."

"Why, sir," said Alan, still addressing Robin, from whom indeed he had not so much as shifted his eyes, nor yet Robin from him, "why, sir," says Alan, "I think I will have heard some sough of the sort. Have ye music, as folk say ? Are ye a bit of a piper ?"

"I can pipe like a Macrimmon !" cries Robin.

"And that is a very bold word," quoth Alan.

"I have made bolder words good before now," returned Robin, "and that against better adversaries."

"It is easy to try that," says Allan.

Duncan Dhu made haste to bring out the pair of pipes that was his principal possession, and to set before his guests a muttonham and a bottle of that drink which they call Athole brose, and which is made of old whisky, strained honey, and sweet cream, slowly beaten together in the right order and proportion. The two enemies were still on the very breach of a quarrel ; but down they sat, one upon each side of the peat fire, with a mighty show of politeness. Maclaren pressed them to taste his muttonham and "the wife's brose," reminding them the wife was out of Athole and had a name far and near for her skill in that confection. But Robin put aside these hospitalities as bad for the breath.

"I would have ye to remark, sir," said Alan, "that I havenae broken bread for near upon ten hours, which will be worse for the breath than any brose in Scotland."

"I will take no advantages, Mr. Stewart," replied Robin. "Eat and drink ; I'll follow you."

Each ate a small portion of the ham and drank a glass of the brose to Mrs. Maclaren ; and then, after a great number of civilities, Robin took the pipes and played a little spring in a very ranting manner.

"Ay, ye can blow," said Alan ; and taking the instrument from his rival, he first played the same spring

in a manner identical with Robin's ; and then wandered into variations, which, as he went on, he decorated with a perfect flight of grace-notes, such as pipers love, and call the "warblers."

I had been pleased with Robin's playing, Alan's ravished me.

"That's no very bad, Mr. Stewart," said the rival, "but ye show a poor device in your warbler."

"Me !" cried Alan, the blood starting to his face. "I give ye the lie."

"Do ye own yourself beaten at the pipes, then," said Robin, "that ye seek to change them for the sword ?"

"And that's very well said, Mr. MacGregor," returned Alan ; "and in the meantime" (laying a strong accent on the word) "I take back the lie. I appeal to Duncan."

"Indeed, ye need appeal to naebody," said Robin. "Ye're a far better judge than any Maclaren in Balquidder ; for it's a God's truth that you're a very creditable piper for a Stewart. Hand me the pipes."

Alan did as he asked ; and Robin proceeded to imitate and correct some part of Alan's variations, which it seemed that he remembered perfectly.

"Ay, ye have music," said Alan, gloomily.

"And now be the judge yourself, Mr. Stewart," said Robin ; and taking up the variations from the beginning, he worked them throughout to so new a purpose, with such ingenuity and sentiment, and with so odd a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes, that I was amazed to hear him.

As for Alan, his face grew dark and hot, and he sat and gnawed his fingers, like a man under some deep affront. "Enough!" he cried. "Ye can blow the pipes—make the most of that." And he made as if to rise.

But Robin only held out his hand as if to ask for silence, and struck into the slow music of a pibroch. It was a fine piece of music in itself, and nobly played; but it seems, besides, it was a piece peculiar to the Appin Stewarts and a chief favorite with Alan. The first notes were scarce out, before there came a change in his face; when the time quickened, he seemed to grow restless in his seat; and long before that piece was at an end, the last signs of his anger died from him, and he had no thought but for the music.

"Robin Oig," he said when it was done, "ye are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. Body of me! ye have mair music in your sporran than I have in my head! And though it still sticks in my mind that I could maybe show ye another of it with the cold steel, I warn ye beforehand—it'll no be fair! It would go against my heart to haggle a man that can blow the pipes as you can!"

Thereupon the quarrel was made up; all night long the brose was going and the pipes changing hands; and the day had come pretty bright, and the three men were none the better for what they had been taking, before Robin as much as thought upon the road.

Glencoe: a valley or glen in the west of Scotland near the outlet of what is now the Caledonian Canal. From this point the fugitives made their way east to Loch Rannoch, then south over

the Braes of Balquidder, where they fell in with Robin Macgregor, as in the second extract. Thence they continued eastward and reached the Firth of Forth, and managed to get across to Queensferry on the south side.

am to seek : am at a loss.

lynn : The word is used both for a waterfall and for the pool beneath.

dinning : making a din.

Campbell : The name Macgregor was as early as the seventeenth century proscribed and all were forbidden to bear it. Those who bore it had to select other names. Robert Macgregor, called Rob Roy, used the name Campbell. Alan calls this bad taste because the Campbells were hereditary enemies of his own clan.

Duncan Dhu, or the Black, was the owner of the house.

muttonham : a salted leg of mutton.

spring : a quick and cheerful tune.

20. JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

It is certainly needless to say anything in general to American children about Longfellow. A few words, however, will be of interest concerning the points brought out in our extract. Longfellow's thoughts were at first drawn to the literatures of foreign countries, and he loved their poetry and romance. He traveled abroad and made himself familiar with foreign languages and life. His earlier poetry was very often on foreign subjects. As he went on, however, the desire grew upon him to develop the romance and legend of his own country. "The Skeleton in Armor" is a sort of link, showing the transition from the old to the new. But his first great work on an American subject was "Evangeline" (1847), which was followed eight years after by "Hiawatha." In 1858 he published "The Courtship of Miles Standish," his third great presentation of an American subject. We have here an American subject : but to the simple story of the bare life of old Plymouth Longfellow has imparted a charm as sure and attractive as any belonging to ancient and foreign. The point of the story at which the extract begins is where John Alden visits Priscilla, whom he loves himself, to ask her hand for his friend Miles Standish, who has felt unequal to the undertaking.

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went
on his errand ;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over
pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the mayflowers blooming
around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful
sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in
their slumber.
“ Puritan flowers,” he said, “ and the type of Puritan
maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the mayflower
of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I
take them ;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither
and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on
his errand ;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath
of the east-wind ;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a
meadow ;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of
Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan
anthem,

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the
 Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comfort-
 ing many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the
 maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a
 snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands guiding the raven-
 ous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the
 wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
 Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music
 together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of
 a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the
 verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the
 Puritan anthem,
She the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of
 homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth
 of her being !
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold
 and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight
 and woe of his errand :

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that
had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless man-
sion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
“Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look
backwards ;
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life
to its fountains,
Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the
hearths of the living,
It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth
forever.”

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel
and the singing
Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by the step on
the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal
of welcome,
Saying, “I knew it was you when I heard your step
in the passage ;
For I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and
spinning.”
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of
him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm that came from the heart of
the maiden,
Silent he stood before her, and gave her the flowers for
an answer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered
that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from
the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that
encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the
house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by
the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her
in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he
spoken ;
Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had
vanished !
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers
for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
beautiful springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower
that sailed on the morrow.
“ I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Puri-
tan maiden,
“ Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the
hedgerows of England.
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like
a garden ;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark
and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
 And at the end of the street, the village church and
 the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in
 the churchyard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my
 religion ;

Still my heart is so sad that I wish myself back in
 Old England.

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely
 and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : " Indeed I do not
 condemn you ;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this
 terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to
 lean on ;

So I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of
 marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Cap-
 tain of Plymouth ! "

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer
 of letters, —

Did not embellish the theme nor array it in beautiful
 phrases,

But came straight to the point and blurted it out like a
 school-boy ;

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.

Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence,

“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning ! ”

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —

Had no time for such things ; — such things ! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :

“ Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?

That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
 This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
 Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours — who knows ? — at last might have won me,
 Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth.

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,
England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurs-
ton de Standish ;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely de-
frauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock
argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous
nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how
during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as
woman's :
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and
headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty and placable
always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little
of stature ;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, cour-
ageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
Standish.

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?"

Ainsworth : an English clergyman who was driven from England to Holland and died not long after this at Amsterdam.

angular notes : The old-fashioned musical notes were of a shape different from that to which we are accustomed.

writer of letters : In the earlier part of the poem, Longfellow dwells on the difference between Miles Standish and John Alden; the former was a rough direct man of action, the latter a clever man of books.

Flanders : the country now Belgium. There had long been fighting between Spain and her Dutch and Flemish provinces. The siege of Leyden (p. 283) was before the time of Standish, but the war had continued for a long time.

blazon : the heraldic term for a description of the decoration of a coat of arms. It should be couched in heraldic language as here. The coat of arms of Miles Standish had for a crest, a silver cock with red comb and wattles.

21. MISS HEPZIBAH'S CENT SHOP

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem, July 4, 1804, and died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. To pass from Longfellow to Hawthorne is a great change. It is as though with Longfellow we lived in a beautiful open house looking out upon a broad lawn, and so over the meadows and across the river; with Hawthorne it is some old ancestral mansion standing far back from the road behind a heavy grove of pines. We may compare the two extracts we have here. Longfellow gives a charming interview between a beautiful young girl and the young man who loves her; Hawthorne tells us of a poor old gentleman, forced by necessity to take what she thinks the very last step down in the world. Both were romancers, the one in poetry, the

other in prose. But while Longfellow was aroused by the nobility and beauty that all see and admire, Hawthorne explored the most recondite corners of the human heart and asked the human soul to tell him its most grimly hidden secrets.

PART ONE

NERVOUSLY — in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say — she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings, and other little wares, on the shelves and at the shop window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, lady-like old figure, there was a deeply tragic character, that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a queer anomaly that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand; a miracle that the toy did not vanish in her grasp; a miserable, absurd idea that she should go on perplexing her stiff and somber intellect with the question how to tempt little boys into her premises! Yet such is undoubtedly her object. Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor, with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk; it has ceased to be an elephant, and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There, again, she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hepzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position! As her rigid and rustic frame goes down on its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined

to shed tears of sympathy, from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her. For here,—and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader, it is our own fault, not that of the theme,—here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility. A lady who had fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences, and whose religion it was that a lady's hand soils itself immediately by doing aught for bread — this born lady, after sixty years of narrowing means, is fain to step down from her pedestal of imaginary rank. Poverty treading closely at her heels for a lifetime has come up with her at last. She must earn her food or starve! And we have stolen upon Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, too irreverently, at the instant of time where the patrician lady is to be transformed into the plebeian woman. . . .

It was overpoweringly ridiculous — we must honestly confess it — the deportment of the maiden lady while setting her shop in order for the public eye. She stole on tiptoe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm-tree, with intent to take her life. Stretching out her long, lank arm, she put a paper of pearl buttons, a jew's-harp, or whatever the small article might be, in its destined place, and straightway vanished back into the dusk, as if the world need never hope for another glimpse of her. It might have been fancied, indeed, that she expected to minister to the wants of the community unseen like a disembodied divinity, or enchantress, holding forth her bargains to

the reverential and awe-stricken purchaser in an invisible hand. But Hepzibah had no such flattering dream. She was well aware that she must ultimately come forward and stand revealed in her proper individuality ; but like other sensitive persons, she could not bear to be observed in the gradual process, and chose rather to flash forth on the world's astonished gaze at once.

The inevitable moment was not much longer to be delayed. The sunshine might now be seen stealing down the front of the opposite house, from the windows of which came a reflected gleam, struggling through the boughs of the elm-tree, and enlightening the interior of the shop more distinctly than heretofore. The town appeared to be waking up. A baker's cart had already rattled through the street, chasing away the latest vestige of night's sanctity with the jingle-jangle of its dissonant bells. A milkman was distributing the contents of his cans from door to door ; and the harsh peal of a fisherman's conch-shell was heard far off around the corner. None of these tokens escaped Hepzibah's notice. The moment had arrived. To delay longer would be only to lengthen out her misery. Nothing remained, except to take down the bar from the shop door, leaving the entrance free — more than free — welcome, as if all were household friends — to every passer-by, whose eyes might be attracted by the commodities at the window. This last act Hepzibah now performed, letting the bar fall with what smote upon her excited nerves as a most astounding clatter. Then — as if the only barrier betwixt herself and the world had been thrown down,

and a flood of evil consequences would come tumbling through the gap — she fled into the inner parlor, threw herself into the ancestral chair, and wept.

Our miserable old Hepzibah ! It is a heavy annoyance to a writer who endeavors to represent nature, its various attitudes and circumstances, in a reasonably correct outline and true coloring, that so much of the mean and ludicrous should be hopelessly mixed up with the purest pathos which life anywhere supplies to him. What tragic dignity, for example, can be wrought into a scene like this ! How can we elevate our history of retribution for the sin of long ago, when, as one of our most prominent figures, we are compelled to introduce—not a young and lovely woman, nor even the stately remains of beauty, storm-shattered by affliction—but a gaunt, sallow, rusty-jointed maiden, in a long-waisted silk gown, and with the strange horror of a turban on her head ! Her visage is not even ugly. It is redeemed from insignificance only by the contraction of her eyebrows into a near-sighted scowl. And finally, her great life-trial seems to be that after sixty years of idleness, she finds it convenient to earn comfortable bread by setting up a shop in a small way. Nevertheless, if we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And, without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might be led to suspect the insult of a sneer, as well as an immitigable frown, on the iron countenance of fate.

What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.

proper : own.

conch-shell : a large sea-shell which can be blown to produce a loud noise.

turban : an old-fashioned headdress imitated from the Eastern turban.

PART TWO

Some malevolent spirit, doing his utmost to drive Hepzibah mad, unrolled before her imagination a kind of panorama, representing the great thoroughfare of a city, all astir with customers. So many and so magnificent shops as they were! Groceries, toy-shops, dry-goods stores, with their immense panes of plate-glass, their gorgeous fixtures, their vast and complete assortments of merchandise, in which fortunes had been invested; and those noble mirrors at the farther end of each establishment, doubling all this wealth by a brightly burnished vista of unrealities! On one side of the street, this splendid bazaar, with a multitude of perfumed and glossy salesmen, smirking, smiling, bowing, and measuring out the goods. On the other, the dusky House of the Seven Gables, with the antiquated shop-window under its projecting story, and Hepzibah herself, in a gown of rusty black silk, behind the counter, scowling at the world as it went by! This mighty contrast thrust itself forward, as a fair expression of the odds against which she was to begin her struggle for a subsistence. Success? Preposterous! She would

never think of it again! The house might just as well be buried in an eternal fog, while all the other houses had sunshine on them; for not a foot would ever cross the threshold, nor a hand so much as try the door!

But at this instant, the shop-bell, right over her head, tinkled as if it were bewitched. The old gentlewoman's heart seemed to be attached to the same steel spring, for it went through a series of sharp jerks, in unison with the sound. The door was thrust open, although no human form was perceptible on the other side of the half-window. Hepzibah, nevertheless, stood at a gaze, with her hands clasped, looking very much as if she had summoned up an evil spirit, and were afraid, yet resolved, to hazard the encounter.

"Heaven help me!" she groaned mentally. "Now is my hour of need!"

The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking and rusty hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple. He was clad rather shabbily (but, as it seemed, more owing to his mother's carelessness than his father's poverty), in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat out at the toes, and a chip-hat with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices. A book and a small slate, under his arm, indicated that he was on his way to school. He stared at Hepzibah a moment, as an older customer than himself would have been likely enough to do, not knowing what to make of the tragic attitude and queer scowl wherewith she regarded him.

"Well, child," said she, taking heart at sight of a personage so little formidable, "well, my child, what did you wish for?"

"That Jim Crow, there in the window," answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice as he loitered along to school; "the one that has not a broken foot."

So Hepzibah put forth her lank arm, and taking the effigy from the shop window, delivered it to her first customer.

"No matter for the money," said she, giving him a little push toward the door; for her old gentility was contumaciously squeamish at the sight of the copper coin, and besides, it seemed pitiful meanness to take the child's pocket-money in exchange for a bit of stale gingerbread. "No matter for the cent. You are welcome to Jim Crow."

The child, staring with round eyes at this instance of liberality wholly unprecedented in his large experience of cent shops, took the man of gingerbread, and quitted the premises. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was!) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth. As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing it after him, with a pettish ejaculation or two about the troublesomeness of young people, and particularly of small boys. She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window, when again the shop-bell tinkled clamorously, and again the door being thrust open with its characteristic

jerk and jar, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and discoloration of the cannibal feast, as yet hardly consummated, were exceedingly visible about his mouth.

"What is it now, child?" asked the maiden lady, rather impatiently; "did you come back to shut the door?"

"No," answered the urchin, pointing to the figure that had just been put up; "I want that other Jim Crow."

"Well, here it is for you," said Hepzibah, reaching it down; but recognizing that this pertinacious customer would not quit her on any other terms, so long as she had a gingerbread figure in her shop, she partly drew back her extended hand. "Where is the cent?"

The little boy had the cent ready, but, like a true-born Yankee, would have preferred the better bargain to the worse. Looking somewhat chagrined, he put the coin into Hepzibah's hand, and departed, sending the second Jim Crow in quest of the former one. The new shopkeeper dropped the first solid result of her commercial enterprise into the till. It was done! the sordid stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from her palm. The little schoolboy, aided by the impish figure of the negro dancer, had wrought an irreparable ruin. The structure of ancient aristocracy had been demolished by him, even as if his childish gripe had torn down the seven-gabled mansion. Now let Hepzibah turn the old Pyncheon portraits with their faces to the wall, and take the map of her eastern terri-

tory to kindle the kitchen fire, and blow up the flame with the empty breath of her ancestral traditions! What had she to do with ancestry? Nothing; no more than with posterity! No lady, now, but simply Hepzibah Pyncheon, a forlorn old maid, and keeper of a cent shop!

Nevertheless, even while she paraded these ideas somewhat ostentatiously through her mind, it is altogether surprising what a calmness had come over her. The anxiety and misgivings which had tormented her, whether asleep or in melancholy day-dreams, ever since her project began to take an aspect of solidity, had now vanished quite away. She felt the novelty of her position, indeed, but no longer with disturbance or affright. Now and then, there came a thrill of almost youthful enjoyment. It was the invigorating breath of a fresh outward atmosphere, after the long torpor and monotonous seclusion of her life. So wholesome is effort! So miraculous the strength we know not of! The healthiest glow that Hepzibah had known for years had come now, in the dreaded crisis, when, for the first time, she had put forth her hand to help herself.

Jim Crow: originally a negro song and dance brought out by Thomas D. Rice, the first "negro minstrel" in 1835. The name was afterward given to a doll made to imitate a negro boy.

her eastern territory: Hepzibah's family had an old claim to a great property in Maine.

22. THE VILLAGE PREACHER

By Oliver Goldsmith

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (Nov. 10, 1728 – April 4, 1774) wrote much ; indeed, he lived by his pen and was compelled to write much that was useful only because he was paid for it. But among these sordid labors he found time and opportunity two or three times to give his real genius free play. “The Vicar of Wakefield” and “She Stoops to Conquer” are among the best works of the time. His poems are the best poems of his time. “The Traveler” was published first, but “The Deserted Village” has made a greater impression upon the world. It is a picture of a village which has become depopulated by



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

enforced emigration — emigration, it may be interesting to know, to America. And in thinking of the village as it was in its happier days Goldsmith's memory, doubtless, goes back to the village life that he remembered from his youth, while in drawing the village characters he doubtless thought of those whom he had known. The Village Preacher is probably a recollection of his brother Henry, — that brother to whom “The Traveler” is dedicated, to whom he wrote : —

“Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.”

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place :
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

once : The poet is looking at a village he had known in his youth, which had been deserted.

passing : very.

23. THE VICAR AND HIS FAMILY

By Oliver Goldsmith

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to

think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman ; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling ; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping ; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo ; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation ; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred ; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number.

However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wings of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable

present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country," — "Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome.

But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and properly speaking, they had but one character, — that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

spelling: we must remember that education was not so common in England one hundred and fifty years ago as it is to-day.

heralds' office: an institution which has long kept record of all the noble and gentle families of England.

mutilated: i.e., one cut rather short.

24. AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray

THOMAS GRAY (Dec. 26, 1716—July 30, 1771) was a man of singularly retiring disposition, and never fully expressed himself in his poetry. He is known to almost everybody by the famous Elegy, but his other poems are now little read, save by special lovers of literature. It is perhaps strange that one who could express thoughts and emotions so broad in their appeal, in words so widely appreciated and remembered, should never have written anything else with the same universal stamp. The secret of the Elegy is perhaps that in a singularly fortunate moment, Gray expressed his sentiment with a sincerity in the perception of his idea and in the expression of it, that was in its day uncommon, and without some extravagant qualities that have crept into poetry since. The poem was appreciated in its own day by very different judges: read what the soldier Wolfe says of it on page 273.



THOMAS GRAY

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear ;
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

tinklings : of sheep bells.

bower : The word is loosely used for *dwelling*.

molest : interfere with.

horn : of the hunter.

glebe : turf, and so farming land.

Hampden was one of the chief popular leaders against Charles I.

Cromwell won his great victories over his countrymen.

to command : This verb, as well as *despise*, *scatter*, *read*, depends on *forbade* in the next stanza, just as *to hide*, *quench*, *heap* in the next stanza but one depend on the second *forbade*.

incense . . . flame : flattering poetry.

tenor : prevailing course or direction.

unlettered Muse : the uneducated poet of the country.

swain : a common word in the poetry of Gray's time for a country boy or man.

25. ROCKLAND VILLAGE

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

ONE of the most lovable as well as one of the wittiest and cleverest of American writers passed from earth when Oliver Wendell Holmes died at Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 7, 1894. Eighty-five years old, Holmes was the last of that famous group containing Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Dana, all his personal friends, and all fellow laborers in building up our national literature. His first literary attempts were poems, which were published in 1836; these were followed by five other volumes of verse. Many of these poems were written for his college class reunions, for the birthdays of classmates and the like, or were interspersed among his prose writings. The most noted of his poems are "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Last Leaf on the Tree," a wonderful combination of humor and pathos, and "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," a composition bubbling over with the author's native humor

As a prose-writer Dr. Holmes has been equally successful. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" are masterpieces. In these Dr. Holmes has cleverly treated the American boarding-house with its typical characters. He wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel." The former mingles in artistic comparison a tragic theme and the humorous incidents of New England village life; the latter possesses something of the weirdness of Hawthorne. In his private life Dr. Holmes was a genial, faithful friend, a good citizen, and the benefactor of all who came in contact with him.

N OBODY knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. The elm comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us. It loves man as man loves it. It is modest and patient. It has a small flake of a seed which blows in everywhere and makes arrangements for coming up by and by. So in spring one finds a crop of baby elms among his carrots and parsnips, very weak and small compared to those succulent vegetables. The baby elms die, most of them, slain, unrecognized or unheeded, by hand or hoe, as meekly as Herod's innocents. One of them gets overlooked, perhaps, until it has established a kind of right to stay. Three generations of carrot and parsnip consumers have passed away, yourself among them, and now let your great-grandson look for the baby elm. Twenty-two feet of clean girth, three hundred and sixty feet in the line that bounds its leafy circle, it covers the boy with such a canopy as neither glossy-leafed oak nor insect-haunted linden ever lifted into the summer skies.

Elm Street was the pride of Rockland, but not only on account of its Gothic-arched vista. In this street were most of the great houses, or "mansion houses," as

it was usual to call them. Along this street, also, the more nicely kept and neatly painted dwellings were chiefly congregated. It was the correct thing for a Rockland dignitary to have a house in Elm Street.

A New England "mansion house" is naturally square with dormer windows projecting from the roof, which has a balustrade with turned posts round it. It shows a good breadth of front yard before its door, as its owner shows a respectable expanse of shirt front. It has a lateral margin beyond its stables and offices, as its master wears his white wristbands showing beyond his coat cuffs. It may not have what may be called grounds, but it must have elbow room, at any rate. Without it, it is like a man who is always tight-buttoned for want of any linen to show. The mansion house which has to button itself tight up in fences, for want of green or gravel margin, will be advertising for boarders presently.

The old English pattern of the New England mansion house, only on a somewhat grander scale, is Sir Thomas Abney's place, where dear, good Dr. Watts said prayers for the family, and wrote those blessed hymns of his that sing us into consciousness in our cradles, and come back to us in sweet, single verses, between the moments of wandering and of stupor when we lie dying, and sound over us when we can no longer hear them, bringing grateful tears to the hot, aching eyes beneath the thick black veils, and carrying the holy calm with them which filled the good man's heart as he prayed and sung under the shelter of the old English mansion house.

Next to the mansion houses, came the two-story, trim, white-painted, "genteel" houses, which, being more gossipy and less nicely bred, crowded close up to the street, instead of standing back from it with arms akimbo, like the mansion houses. Their little front yards were very commonly full of lilac and syringa and other bushes, which were allowed to smother the lower story almost to the exclusion of light and air, so that, what with small windows and small window-panes, and the darkness made by these choking growths of shrubbery, the front parlors of some of these houses were the most tomb-like, melancholy places that could be found anywhere among the abodes of the living.

Their garnishing was apt to assist this impression. Large-patterned carpets, which always look discontented in little rooms, haircloth furniture, black and shiny as beetles' wing-cases, and center-tables, with a sullen oil-lamp of the kind called astral by our imaginative ancestors, in the center, — these things were inevitable. In set piles around the lamp was ranged the current literature of the day, in the form of Temperance Documents, unbound numbers of one of the Unknown Public's Magazines with worn-out steel engravings and high-colored fashion-plates, the poems of a distinguished British author whom it is unnecessary to mention, a volume of sermons, or a novel or two, or both, according to the tastes of the family, and the Good Book, which is always Itself in the cheapest and commonest company. The father of the family with his hand in the breast of his coat, the mother of the same in a wide-bordered cap, sometimes a print of

the Last Supper, by no means Morghen's, or the Father of his Country, or the old General, or the Defender of the Constitution, or an unknown clergyman with an open book before him,—these were the usual ornaments of the walls, the first two a matter of rigor, the others according to politics and other tendencies.

This intermediate class of houses, wherever one finds them, in New England towns, are very apt to be cheerless and unsatisfactory. They have neither the luxury of the mansion house nor the comfort of the farm-house. They are rarely kept at an agreeable temperature. The mansion house has large fireplaces and generous chimneys, and is open to the sunshine. The farm-house makes no pretensions, but it has a good warm kitchen, at any rate, and one can be comfortable there with the rest of the family, without fear and without reproach. These lesser country houses of genteel aspirations are much given to patent subterfuges of one kind and another to get heat without combustion. The chilly parlor and the slippery haircloth seat take the life out of the warmest welcome. If one would make these places wholesome, happy, and cheerful, the first precept would be,—the dearest fuel, plenty of it, and let half the heat go up the chimney. If you can't afford this, don't try to live in a "genteel" fashion, but stick to the ways of the honest farm-house.

There were a good many comfortable farm-houses scattered about Rockland. The best of them were something of the following pattern, which is too often superseded of late by a more pretentious, but infinitely

less pleasing kind of rustic architecture. A little back from the road, seated directly on the green sod, rose a plain wooden building, two stories in front, with a long roof sloping backwards to within a few feet of the ground. This, like the "mansion house," is copied from an old English pattern. Cottages of this model may be seen in Lancashire, for instance, always with the same honest, homely look, as if their roofs acknowledged their relationship to the soil out of which they sprung. The walls were unpainted, but turned by the slow action of sun and air to a quiet dove or slate color. An old broken millstone at the door, and a well-sweep pointing like a finger to the heavens, which the shining round of water beneath looked up at like a dark, unsleeping eye ; a single large elm a little at one side ; a barn twice as big as the house ; a cattle yard, with some fields, in pasture or in crops, with low, stone walls round them ; a row of beehives ; a garden patch, with roots and currant-bushes, and many-hued hollyhocks, and swollen-stemmed, globe-headed, seedling onions and marigolds, and flower-de-luces, and lady's-delights, crowding in together, with southernwood in the borders, and woodbine and hops and morning-glories climbing as they got a chance, — these were the features by which the Rockland-born children remembered the farm-house when they had grown to be men.

Gothic-arched : The branches of the elm joining across a village street give the impression of many Gothic arches.

Dr. Watts : Isaac Watts (1674–1748), one of the best-known of hymn-writers.

imaginative: because *astral* means "like the stars," and it needed imagination to think of such a lamp as star-like.

Last Supper: a famous picture by Leonardo da Vinci.

Morghen: Raphael Morghen was a famous Italian engraver.

the old General: probably Andrew Jackson.

the defender of the Constitution: Daniel Webster.

26. TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

By William Cullen Bryant

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794. His father was a physician and a man of literary culture, who encouraged his son's early poetic ability and aided him with sound criticism and advice. Bryant began to write verses at the age of eight, and two years later was a newspaper contributor. "Thanatopsis," which critics generally consider his most finished poem, was written at the age of seventeen. Bryant was educated at Williams College, but left in good standing before graduation. Then, for a brief time, he turned his attention to the practice of law, but in 1825 abandoned that profession and devoted himself entirely to literature. At this time he removed to New York and became editor of "The Evening Post," which position he filled to the day of his death. His first volume of poems was published in 1821, and contained "Thanatopsis," "The Ages," and other verses. Bryant was a great lover of nature and found his themes in the forest, the meadow, and the running stream. As an editor he made his newspaper a model of literary excellence as well as an advocate of public morality. He died in New York in 1878 at the age of eighty four, universally known and honored.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

27. WOLFERT'S ROOST

By Washington Irving

WASHINGTON IRVING (born April 3, 1783; died Nov. 28, 1859) was the first great representative of American literature, unless we award the title to Benjamin Franklin. His first publications were in "Salmagundi," a light periodical established by himself and some friends, and he made his first general reputation in "Knickerbocker's History of New York." But the first of these works was little more than the exuberant sparkling of a young man of good spirits, and the latter was not in the line that Irving afterward made his own. In 1818 the commercial house of his brothers, in which he was interested, failed, and Irving began an effort (wholly successful) to support himself by

his pen. He chanced to be in England at the time : he remained in Europe for fourteen years, sending home and publishing works by which his reputation in America and in Europe became wholly assured. In 1832 he came home, and shortly established himself in the town of Dearmain (which was subsequently named Irvington), in the house described in the following extract. He was regarded, and rightly, as our representative man of letters. In 1842 he went to Spain as Minister of the United States and remained several years. His last years in America were occupied in writing the life of the great American for whom he had been named.

THE Revolutionary War was over. The Debatable Ground had once more become a quiet agricultural region ; the border chivalry had turned their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and hung up their guns, only to be taken down occasionally in a campaign against wild pigeons on the hills, or wild ducks upon the Hudson. Jacob Van Tassel, whilome carried captive to New York, a flagitious rebel, had come forth from captivity a "hero of seventy-six." In a little while he sought the scenes of his former triumphs and mishaps, rebuilt the Roost, restored his goose-gun to the hooks over the fireplace, and reared once more on high the glittering weathercocks.

Years and years passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweetbrier crept up its walls ; the wren and the phoebe-bird built under the eaves ; it gradually became almost hidden among trees, through which it looked forth, as with half-shut eyes, upon the Tappan Zee. The Indian spring, famous in the days of the wizard sachem, still welled up at the bottom of the green bank ; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself

into the little cove where of yore the water-guard harbored their whaleboats.

Such was the state of the Roost many years since, at the time when Diedrich Knickerbocker came into this neighborhood, in the course of his researches among the Dutch families for materials for his immortal history. The exterior of the eventful little pile seemed to him full of promise. The crow-step gables were of the primitive architecture of the province. The weathercocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New Netherlands. The one above the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden palace at Albany !

The interior of the mansion fulfilled its external promise. Here were records of old times ; documents of the Dutch dynasty, rescued from the profane hands of the English, by Wolfert Acker, when he retreated from New Amsterdam. Here he had treasured them up like buried gold, and here they had been miraculously preserved by St. Nicholas, at the time of the conflagration of the Roost.

Here, then, did old Diedrich Knickerbocker take up his abode for a time, and set to work with antiquarian zeal to decipher these precious documents, which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians ; and it is the facts drawn from these sources which give his work the preference, in point of accuracy, over every other history.

It was during his sojourn in this eventful neighborhood, that the historian is supposed to have picked up many of those legends which have since been given by

him to the world, or found among his papers. Such was the legend connected with the old Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow. The church itself was a monument of bygone days. It had been built in the early times of the province. A tablet over the portal bore the names of its founders: Frederick Filipson, a mighty man of yore, patroon of Yonkers, and his wife Katrina Van Courtland, of the Van Courtlands of Croton; a powerful family connection, with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek, and the other on the Croton River.

Two weathercocks, with the initials of these illustrious personages, graced each end of the church, one perched over the belfry, the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weathercocks, each pointed a different way; and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine; emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy.

In the burying-ground adjacent to the church reposed the earliest fathers of a wide rural neighborhood. Here families were garnered together, side by side, in long platoons, in this last gathering-place of kindred. With pious hand would Diedrich Knickerbocker turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown the tombstones, to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English, of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Tassels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraitures faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs.

The congregation in those days was of a truly rural character. City fashions had not as yet stole up to

Sleepy Hollow. Dutch sun-bonnets and honest homespun still prevailed. Everything was in primitive style, even to the bucket of water and tin cup near the door in summer, to assuage the thirst caused by the heat of the weather or the drouth of the sermon.

The pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding-board, and the communion table, curiously carved, had each come from Holland in the olden time, before the arts had sufficiently advanced in the colony for such achievements. Around these on Sundays would be gathered the elders of the church, gray-headed men who led the psalmody, and in whom it would be difficult to recognize the hard-riding lads of yore, who scoured the Debatable Land in the time of the Revolution.

The drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow was apt to breathe into this sacred edifice; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominie, but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locust from the neighboring trees.

And now a word or two about Sleepy Hollow, which many have rashly deemed a fanciful creation, like the Lubberland of mariners. It was probably the mystic and dreamy sound of the name which first tempted the historian of the Manhattoes into its spellbound mazes. As he entered, all nature seemed for the moment to awake from its slumbers and break forth in gratulations. The quail whistled a welcome from the corn field; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush

with restless wing proclaiming his approach, or perked inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy. The woodpecker tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple tree, and then peered round the trunk, as if asking how he relished the salutation; while the squirrel scampered along the fence, whisking his tail over his head by way of a huzza.

Here reigned the golden mean extolled by poets, in which no gold was to be found and very little silver. The inhabitants of the Hollow were of the primitive stock, and had intermarried from the earliest time of the province, never swarming far from the parent hive, but dividing and subdividing their paternal acres as they swarmed.

Here were small farms, each having its little portion of meadow and corn field; its orchard of gnarled and sprawling apple trees; its garden in which the rose, the marigold, and hollyhock grew sociably with the cabbage, the pea, and the pumpkin: each had its low-eaved mansion redundant with white-headed children; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren; the coop on the grass-plot, where the motherly hen clucked round with her vagrant brood: each had its stone well, with a moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing-pole, according to antediluvian hydraulics; while within doors resounded the eternal hum of the spinning-wheel.

Many were the great historical facts which the worthy Diedrich collected in these lowly mansions, and patiently would he sit by the old Dutch housewives with a child on his knee, or a purring grimalkin on his

lap, listening to endless ghost stories spun forth to the humming accompaniment of the wheel.

The delighted historian pursued his explorations far into the foldings of the hills where the Pocantico winds its wizard stream among the mazes of its old Indian haunts ; sometimes running darkly in pieces of woodland beneath balancing sprays of beech and chestnut : sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh green intervals ; here and there receiving the tributes of silver rills which came whimpering down the hill sides from their parent springs.

In a remote part of the Hollow, where the Pocantico forced its way down rugged rocks, stood Carl's mill, the haunted house of the neighborhood. It was indeed a goblin-looking pile, shattered and time-worn, dismal with clanking wheels and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horseshoe nailed to the door to keep off witches seemed to have lost its power ; for as Diedrich approached, an old negro thrust his head, all dabbled with flour, out of a hole above the water wheel, and grinned and rolled his eyes, and appeared to be the very hobgoblin of the place. Yet this proved to be the great historic genius of the Hollow, abounding in that valuable information never to be acquired from books. Diedrich Knickerbocker soon discovered his merit. They had long talks together seated on a broken millstone, heedless of the water and the clatter of the mill ; and to his conference with that African sage, many attribute the surprising, though true story of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. We refrain, however, from

giving further researches of the historian of the Manhattoes, during his sojourn at the Roost ; but may return to them in future pages.

Reader, the Roost still exists. Time, which changes all things, is slow in its operations on a Dutchman's dwelling. The stout Jacob Van Tassel, it is true, sleeps with his fathers ; and his great goose-gun with him : yet his stronghold still bears the impress of its Dutch origin. Odd rumors have gathered about it, as they are apt to do about old mansions, like moss and weather stains. The shade of Wolfert Acker still walks his unquiet rounds at night in the orchard ; and a white figure has now and then been seen seated at a window and gazing at the moon, from a room in which a young lady is said to have died of love and green apples.

Mementoes of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker are still cherished at the Roost. His elbow chair and antique writing-desk maintain their place in the room he occupied, and his old cocked hat still hangs on a peg against the wall.

the Debatable Ground : This name was given to the territory between the English in New York City and the American forces up the river.

whilome : formerly.

Diedrich Knickerbocker : The first work of Irving's to come into general notice was a "History of New York," which he published under the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker, a pretended Dutch scholar.

St. Nicholas : the patron saint of New Netherlands.

lost books of Livy : The whole of Livy's History has never been recovered.

in point of accuracy : "Knickerbocker's New York" is really a humorous work and makes no pretensions to accuracy at all.

Sleepy Hollow : The allusion is to the legend of Ichabod Crane told in "The Sketch Book."

Lubberland : a fabled country where there was nothing to do and plenty to eat and drink.

the Pocantico : a river of Westchester County.

still exists : It was in fact Irving's own house, which still stands in the town named after him.

28. BEFORE THE RAIN

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, born at Portsmouth, N.H., 1836, began active life in a counting house, but after a short time found that he could trust to his pen for his support. He has been editor of several magazines and periodicals, especially of "The Atlantic Monthly." His own chief contribution to literature is in poetry and fiction. While it is not the most dignified of his productions, all boys should read "The Story of a Bad Boy," of which the scene is laid in his native town.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens, —
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

29. AFTER THE RAIN

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

30. THE FOREST OF WOLMER

By Gilbert White

GILBERT WHITE was born at Selborne, in the county of Hampshire, England, July 18, 1720, and died there June 20, 1793. He was Vicar of his native parish, and was devoted to the study of its natural history. We cannot do better than to quote what Lowell says of his book:—

“One of the most delightful books in my father's library was White's ‘Natural History of Selborne.’ For me it has rather gained in charm with years. I used to read it without knowing the secret of the pleasure I found in it, but as I grow older I begin to detect some of the simple expedients of this natural magic. Open the book where you will, it takes you out of doors. In our broiling July weather

one can walk out with this genially garrulous Fellow of Oriel and find refreshment instead of fatigue. . . . I do not know whether his descriptions of scenery are good or not, but they have made me familiar with his neighborhood. Since I first read him, I have walked over some of his favorite haunts, but I still see them through his eyes rather than by any recollection of actual and personal vision."

— *My Garden Acquaintance.*

SHOULD I omit to describe with some exactness the forest of Wolmer, of which three-fifths, perhaps, lie in this parish, my account of Selborne would be very imperfect, as it is a district abounding with many curious productions, both animal and vegetable, and has often afforded me much entertainment both as a sportsman and as a naturalist.

The royal forest of Wolmer is a tract of land of about seven miles in length, by two and a half in breadth, running nearly from north to south, and is abutted on — to begin to the south, and so to proceed eastward — by the parishes of Greatham, Lysse, Rogate, and Trotton, in the county of Sussex; by Bramshot, Hedleigh, and Kingsley. This royalty consists entirely of sand covered with heath and fern, but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent. In the bottoms, where the waters stagnate, are many bogs, which formerly abounded with subterraneous trees; though Dr. Plot says positively, that "there never were any fallen trees hidden in the mosses of the southern counties." But he was mistaken: for I myself have seen cottages on the verge of this wild district, whose timbers consisted of a black, hard wood, looking like oak, which the owners assured me they procured from

the bogs by probing the soil with spits, or some such instruments : but the peat is so much cut out, and the moors have been so well examined, that none has been found of late. Besides the oak, I have also been shown pieces of fossil wood of a paler color and softer nature, which the inhabitants called fir : but upon a nice examination, and trial by fire, I could discover nothing resinous in them ; and therefore rather suppose that they were parts of a willow or alder, or some such aquatic tree.

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer ; such as lapwings, snipes, wild-ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions ; and in particular, in the dry summers of 1740 and 1741, and some years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day.

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath-cock, black game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was killed about thirty-five years ago ; and within these ten years one solitary gray hen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out, " A hen pheasant ! " but a gentle-

man present, who had often seen grouse in the north of England, assured me that it was a gray hen.

Nor does the loss of our black game prove the only gap in the Fauna Selborniensis; for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting: I mean the red-deer, which toward the beginning of this century amounted to about five hundred head, and made a stately appearance. There is an old keeper now alive, named Adams, whose great-grandfather (mentioned in a perambulation taken in 1635), grandfather, father, and self, enjoyed the head keepership of Wolmer Forest in succession for more than a hundred years. This person assures me that his father has often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, did not think the forest of Wolmer beneath her royal regard. For she came out of the great road at Lippock, which is just by, and, reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Wolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red-deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head. A sight this, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign! But he further adds that, by means of the Waltham blacks, or to use his own expression, as soon as they began blacking, they were reduced to about fifty head, and so continued decreasing till the time of the late Duke of Cumberland. It is now more than thirty years ago that his highness sent down a huntsman, and six yeomen-prickers, in scarlet jackets laced with gold,

attended by the stag-hounds ; ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and to convey them in carts to Windsor. In the course of the summer they caught every stag, some of which showed extraordinary diversion : but in the following winter, when the hinds were also carried off, such fine chases were exhibited as served the country people for matter of talk and wonder for years afterwards. I saw myself one of the yeoman-prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding-school. The exertions made by the horse and deer much exceeded all my expectations, though the former greatly excelled the latter in speed. When the devoted deer was separated from his companions, they gave him, by their watches, law, as they called it, for twenty minutes ; when, sounding their horns, the stop-dogs were permitted to pursue, and a most gallant scene ensued.

Though large herds of deer do much harm to the neighborhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of their crops. The temptation is irresistible ; for most men are sportsmen by constitution ; and there is such an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature, as scarce any inhibitions can restrain. Hence, toward the beginning of this century all this country was wild about deer-stealing. Unless he was a hunter, as they affected to call themselves, no young person was allowed to be possessed of manhood or gallantry. The Waltham blacks at length committed such enormities, that government

was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary act called the "Black Act" which now comprehends more felonies than any law that ever was framed before. And, therefore, a late Bishop of Winchester, when urged to restock Waltham Chase, refused, from a motive worthy of a prelate, replying "that it had done mischief enough already."

Our old race of deer-stealers is hardly extinct yet: it was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth; such as the shooting at one of their neighbors with a bullet in a turnip-field by moonshine, mistaking him for a deer; and the losing a dog in the following extraordinary manner: Some fellows, suspecting that a calf new-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went, with a lurcher, to surprise it; when the parent-hind rushed out of the brake, and, taking a vast spring with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it short in two.

forest: It was so called only because it had once been a forest.

nice: particular.

unreasonable: according to the ideas of sport one hundred years ago.

pack: The word is now commonly used only of wolves or dogs.

sprung: roused up.

perambulation: an official survey.

keepership: He was head gamekeeper.

blacks: the poachers mentioned later.

inhibitions, prohibitions. In England there were and still are very severe laws against shooting and fishing by any but the land-owners.

sanguinary: the penalties were so severe.

lurcher: a kind of dog.

31. MARMION

By Sir Walter Scott

SIR WALTER SCOTT is now more often thought of as a novelist (p. 148) than as a poet. But his first work in literature was poetry, and as a poet he made an instant and great success. His poetry has fine and strong qualities. The following extracts are taken from "Marmion." A little of the story should be known beforehand. Marmion is an ambassador from the king of England to the king of Scotland, but his embassy has been of no avail, and even as he returns, the English and Scottish armies are about to meet somewhere near the border. Marmion himself has been staying for the night with Earl Douglas at Tantallon Castle, to the southeast of Edinburgh. In the morning he sets out to find the English army and our first extract gives his parting with the Scottish noble. A day's riding brings him to the Tweed, which runs between England and Scotland, where he sees the Scotch army encamped. Shortly afterward he hears the English drums, comes up with the English army, and joins them in the battle of Flodden Field. The Lady Clare of the poem is being brought by Marmion to England, where he expects King Henry VIII. to authorize his marriage with her although she loves another; namely, Ralph de Wilton.

MARMION'S DEFIANCE

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu ; —
"Though something I might plain," he said,

“Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
“My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire :

And “This to me !” he said ;
“An ’twere not for thy hoary beard!
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head !

And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, —

Even in thy pitch of pride, —
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,

And lay your hands upon your sword)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied !

And if thou said'st I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied ! ”

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage

O'ercame the ashen hue of age ;

Fierce he broke forth : “ And dar'st thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?

And hopest thou hence unscathed to go ? —

No ! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !

Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho !

Let the portcullis fall ! ”

Lord Marmion turned — well was his need —

And dashed the rowels in his steed ;

Like arrow through the archway sprung ;

The ponderous grate behind him rung ;

To pass there was such scanty room,

The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembles on the rise ;

Not lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake's level brim ;

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,

And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

“ Horse ! horse ! ” the Douglas cried, “ and chase ! ”

But soon he reined his fury's pace.
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name —
 A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !
 Did ever knight so foul a deed !
 At first in heart, it liked me ill,
 When the king praised his clerkly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

Surrey : the English general.

prey is flown : alludes to an earlier part of the poem.

part we : let us part.

still : always.

lists : wishes.

peer : equal.

such : It had been shown in the poem that Marmion had forged certain documents. Douglas alludes to the forgery at the end of the extract.

England's message : Marmion was an ambassador.

Saint Bride, or Bridget, was a patron saint of the Douglas family.

Gawain Douglas was afterward Bishop of Dunkeld.

THE DEATH OF MARMION

FAR on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.
 'Twas vain : — But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high.
The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear :
" By Heaven, and all its saints ! I swear
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large, —
The rescued banner rose, —
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sank among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too : — yet staid,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,

The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone ;
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels ; —
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, “ Is Wilton there ? ” —
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,
 Fight but to die, — “ Is Wilton there ? ” —
With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand :
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone
Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said — “ By Saint George, he's gone !

That spear wound has our master sped,
And see the deep cut on his head !

Good-night to Marmion." —

"Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :
He opes his eyes," said Eustace ; " peace ! "

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare : —
" Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
Redeem my pennon, — charge again !
Cry — ' Marmion to the rescue ! ' — Vain !
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again ! —

Yet my last thought is England's — Fly,
To Dacre bear my signet ring
Tell him his squadrons up to bring —

Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie :
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
Edmund is down ; — my life is reft ;
The admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost. —
Must I bid twice ? hence, varlets ! fly !
Leave Marmion here alone — to die."

They parted, and alone he lay ;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,

And half he murmured, — “ Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring
To slake my dying thirst ! ”

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou ! —

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron’s casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran :

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears.
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel’s side,
But in abhorrence backward drew ;
For oozing from the mountain’s side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.

Where shall she turn ! behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
*Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sibyl Grey,*

Who built this cross and well.
She filled the helm, and back she hied,

And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear
And that the priest he could not hear ;
For that she ever sung,
*" In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying ! "*
So the notes rung ; —
" Avoid thee, Fiend ! — with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand ! —
Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
Oh, think on faith and bliss !
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this ! " —
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And, STANLEY ! was the cry ; —
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye ;
With dying hand, above his head,

He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, " Victory ! —
Charge, Chester, charge. On, Stanley, on ! "
Were the last words of Marmion.

Stanley : All the names can hardly be so explained as to give a clear understanding of the battle. Lennox, Argyle, Home, Gordon, were Scotch leaders. The English leaders were the Earl of Surrey, his sons Sir Edmund Howard, and Thomas, Admiral of England, Lord Dacre, Sir Brian Tunstall, and Sir Edmund Stanley, who commanded the soldiers from Lancashire and the city of Chester.

target : short for *target*, the Highlander's round shield.

slogan : war-cry.

falcon-crest : the falcon was Marmion's cognizance.

casque : helmet.

shrive : hear confession of sin and give absolution.

dying : He remembered some of the evils of his life.

O, now, forever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *Othello*.

32. THE BURNING OF ROME¹

By Henryk Sienkiewicz

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born in Lithuania in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he began a wandering existence, and in 1876 came to America, where he passed several years in Southern California. While there he wrote for the Warsaw newspapers numerous stories and impressions of travel. On his return to Poland he took up literature as a profession and produced a series of novels which have been received most favorably. Among these are "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," "Pan Michael," and "Quo



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Vadis" from which the following selection is taken. This novel is a tale of the time of Nero, and is characterized by its vivid descriptions and its fidelity to historical details.

LIGHT from the burning city filled the sky as far as human eye could reach. The moon rose large and full from behind the mountains, and inflamed at once by the glare, took on the color of heated brass. It seemed to look with amazement on the world-ruling city which was perishing. In the rose-colored abysses of heaven rose-colored stars were glittering; but in

¹ From "Quo Vadis." Translated from the Polish of Sienkiewicz by Jeremiah Curtin. Copyright, 1896, 1897, by Jeremiah Curtin.

distinction from usual nights the earth was brighter than the heavens. Rome, like a giant pile, illuminated the whole Campania. In the bloody light were seen distant mountains, towns, villas, temples, monuments, and the aqueducts stretching toward the city from all the adjacent hills ; on the aqueducts were swarms of people, who had gathered there for safety or to gaze at the burning.

Meanwhile the dreadful element was embracing new divisions of the city. It was impossible to doubt that criminal hands were spreading the fire, since new conflagrations were breaking out all the time in places remote from the principal fire. From the heights on which Rome was founded, the flames flowed like waves of the sea into the valleys of densely occupied houses, — houses of five and six stories, full of shops, booths, movable wooden amphitheaters, built to accommodate various spectacles ; and finally storehouses of wood, olives, grain, nuts, pine cones, the kernels of which nourished the more needy population, and clothing, which, through Cæsar's favor, was distributed from time to time among the rabble huddled in the narrow alleys. In those places the fire, finding abundance of inflammable materials, became almost a series of explosions, and took possession of whole streets with unheard-of rapidity.

People encamping outside the city, or standing on the aqueducts, knew from the color of the flames what was burning. The furious power of the wind carried forth from the fiery gulf thousands and millions of burning shells of walnuts and almonds, which, shooting

suddenly into the sky, like countless flocks of bright butterflies, burst with a crackling, or, driven by the wind, fell in other parts of the city, on aqueducts, and fields beyond Rome. All thought of rescue seemed out of place ; confusion increased every moment, for on one side, the population of the city was fleeing through every gate to places outside ; on the other, the fire lured in thousands of people from the neighborhood, such as dwellers in small towns, peasants, and half-wild shepherds from the Campania, brought in by the hope of plunder

The shout, "Rome is perishing !" did not leave the lips of the crowd ; the ruin of the city seemed at that time to end every rule, and loosen all bonds which hitherto had joined people in a single integrity. The mob, in which slaves were more numerous, cared nothing for the lordship of Rome. Destruction of the city could only free them ; hence here and there they assumed a threatening attitude. Violence and robbery were extending. It seemed that only the spectacle of the perishing city arrested attention, and restrained for the moment an outburst of slaughter, which would begin as soon as the city was turned into ruins.

Hundreds of thousands of slaves, forgetting that Rome, besides temples and villas, possessed some tens of legions in all parts of the world, appeared merely waiting for a watchword and a leader. People began to mention the name of Spartacus ; but Spartacus was not alive. Meanwhile citizens assembled, and armed themselves each with what he could. The most monstrous reports were current at all the gates. Some

declared that Vulcan, commanded by Jupiter, was destroying the city with fire from beneath the earth; others that Vesta was taking vengeance for Rubria. People with these convictions did not care to save anything, but, besieging the temples, implored mercy of the gods. It was repeated most generally, however, that Cæsar had given command to burn Rome, so as to free himself from the odors that rose from the Suburra, and build a new city under the name of Neronia. Rage seized the populace at the thought of this; and if, as Vinicius believed, a leader had taken advantage of that outburst of hatred, Nero's hour would have struck whole years before it did.

It was said, also, that Cæsar had gone mad, that he would command pretorians and gladiators to fall upon the people and make a general slaughter. Others swore by the gods that wild beasts had been let out of all the vivaria at Bronzebeard's command. Men had seen on the streets lions with burning manes, and mad elephants and bisons, trampling people down in crowds. There was even some truth in this; for in certain places elephants, at the sight of the approaching fire, had burst the vivaria, and, gaining their freedom, rushed away from the fire in wild fright, destroying everything before them like a tempest.

Public report estimated at tens of thousands the number of persons who had perished in the conflagration. In truth a great number had perished. There were people who, losing all their property, or those dearest to their hearts, threw themselves willingly into the flames, from despair. Others were

suffocated by smoke. In the middle of the city, between the Capitol, on one side, and the Quirinal, the Viminal, and the Esquiline, on the other, as also between the Palatine and the Cælian Hill, where the streets were most densely occupied, the fire began in so many places at once that whole crowds of people, while fleeing in one direction, struck unexpectedly on a new wall of fire in front of them, and died a dreadful death in a deluge of flame.

In terror, in distraction and bewilderment, people knew not where to flee. The streets were obstructed with goods, and in many narrow places were simply closed. Those who took refuge in those markets and squares of the city, where the Flavian Amphitheater stood afterward, near the temple of the Earth, near the Portico of Silvia, and higher up, at the temples of Juno and Lucinia, between the Clivus Virbius and the old Esquiline Gate, perished from heat surrounded by a sea of fire. Hardly a family inhabiting the center of the city survived in full; hence along the walls, at the gates, on all the roads, were heard howls of despairing women, calling on the dear names of those who had perished in the throng or in the fire.

And so, while some were imploring the gods, others blasphemed them because of this awful catastrophe. Old men were seen coming from the temple of Jupiter Liberator stretching forth their hands and crying, "If thou be a liberator, save thy altars and the city!" But despair turned mainly against the old Roman gods, who, in the minds of the populace, were bound to watch over the city more carefully than others.

They had proved themselves powerless ; hence were insulted. On the other hand, it happened that when on the Via Asinaria a company of Egyptian priests appeared carrying the statue of Isis, which they had saved from the temple near the Porta Cœlimontana, a crowd of people rushed among the priests, attached themselves to the chariot, which they drew to the Appian Gate, and seizing the statue, placed it in the temple of Mars, overwhelming the priests of that deity who dared to resist them. In other places people invoked Serapis, Baal, or Jehovah, whose adherents, swarming out of the alleys in the neighborhood of the Suburra and the Trans-Tiber, filled with shouts and uproar the fields near the walls. In their cries were heard tones as if of triumph ; when, therefore, some of the citizens joined the chorus and glorified "the Lord of the World," others, indignant at this glad shouting, strove to repress it by violence. Here and there hymns were heard, sung by men in the bloom of life, by old men, by women and children, — hymns wonderful and solemn, whose meaning they understood not, but in which were repeated from moment to moment the words, "Behold the Judge cometh in the day of wrath and disaster." Thus this deluge of restless and sleepless people encircled the burning city, like a tempest-driven sea.

But neither despair nor blasphemy nor hymn helped in any way. The destruction seemed as irresistible, perfect, and pitiless as Predestination itself. Around Pompey's Amphitheater stores of hemp caught fire, and ropes used in circuses, arenas, and every kind of

machine at the games, and with them the adjoining buildings containing barrels of pitch with which ropes were smeared. In a few hours all that part of the city beyond which lay the Campus Martius was so lighted by bright yellow flames that for a time it seemed to the spectators, only half conscious from terror, that in the general ruin the order of night and day had been lost, and that they were looking at sunshine. But later a monstrous bloody gleam extinguished all other colors of flame. From the sea of fire shot up to the heated sky gigantic fountains and pillars of flame, spreading at their summits into fiery branches and feathers; then the wind bore them away, turned them into golden threads, into hair, into sparks, and swept them on over the Campania toward the Alban Hills. The night became brighter; the air itself seemed penetrated, not only with light, but with flame. The Tiber flowed on as a living fire. The hapless city was turned into one vast pandemonium. The conflagration seized more and more space, took hills by storm, flooded level places, devoured valleys, raged, roared, and thundered.

Campania: a large plain surrounding Rome, lying between the Mediterranean and the Sabine and Alban mountains. It corresponds in great part to ancient Latium.

Spartacus: a gladiator who had led a slave revolt some time before.

Vulcan: the god of fire. Volcanoes, like Etna, were held to be his workshops, and the Cyclopes his workmen.

Jupiter: in Roman mythology, the supreme deity, the parallel of the Greek Zeus.

Vesta: one of the chief divinities of the ancient Roman, the virgin goddess of the hearth, presiding over both the private family altar and the central altar of the city. She was worshiped at every

meal, when the family gathered around the hearth, which was in the center of the house.

Suburra : a valley in ancient Rome between the Viminal and Esquiline hills.

vivaria : places where the animals were kept alive.

Bronzebeard was a name given to Nero.

Capitol : that part of the Capitoline Hill which was occupied by the temple of Jupiter Optimus.

Quirinal : the farthest north and largest of the seven hills of Rome. The **Viminal** lies next to it.

Esquiline : the central hill of the three which form the eastern side of the group of seven hills. The **Palatine** and the **Cælian** are the two others.

Juno : the wife of Jupiter.

Lucina : the goddess of childbirth.

Jupiter Liberator : one of the characters of the chief god.

Isis : the chief female deity of the Egyptians, whose worship had become fashionable at Rome.

Serapis : an Egyptian god.

Baal : a deity of the Phœnicians.

Trans-Tiber : the quarter across the river.

THE TOMB OF KEATS

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulcher,

Oh not of him, but of our joy. 'Tis nought

That ages, empires, and religions, there

Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought ;

For such as he can lend — they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey ;

And he is gathered to the Kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY : *Adonais*.

33. ROME

By Lord Byron

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, afterwards Lord Byron, was one of the greatest of English poets of our century. He was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 9, 1824. The following stanzas are from "Childe Harold." The first half of this poem gave him fame: our extract is from the second half, — written in the maturity of his powers. Byron was somewhat harshly treated by the world; he was first immensely popular without sufficient reason, and then, without sufficient reason, as he thought, violently unpopular. His later life was embittered by an indignation of which we may find trace in these stanzas.



LORD BYRON

O H Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye !
 Whose agonies are evils of a day —
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
Rise, with thy yellow waves and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol ; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :
Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, " Here was, or is," where all is doubly night ?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them in her ample lap ;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Slumbering o'er recollections ; now we clap
Our hands, and cry " Eureka ! " it is clear —
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas the lofty city ! and alas !
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day

When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
 Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page ! But these shall be
 Her resurrection ; all beside — decay.
 Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !

orphans of the heart : those deprived, not necessarily of parents, but of those to whom the heart has been given.

what . . . sufferance : what are they in comparison to this ?

ye : *i.e.*, those to whom he has spoken.

Niobe : a figure in Greek mythology who lost her seven sons and seven daughters all in one day.

tenantless : They have been despoiled on account of the value of their materials.

seven-hilled : see p. 236.

the car : the general's chariot in a triumph.

Eureka : "I have found it."

Brutus : see p. 245.

Tully : Cicero.

Yet the historian of the "Decline and Fall" must not regret his time and expense [in a journey through Italy], since it was the view of Italy and Rome which determined the choice of the subject. In my journal, the place and moment of conception are recorded, the fifteenth of October, 1764, in the close of evening, as I sat musing in the church of the Franciscan friars, while they were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter on the ruins of the Capital. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire.

EDWARD GIBBON : *Memoirs*.

34. JULIUS CÆSAR

By Plutarch



PLUTARCH

PLUTARCH, who lived in the latter part of the first century of our era, is universally known as the great biographer of classic times. He was a man of learning and wrote much on many subjects ; but the world has forgotten much of his work and remembers chiefly his "Lives," in which he told of the great men of antiquity. His plan was to write his lives in pairs, one a Roman and one a Greek. Thus the life of Julius Cæsar was coupled with that of Alexander the Great, and then the two were compared. This was natural, for Plutarch was a Greek by birth and had lived much at Rome. Rome in his day was the great political

power of the world, and Greece the center of scholarship and learning. Although we have not the same reason for being interested in Plutarch's comparisons, the lives themselves are vastly entertaining and instructive. The life of Cæsar is especially interesting because upon it (in North's translation) Shakespeare founded his play "Julius Cæsar."

WE are told, there were strong signs and presages of the death of Cæsar. As to the lights in the heavens, the strange noises heard in various quarters by night, and the appearance of solitary birds in the Forum, perhaps they deserve not our notice in so great an event as this. But some attention should be given to Strabo the philosopher. According to him, there were seen in

the air men of fire encountering each other ; such a flame appeared to issue from the hand of a soldier's servant, that all the spectators thought it must be burned, yet, when it was over, he found no harm ; and one of the victims which Cæsar offered was found without a heart. The latter was certainly a most alarming prodigy ; for, according to the rules of nature, no creature can exist without a heart. What is still more extraordinary, many report, that a certain soothsayer forewarned him of a great danger which threatened him on the ides of March, and that when the day was come, as he was going to the senate-house, he called to the soothsayer, and said, laughing, "The ides of March are come ;" to which he answered, softly, "Yes ; but they are not gone."

The evening before, he supped with Marcus Lepidus, and signed, according to custom, a number of letters, as he sat at table. While he was so employed, there arose a question, what kind of death was best ; and Cæsar answering before them all, cried out, "A sudden one." The same night, the doors and windows of the room flew open at once. Disturbed both with the noise and the light, he observed, by moonshine, Calpurnia in a deep sleep, uttering broken words and inarticulate groans. She dreamed that she was weeping over him, as she held him, murdered, in her arms. Others say, she dreamed that the pinnacle was fallen, which, as Livy tells us, the senate had ordered to be erected upon Cæsar's house by way of ornament and distinction ; and that it was the fall of it which she lamented and wept for. Be that as it may, the next morning she

conjured Cæsar not to go out that day, if he could possibly avoid it, but to adjourn the senate : and, if he had no regard to her dreams, to have recourse to some other species of divination or to sacrifices, for information as to his fate. This gave him some suspicion and alarm ; for he had never known before, in Calpurnia, anything of the weakness or superstition of her sex, though she was now so much affected.

He therefore offered a number of sacrifices, and, as the diviners found no auspicious tokens in any of them, he sent Antony to dismiss the senate. In the meantime, Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, came in. He was a person in whom Cæsar placed such confidence that he had appointed him his second heir, yet he was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius. This man, fearing that if Cæsar adjourned the senate to another day the affair might be discovered, laughed at the diviners, and told Cæsar he would be highly to blame, if, by such a slight, he gave the senate an occasion of complaint against him. For they were met, he said, at his summons, and came prepared with one voice to honor him with the title of king in the provinces, and to grant that he should wear the diadem both by land and sea everywhere out of Italy. " But if any one go and tell them, now they have taken their places, they must go home again, and return when Calpurnia happens to have better dreams, what room will your enemies have to launch out against you ! Or who will hear your friends when they attempt to show that this is not an open servitude on the one hand, and tyranny on the other ?—If you are absolutely per-

sualed that this is an unlucky day, it is certainly better to go yourself, and tell them you have strong reasons for putting off business till another time." So saying, he took Cæsar by the hand and led him out.

He was not gone far from the door, when a slave, who belonged to some other person, attempted to get up to speak to him, but finding it impossible, by reason of the crowd that was about him, he made his way into the house, and putting himself into the hands of Calpurnia, desired her to keep him safe till Cæsar's return, because he had matters of great importance to communicate.

Artemidorus the Cnidian, who, by teaching the Greek eloquence, became acquainted with some of Brutus's friends, and had got intelligence of most of the transactions, approached Cæsar with a paper, explaining what he had to discover. Observing that he gave the papers, as fast as he received them, to his officers, he got up as close as possible, and said, "Cæsar, read this to yourself, and quickly ; for it contains matters of great consequence, and of the last concern to you." He took it and attempted several times to read it, but was always prevented by one application or other. He therefore kept that paper, and that only in his hand, when he entered the house. Some say it was delivered to him by another man, Artemidorus being kept from approaching him all the way by the crowd.

These things might, indeed, fall out by chance ; but as in the place where the senate was that day assembled, and which proved the scene of that tragedy, there was a statue of Pompey, and it was an edifice which

Pompey had consecrated for an ornament to his theater, nothing can be clearer than that some deity conducted the whole business, and directed the execution of it to that very spot. Even Cassius himself, though inclined to the doctrines of Epicurus, turned his eye to the statue of Pompey, and secretly invoked his aid, before the great attempt. The arduous occasion, it seems, overruled his former sentiments, and laid him open to all the influence of enthusiasm. Antony, who was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a man of great strength, was held in discourse without by Brutus Albinus, who had contrived a long story to detain him.

When Cæsar entered the house, the senate rose to do him honor. Some of Brutus's accomplices came up behind his chair, and others before it, pretending to intercede, along with Metellus Cimber, for the recall of his brother from exile. They continued their instances till he came to his seat. When he was seated he gave them a positive denial; and as they continued their importunities with an air of compulsion, he grew angry. Cimber, then, with both hands, pulled his gown off his neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca gave him the first blow. It was a stroke upon the neck with his sword, but the wound was not dangerous; for in the beginning of so tremendous an enterprise he was probably in some disorder. Cæsar therefore turned upon him, and laid hold of his sword. At the same time they both cried out, the one in Latin, "Villain! Casca! what dost thou mean?" and the other in Greek, to his brother, "Brother, help!"

After such a beginning, those who knew nothing of

the conspiracy were seized with consternation and horror, insomuch that they durst neither fly nor assist, nor even utter a word. All the conspirators now drew their swords, and surrounded him in such a manner, that whatever way he turned, he saw nothing but steel gleaming in his face, and met nothing but wounds. Like some savage beast attacked by the hunters, he found every hand lifted against him, for they all agreed to have a share in the sacrifice and a taste of his blood. Therefore Brutus himself gave him a stroke. Some say he opposed the rest, and continued struggling and crying out, till he perceived the sword of Brutus ; then he drew his robe over his face, and yielded to his fate. Either by accident, or pushed thither by the conspirators, he expired on the pedestal of Pompey's statue, and dyed it with his blood ; so that Pompey seemed to preside over the work of vengeance, to tread his enemy under his feet, and to enjoy his agonies. Those agonies were great, for he received no less than three and twenty wounds. And many of the conspirators wounded each other as they were aiming their blows at him.

Cæsar thus despatched, Brutus advanced to speak to the senate, and to assign his reasons for what he had done, but they could not bear to hear him ; they fled out of the house, and filled the people with inexpressible horror and dismay. Some shut up their houses ; others left their shops and counters. All were in motion ; one was running to see the spectacle ; another running back. Antony and Lepidus, Cæsar's principal friends, withdrew, and hid themselves in other

people's houses. Meantime Brutus and his confederates, yet warm from the slaughter, marched in a body with their bloody swords in their hands, from the senate-house to the Capitol, not like men that fled, but with an air of gayety and confidence, calling the people to liberty, and stopping to talk with every man of consequence whom they met. There were some who even joined them, and mingled with their train ; desirous of appearing to have had a share in the action and hoping for one in the glory.

Next day, Brutus and the rest of the conspirators came down from the Capitol, and addressed the people, who attended to their discourse without expressing either dislike or approbation of what was done. But by their silence it appeared that they pitied Cæsar, at the same time that they revered Brutus. The senate passed a general amnesty ; and, to reconcile all parties, they decreed Cæsar divine honors, and confirmed all the acts of his dictatorship ; while on Brutus and his friends they bestowed governments, and such honors as were suitable ; so that it was generally imagined the commonwealth was firmly established again, and all brought into the best order.

But when, upon the opening of Cæsar's will, it was found that he had left every Roman citizen a considerable legacy, and they beheld the body, as it was carried through the Forum, all mangled with wounds, the multitude could no longer be kept within bounds. They stopped the procession, and tearing up the benches, with the doors and tables, heaped them into a pile, and burned the corpse there. Then snatch-

ing flaming brands from the pile, some ran to burn the houses of the assassins, while others ranged the city, to find the conspirators themselves, and tear them in pieces ; but they had taken such care to secure themselves that they could not meet with one of them.

One Cinna, a friend of Cæsar's, had a strange dream the preceding night. He dreamed (as they tell us) that Cæsar invited him to supper, and, upon his refusal to go, caught him by the hand, and drew him after him, in spite of all the resistance he could make. Hearing, however, that the body of Cæsar was to be burned in the Forum, he went to assist in doing him the last honors, though he had a fever upon him, the consequence of his uneasiness about his dream. On his coming up, one of the populace asked who that was, and having learned his name, told it to his next neighbor. A report immediately spread through the whole company, that it was one of Cæsar's murderers ; and, indeed, one of the conspirators was named Cinna. The multitude, taking this for the man, fell upon him, and tore him to pieces upon the spot. Brutus and Cassius were so terrified at this rage of the populace that, a few days after, they left the city.

Cæsar died at the age of fifty-six, and did not survive Pompey above four years. His object was sovereign power and authority, which he pursued through innumerable dangers, and by prodigious efforts he gained it at last. But he reaped no other fruit from it than an empty and invidious title. It is true the divine power, which conducted him through life,

attended him after his death as his avenger, pursued and hunted out the assassins over sea and land, and rested not till there was not a man left, either of those who dipped their hands in his blood or of those who gave their sanction to the deed.

ides: the name given to a certain day, usually the 13th of each month.

Calpurnia: Cæsar's wife.

instances: their persistency.

disorder: He was probably so excited that he was not master of his blow.

Next day: This is the occasion of the famous speech of Antony. The necessities of the stage are such that Shakespeare represents it as having all happened in one day.

35. LOVERS AND MUSIC

By William Shakespeare

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (April, 1654–April 23, 1616) is the great dramatist of England and of the whole world. He has been called "myriad minded," and certainly his genius is so immensely varied in its display that we cannot hope to give an adequate idea of him in any one extract. There are certainly greater scenes in his plays than this. There are few, however, that have a more exquisite poetic feeling. It is the beginning of the last act of "The Merchant of Venice," a play which joins comedy to seriousness, in which it follows the well-known trial scene. Those who have read the play will remember that Bassanio left his newly wedded wife to go to the trial of his friend Antonio. But Portia followed him, without his knowledge and, unrecognized by him, gave the famous judgment against Shylock. Each then departed for home. Jessica and Lorenzo, also newly wedded, had been left at Belmont and now expect them. Leigh Hunt, who had a poetical taste, gives this extract in his "Imagination and Fancy," saying of it, "Never was a sweeter or more fitting and bridal elegance than in the whole of this scene, in which gladness and seriousness prettily struggle, each yielding predominance to the other."

The two lovers, waiting in an exquisite moonlight, think of the famous lovers of story, then they speak of music, and finally welcome home the bride and her attendant.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA

Lor. The moon shines bright : in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend ! what friend ? your name, I pray you,
friend ?

Steph. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her ?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned ?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

Lor. Who calls ?

Laun. Sola ! did you see Master Lorenzo ? Master
Lorenzo, sola, sola !

Lor. Leave hollaing, man : here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master,
with his horn full of good news: my master will be
here ere morning. *[Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear

And draw her home with music.

[Music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since naught so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and to perfection !
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awakened.

[*Music ceases.*]

Lor. That is the voice,

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ;
Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

such a night : The stories of famous lovers of old are recollections of Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women."

Troilus : The love of Troilus for Cressida is the subject of one of Shakespeare's plays.

Thisbe : The story of Pyramus and Thisbe is burlesqued in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Dido : queen of Carthage, was deserted by Æneas, who had loved her.

wealthy Jew : Shylock.

unthrift : unforeseeing, without regard to profit and loss.

Belmont : the estate of Portia.

outnight : The word is coined by Shakespeare for the moment.

Stephano : the messenger of Portia.

let's in : Let us [go] in.

expect : await.

patines : thin plates.

quiring : singing as in a choir, formerly spelled *quire*.

cherubins : Plural of the French form of the word which is commonly used by Shakespeare.

Diana : the goddess of the moon.

Orpheus : The Greek fable was that Orpheus drew everything to himself by the power of his music.

stockish : like a stock.

Erebus : the regions under the earth.

at a distance : As is seen later, Jessica and Lorenzo do not perceive them.

naughty : The word was used with a serious meaning.

without respect : without regard to circumstances.

attended : paid attention to.

Endymion : a youth in the Greek mythology who loved the goddess of the moon.

36. SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES

By John Ruskin

JOHN RUSKIN (born Feb. 8, 1819; died Jan. 28, 1900) is chiefly thought of as an art critic; but his interests were very broad, and he wrote on every subject that interested him, so that his writings cover not only art criticism, but many other topics, including some literary criticism. He was the son of a man of wealth and was able to follow his tastes and study what he wished. Thus he gave himself an admirable preparation for writing on painting, sculpture, and architecture, and after a long struggle (for his views were somewhat revolutionary) he was very generally recognized in England as the most important writer on pictures and painting. But by this time he was come to middle age, and his view of the world was much more serious than it had been. He saw much unhappiness and suffering, and believed that it was largely because of foolish and unjust social conditions. From this time on, although he never deserted his artistic studies, his work was always colored by his thought of making people better. It was not long after he began to think seriously on these matters that he delivered two lectures called "Sesame and Lilies," one on reading, and the other on the education of girls, from which our extract is taken.

SHAKESPEARE has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the

Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in "King Lear," is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only; Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, all are faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman; and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale; — nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error: "Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife?"

In "Romeo and Juliet," the wise and entirely brave

stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In "Winter's Tale," and in "Cymbeline," the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperiled to the death by the folly of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In "Measure for Measure," the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In "Coriolanus," the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted, saves him — not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child? — of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth? — of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlesioned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman — Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady

Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors, — incorruptibly just and pure examples — strong always to sanctify even when they cannot save.

labored : careful.

Orlando : in "As You Like It."

Cordelia . . . Virgilia : These characters are from "King Lear," "Othello," "Measure for Measure," "The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," "Henry VIII.," "The Winter's Tale" again, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Coriolanus," respectively and in order.

Julia : in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Hero, Beatrice : in "Twelfth Night."

"unlessoned girl" : Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."

Regan and Goneril : in "King Lear."

37. THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

THIS extract is from a poem which was at first called "Morte d'Arthur," or the Death of Arthur. But although it was actually written first, it became the conclusion to what is Tennyson's chief poem, "The Idylls of the King." This poem is really a connected series of poems developing one idea. The series was not conceived all at one time, but developed gradually : this conclusion was written first as a fragment, then some years afterward appeared the first four Idylls, to which the name "Idylls of the King" was given, and then others were added, all, however, having relation to the main idea. The poem

celebrates the rule of the legendary King Arthur. This extract tells how, after a great battle with his traitorous nephew, he is wounded and finally carried away to the Island of Avilion, whence (so the legend ran) he was to return to resume his rule over England. The poem is worth study : its harmonious blank verse, its tone of legend and old time, its nobility of sentiment, the beauty of especial lines and phrases, are as noticeable in this extract as in any other part of the poem. Before reading the extract one must know the situation. Long since, Arthur, not long king, received his sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake ; now that he is to pass away he has no need of it and wishes to return it to her. Twice has he bidden Sir Bedivere, the last of his knights left to him, to throw the sword into the lake, and twice Sir Bedivere, dazzled by the beauty of the sword, has pretended to throw it, but really hidden it in the rushes and deceived the king. Now the king has upbraided him and the third time bidden him throw it.

THEN quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
“ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho’ I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look’d again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish’d him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
“ My end draws nigh ; ’tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro’ his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words ;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O’er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro’ the place of tombs.

But, as he walk’d, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh’d the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, “ Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.”

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold : and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, " Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his
lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King :
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
" The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That fluting a wild carol ere her death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

brand: an obsolete or poetic word for "sword."

he: The medieval romancer gave a name to his hero's sword and spoke of it as personified.

samite: a heavy silk.

mere: lake; the king lay between a great lake and the sea.

gems: the hilt was set with jewels.

purpose: as twice before, when he had been ordered to throw it and had not done so.

margin: the shore of the lake.

'ware: aware.

greaves, cuisses: armor for the legs.

dais: a platform for a throne.

old times: the days of the Round Table, which had been celebrated in the poem.

one good custom: lest the world get so used to one good thing that it became formal.

comfort: how can I comfort you now?

swarthy: dark, as of a black swan.

DEATH UNDREADED

Death stands above me whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

38. THE CHARACTER OF ELIZABETH

By John Richard Green

JOHN RICHARD GREEN was born at Oxford, England, Dec. 12, 1837, and died at Mentone, March 7, 1883. He entered the Church and labored devotedly for several years in successive London parishes. His health, however, was not equal to the strain of parish work among the great masses of poorer people with whom he labored, and in 1869 he resigned his charge. He had for some time been a student of history and now his interest in the great mass of the nation led him to project a history which should be of the English People rather than of England. He wrote a short history, and afterward a longer, more authoritative one. Our extract comes from the former.



JOHN RICHARD GREEN

SHE was at once the daughter of Henry and Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her free and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, and her amazing self-confidence. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she out-

witted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman; or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escorial. But the Elizabeth they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The willfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn, played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board.

Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her councilors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. Her expenditure was parsimonious and even miserly. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlie a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time.

No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsel of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to

preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity, perhaps, backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her amazing indifference in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counselors of her real resources ; she knew instinctively how far she could go and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to underestimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom, indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the key-board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Such a nature was essentially practical, and of the present. She distrusted a plan, in fact, just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them.

"No war, my lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "no war !" but her hatred of war sprang less from aversion to blood or to ex-

pense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic maneuvers and intrigues in which she excelled. It was her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity which broke out in a thousand puckish freaks—freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She reveled in “byways” and “crooked ways.” She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen, she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign, she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England and the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years.

Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen’s diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand dispatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth’s strength.

Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equaled by the cynical indiffer-

ence with which she met exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered.

The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gayly over moments of detection and embarrassment when better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had, at any rate, the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

Escorial: the royal palace of Spain.

closet: the private council-room.

Low Countries: the country now Holland and Belgium. In Elizabeth's time they had revolted against Spain; see the extract from Motley (p. 283). Had Elizabeth desired to make their cause her own, they might have made her their sovereign.

tact: This discrimination between wisdom and tact calls for a little study.

puckish: like Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

39. ANNABEL LEE

By Edgar Allan Poe

THE best of Poe's poetry is of a higher character than his prose, and of his poetry two pieces, "The Raven," and "The Bells," are probably better known than our selection. They do not, however, express more beautifully than "Annabel Lee" the particular mood which Poe excelled in expressing, — the mood of exquisite and simple regret for something beautiful gone from us and lost, except to memory and desire. In this poem he has in mind a beautiful girl once loved and now dead; in other poems the regret has often a different object.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee :

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we, —
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, — my darling, — my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

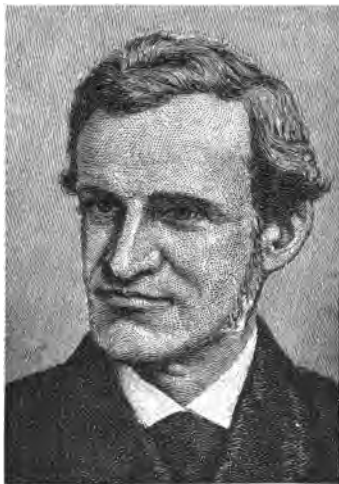
many and many : Notice the repetition of words in the same line throughout the poem.

chilling and killing : Compare *ever dissever* in the next stanza.

beams, gleams : We have here mid-line rhymes.

40. THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC¹

By Francis Parkman



FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRANCIS PARKMAN (Boston, Sept. 16, 1823–Nov. 8, 1893) early devoted himself to the history of his country. Bancroft had written the history of the development of the thirteen colonies into the United States, and Prescott had written of the Spanish adventurers and conquerors to the south. Parkman resolved to present the romantic and stormy history of the French and Indians to the north. The Indians, he saw, might still be studied in a state not very different from their original condition, and in 1846 he made an excursion into Dakota, where he lived for some time among the Sioux. He gave an account

of his excursion in "The Oregon Trail," and then turned to a study of his particular subject, producing in the next forty years the seven books which constitute "France and England in North America." His work was the result of immense determination, for his health failed him, and often he could hardly do any work at all. Our extract is the climax and crowning point of the story: the battle of Quebec decided that the English were to have the mastery of the Western Hemisphere.

PART ONE

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St.

¹ From "Montcalm and Wolfe," by Francis Parkman. Copyright, 1884, by Francis Parkman.

Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robison, afterward professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate: —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in toward the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp *Qui vive!* of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "*France,*" answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland and spoke French fluently.

"What regiment?"

"The Queen's regiment," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights

of Samos when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied in French: "Provision boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop-of-war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat lis-

tening. At length from the top came a sound of musket-shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him, "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abattis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand toward the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know; but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoiter the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham, so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the Colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with corn-fields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battlefield the plateau was less than a mile wide.

General: Wolfe.

Gray: see p. 191. We must remember that this was but a few years after the poem was written.

rock and forest: the high land on the east end of which is the upper town of Quebec.

Qui vive? Who goes there?

Bougainville: a French officer who had a force farther up the river.

Anse du Foulon: a little bay above Quebec, now called Wolfe's Cove.

Vergor was an officer in the French colonial troops.

found strength: He had been very ill.

abattis: an obstruction of felled trees.

Beauport: the French camp just below Quebec.

PART TWO

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for imme-

diate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command ; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment ; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer ; a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport ; but he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined Wolfe would soon be reënforced, which was impossible ; and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age : "He rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the General standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was toward ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which

had been dragged up the height at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grapeshot, and the troops rising from the ground prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed; the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and

cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then turning on his side he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm: the French general at Quebec.

Vaudreuil: the French governor of Canada.

Townshend: one of the three brigadier-generals under Wolfe.

Monckton: another of the English brigadiers.

slogan: It will be remembered that some of the English troops were Highlanders, hence *clansmen* in the next line.

bridge: To reach their camp at Beauport, the French had to cross the St. Charles River, which runs into the St. Lawrence from the north.

41. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

By Charles Wolfe

CHARLES WOLFE was born in Dublin, Dec. 14, 1791, and died in Cork, Feb. 21, 1823. He was educated for the Church. This one poem of his became known in his lifetime ; others he wrote, but not of so high an order.

NOT a drum was
heard, not a
funeral note,
As his corse to the
rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged
his farewell shot
O'er the grave where
our hero we buried.



CHARLES WOLFE

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.

Sir John Moore was in command of an English force in the Peninsular War, which was forced to retreat before Napoleon to Coruuna. As they were embarking they were attacked by the French, and Sir John Moore was killed, Jan. 16, 1809. It was necessary to bury him in the citadel and to leave him.

42. THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

By John Lothrop Motley

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY
(April 15, 1814–May 29, 1877)

early aimed at eminence as a historian, and chose as his subject the struggle of the Dutch for freedom. He sympathized profoundly with this brave people in their prolonged war for liberty. He pursued the most arduous studies, both in this country and wherever in Europe there was information on the subject. When he came to put the results of his studies in writing, the vigor and brilliancy of his style charmed all readers. Our extract describes one of the most remarkable episodes of the war.



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

The town of Leyden was besieged by the Spaniards and defended by the Dutch. William of Orange was unable to raise an army sufficient to break up the siege. But the Dutch were strong at sea, and they conceived the idea that, though Leyden was several miles inland, they might bring their ships against the Spaniards by breaking down the dikes.

PART ONE

THE preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious

crew were these eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish;" renowned far and wide as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had now been assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the water had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this two-

fold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory thus encircled were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely encircled the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King; the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dike were all dispatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dike, the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect.

The great dike having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but after their passage the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed by those who claimed to know the country, that when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another dike, three-quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dike had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, leveled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere called the Freshwater Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea, which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly toward a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand, occupied

both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had now elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived and informed the admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike, which lay between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed.

Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when a man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, when discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The *Ark of Delft*, an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment,

the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts in the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirkway." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to a depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the

Kirkway, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day and distributed in minute portions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping

eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides chopped and boiled were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the

summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibilities. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed in language that has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal: here is my sword, plunge it into

my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place after exchanging new vows of fidelity with this magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of

Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

his : William of Orange, the leader of the Dutch, is referred to.

Zealand : the northern province of Holland.

Popish : The Spaniards were Roman Catholics.

King : of Spain.

northwest : *i.e.*, from the sea.

armada : the Spanish word for "fleet."

Valdez : the Spanish general.

gasp : The siege had lasted a long time already.

PART TWO

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters

of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well sup-

plied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction toward the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the

day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist—"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand toward Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and

sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cowgate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last ; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night ; had the massacre already commenced ; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain ? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck in the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the

conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm ; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread ; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation ; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed.

Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children — nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. . The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of Kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange, was received by him at two o'clock as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot, the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

rebel Admiral : The Dutch were still subjects of Spain in rebellion.

43. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has paid something of a penalty for his humor: we are so apt to think of him as a wit and a humorist that we sometimes forget that he had the gifts of a poet. It is true that Holmes is incomparable in his quaint humor as in "The One-Hoss Shay" and in the polished wit of his poems for occasions. But his humor is rarely without pathos, seriousness, and poetic turn, and we should have a false idea of Holmes's nature if we did not recognize the strain of poetry which sometimes expressed itself quite without humorous accompaniment. Nor was his poetic vein narrow: "Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "Under the Violets," "Dorothy Q."—these have each its own quality. Another tone of his lyre may be heard in the following poem. Beside comparing it with other poems by its author, the student will do well to compare it with Bryant's "To the Fringed Gentian" (p. 203), and Emerson's "The Rhodora" (p. 315).

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

Siren : a sea nymph who lured sailors to destruction by her singing.

What idea does the poet intend to convey in the description of the manner of growth of the nautilus in stanza three.

Triton : one of the lesser Greek sea deities who was accustomed to blow a shell trumpet to soothe the waves.

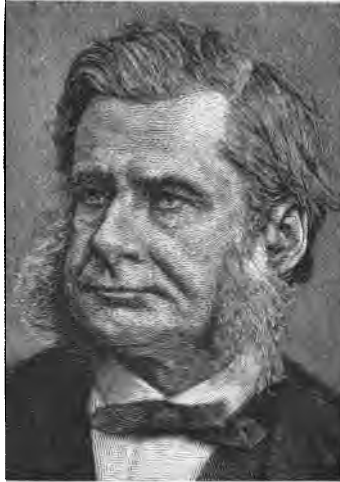
dome more vast : *i.e.*, with less and less of confinement.

What is the moral of the poem in the last stanza ? What figure of speech is employed ?

44. A PIECE OF CHALK

By Thomas Henry Huxley

HUXLEY (May 4, 1825–June 29, 1895) was one of the chief of those scientists of our century who have felt the responsibility which rests upon the scientific man to put his work in such form that the great mass of the people can appreciate it and know something of the real nature of the world we live in. Darwin was a student who followed out the working of vast and complicated laws by himself, and gave his results to the world of science. But Huxley was a teacher and lecturer as well as a scientist; and although his individual discoveries were less than those of Darwin, his work was far more widely diffused and understood. This extract is from a lecture delivered before a Workingman's Club, and it is well worth noting how easily Huxley leads from the perfectly familiar to the more recondite.



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

PART ONE

IF a well were to be sunk at our feet in the midst of the city of Norwich, the diggers would very soon find themselves at work in that white substance almost too soft to be called rock, with which we are all familiar as "chalk."

Not only here, but over the whole county of Norfolk, the well-sinker might carry his shaft down many hundred feet without coming to the end of the chalk;

and on the seacoast, where the waves have pared away the face of the land which breasts them, the scarp faces of the high cliffs are often wholly formed of the same material. Northward, the chalk may be followed as far as Yorkshire ; on the south coast it appears abruptly in the picturesque western bays of Dorset, and breaks into the needles of the Isle of Wight ; while on the shores of Kent it supplies that long line of white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion.

Were the thin soil which covers it all washed away, a curved band of white chalk, here broader, and there narrower, might be followed diagonally across England from Lulworth in Dorset to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire — a distance of over two hundred and eighty miles as the crow flies.

From this band to the North Sea, on the east, and the Channel, on the south, the chalk is largely hidden by other deposits ; but except in the Weald of Kent and Sussex, it enters into the very formation of all the southeastern counties.

Attaining, as it does in some places, a thickness of more than a thousand feet, the English chalk must be admitted to be a mass of considerable magnitude. Nevertheless, it covers but an insignificant portion of the whole area occupied by the chalk formation of the globe, which has precisely the same general characters as ours, and is found in detached patches, some less and others more extensive than in England.

Chalk occurs in Northwest Ireland ; it stretches over a large part of France, — the chalk which underlies Paris being, in fact, a continuation of the London

basin ; it runs through Denmark and Central Europe, and extends southwards to North Africa ; while eastward, it appears in the Crimea and in Syria, and may be traced as far as the shores of the Sea of Aral, in Central Asia.

If all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would lie within an irregular oval about three thousand miles in long diameter — the area of which would be as great as that of Europe, and would many times exceed that of the largest existing sea — the Mediterranean.

Thus the chalk is no unimportant element in the masonry of the earth's crust, and it impresses a peculiar stamp, varying with the conditions to which it is exposed, on the scenery of the districts in which it occurs. The undulating downs and rounded coombs covered with sweet-grassed turf, of our inland chalk country, have a peacefully domestic and mutton-suggesting prettiness, but can hardly be called either grand or beautiful. But on our southern coasts, the wall-sided cliffs many hundred feet high, with vast needles and pinnacles standing out in the sea, sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary cormorant, confer a wonderful beauty and grandeur upon the chalk headlands. And in the East, chalk has its share in the formation of some of the most venerable of mountain ranges, such as Lebanon.

What is this widespread component of the surface of the earth ? and whence did it come ?

You may think this no very hopeful inquiry. You may not unnaturally suppose that the attempt to

solve such problems as these can lead to no result, save that of entangling the inquirer in vague speculations, incapable of refutation and of verification.

If such were the case, I should have selected some other subject than "a piece of chalk" for my discourse. But, in truth, after much deliberation, I have been unable to think of any topic which would so well enable me to lead you to see how solid is the conclusion upon which some of the most startling conclusions of physical science rest.

A great chapter of the history of the world is written in the chalk. Few passages in the history of man can be supported by such an overwhelming mass of direct and indirect evidence as that which testifies to the truth of the fragment of the history of the globe, which I hope to enable you to read with your own eyes to-night.

Let me add, that few chapters of human history have a more profound significance for ourselves. I weigh my words well when I assert that the man who should know the true history of the bit of chalk which every carpenter carries about in his breeches pocket, though ignorant of all other history, is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to the ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature.

The language of the chalk is not hard to learn, not nearly so hard as Latin, if you only want to get at the broad features of the story it has to tell; and I propose that we now set to work to spell that story out together.

We all know that if we "burn" chalk, the result is quicklime. Chalk, in fact, is a compound of carbonic acid gas and lime, and when you make it very hot, the carbonic acid flies away and the lime is left.

By this method of procedure we see the lime, but we do not see the carbonic acid. If, on the other hand, you were to powder a little chalk and drop it into a good deal of strong vinegar, there would be a great deal of bubbling and fizzing, and finally, a clear liquid, in which no sign of chalk would appear. Here you see the carbonic acid in the bubbles; the lime, dissolved in the vinegar, vanishes from sight. There are a great many other ways of showing that chalk is essentially nothing but carbonic acid and quicklime. Chemists enunciate the result of all the experiments which prove this, by stating that chalk is almost wholly composed of "carbonate of lime."

It is desirable for us to start from the knowledge of this fact, though it may not seem to help us very far towards what we seek. For carbonate of lime is a widely spread substance, and is met with under very various conditions. All sorts of limestones are composed of more or less pure carbonate of lime. The crust which is often deposited by waters which have drained through limestone rocks, in the form of what are called stalagmites and stalactites, is carbonate of lime. Or, to take a more familiar example, the fur on the inside of a tea-kettle is carbonate of lime; and, for anything the chemist tells us to the contrary, the chalk might be a kind of gigantic fur on the bottom of the earth-kettle, which is kept pretty hot below.

Let us try another method of making the chalk tell us its own history. To the unassisted eye chalk looks simply like a very loose and open kind of stone. But it is possible to grind a slice of chalk down so thin that you can see through it — until it is thin enough, in fact, to be examined with any magnifying power that may be thought desirable. A thin slice of the fur of a kettle might be made in the same way. If it were examined microscopically, it would show itself to be a more or less distinctly laminated mineral substance, and nothing more.

But the slice of chalk presents a totally different appearance when placed under the microscope. The general mass of it is made up of very minute granules; but imbedded in this matrix, are innumerable bodies, some smaller and some larger, but, on a rough average, not more than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, having a well-defined shape and structure. A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of these granules.

The examination of a transparent slice gives a good notion of the manner in which the components of the chalk are arranged, and of their relative proportions. But by rubbing up some chalk with a brush in water and then pouring off the milky fluid, so as to obtain sediments of different degrees of fineness, the granules and the minute rounded bodies may be pretty well separated from one another, and submitted to microscopic examination, either as opaque or as transparent objects. By combining the views obtained in these various

methods, each of the rounded bodies may be proved to be a beautifully constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with one another. The chambered bodies are of various forms. One of the commonest is something like a badly grown raspberry, being formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes congregated together. It is called *Globigerina*, and some specimens of chalk consist of little else than *Globigerinæ* and granules.

Norwich: England; the city in which was delivered the lecture of which this is the beginning.

Norfolk: the county of which Norwich is the chief town; it is one of the eastern counties of England.

Yorkshire: The localities may be readily followed on a map.

Albion: named by the Romans from *albus*, white.

Weald: a proper name, but probably connected with the noun "wild." It is a particular locality lying mostly in Kent.

mutton-suggesting: Great quantities of sheep graze on the downs.

laminated: consisting of layers or scales.

Globigerinæ: the plural of the Latin *globigerina*. It is noteworthy that Huxley, though always ready to make his writing as easy to understand as possible, uses this long technical word. That is because there is no other word to express the idea.

PART TWO

Let us fix our attention upon the *Globigerina*. It is the spoor of the game we are tracking. If we can learn what it is and what are the conditions of its existence, we shall see our way to the origin and past history of the chalk.

A suggestion which may naturally enough present itself is that these curious bodies are the result of some process of aggregation which has taken place in the

carbonate of lime; that, just as in winter the rime on our windows simulates the most delicate and elegantly arborescent foliage, — proving that the mere mineral water may, under certain conditions, assume the outward form of organic bodies, — so this mineral substance, carbonate of lime, hidden away in the bowels of the earth, has taken the shape of these chambered bodies. I am not raising a merely fanciful and unreal objection. Very learned men, in former days, have even entertained the notion that all the formed things found in rocks are of this nature; and if no such conception is at present held to be admissible, it is because long and varied experience has now shown that mineral matter never does assume the form and structure we find in fossils. If any one were to try to persuade you that an oyster-shell (which is also chiefly composed of carbonate of lime) had crystallized out of sea water, I suppose you would laugh at the absurdity. Your laughter would be justified by the fact that all experience tends to show that oyster-shells are formed by the agency of oysters, and in no other way. And if there is no better reason, we should be justified, on like grounds, in believing that *Globigerina* is not the product of anything but vital activity.

Happily, however, better evidence in proof of the organic nature of the *Globigerinæ* than that of analogy is forthcoming. It so happens that calcareous skeletons exactly similar to the *Globigerinæ* of the chalk are being formed, at the present moment, by minute living creatures, which flourish in multitudes, literally more numerous than the sands of the seashore, over a large

extent of that part of the earth's surface which is covered by the ocean.

The history of the discovery of these living *Globigerinæ*, and of the part which they play in rock-building, is singular enough. It is a discovery which, like others of no less scientific importance, has arisen incidentally out of work devoted to very different and exceedingly practical interests.

When men first took to the sea, they speedily learned to look out for shoals and rocks; and the more the burden of their ships increased, the more imperatively necessary it became for sailors to determine with precision the depth of the water they traversed. Out of this necessity grew the use of the lead and sounding-line; and ultimately marine surveying, which is the recording of the form of coasts and of the depth of the sea, as ascertained by the sounding-lead, upon charts.

At the same time, it became desirable to ascertain and to indicate the nature of the sea bottom, since this circumstance greatly affects its goodness as holding ground for anchors. Some ingenious tar, whose name deserves a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen, attained this object by "arming" the bottom of the lead with a lump of grease, to which more or less of the sand or mud, or broken shells, as the case might be, adhered, and was brought to the surface. But however well adapted such an apparatus might be for rough nautical purposes, scientific accuracy could not be expected from the armed lead, and to remedy its defects (especially when applied to sounding in great depths) Lieutenant Brooke, of the American Navy,

some years ago invented a most ingenious machine, by which a considerable portion of the superficial layer of the sea bottom can be scooped out and brought up, from any depth to which the lead descends.

In 1853, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and the Azores, at a depth of more than ten thousand feet, or two miles, by the help of this sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg of Berlin, and to Bailey of West Point, and those able microscopists found that this deep-sea mud was almost entirely composed of the skeletons of living organisms — the greater proportion of these being just like the *Globigerinæ* already known to occur in the chalk.

[A passage is here omitted pointing out in detail that these minute atoms must have been the remains of living creatures of the sea.]

The evidence furnished by the hewing, facing, and superposition of the stones of the Pyramids, that these structures were wholly built by man, has no greater weight than the evidence that the chalk was built by *Globigerinæ*; and the belief that the ancient pyramid builders were terrestrial and air-breathing creatures like ourselves, is not better based than the conviction that the chalk-makers lived in the sea.

But as our belief in the building of the Pyramids by men is not only grounded on the internal evidence afforded by these structures, but gathers strength by multitudinous collateral proofs, and is clinched by the total absence of any reason for a contrary belief; so

the evidence drawn from the *Globigerinæ* that the chalk is an ancient sea bottom, is fortified by innumerable independent lines of evidence: and our belief in the truth of the conclusion to which all positive testimony tends receives the like negative justification from the fact that no other hypothesis has a shadow of foundation.

It may be worth while briefly to consider a few of these collateral proofs that the chalk was deposited at the bottom of the sea.

The great mass of the chalk is composed, as we have seen, of the skeletons of *Globigerinæ*, and other simple organisms, imbedded in granular matter. Here and there, however, this hardened mud of the ancient sea reveals the remains of higher animals which have lived and died, and left their hard parts in the mud, just as the oysters die and leave their shells behind them, in the mud of the present sea.

There are, at the present day, certain groups of animals which are never found in fresh waters, being unable to live anywhere but in the sea. Such are the corals; some corallines; those creatures which fabricate the lamp-shells; the pearly *Nautilus*, and all animals allied to it; and all forms of sea-urchins and starfishes.

Not only are all these creatures confined to salt water at the present day; but, so far as our records of the past go, the conditions of their existence have been the same; hence, their occurrence in any deposit is as strong evidence as can be obtained, that that deposit was formed in the sea. Now the remains of

animals of all kinds which have been enumerated, occur in the chalk, in greater or less abundance; while not one of those forms of shellfish which are characteristic of fresh water has yet been observed in it.

When we consider that the remains of more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered among the fossils of the chalk, that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and that there is no reason to believe that any of them inhabited fresh water—the collateral evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea bottom acquires as great force as the proof derived from the nature of the chalk itself. I think you will now allow that I did not overstate my case when I asserted that we have as strong grounds for believing that all the vast area of dry land at present occupied by the chalk, was once at the bottom of the sea, as we have for any matter of history whatever; while there is no justification for any other belief.

No less certain it is that the time during which the countries we now call Southeast England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, were more or less completely covered by a deep sea, was of considerable duration.

spoor: the name given to the track of big game.

aggregation: collecting together.

formed things: fossils.

burden: the capacity of a ship.

arming: in this sense, means just the process described,

45. THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

OF Emerson we shall say more at another time, p. 454. Here we have one of his poems: he was a poet of peculiar beauty, although not greatest in his poetry nor most influential. Still his poetry has very purely the strong current of idealism which is so characteristic of his thought. This is one of his poems of nature, and we see how in addition to great simplicity and sincerity in perceiving the true beauty of the little flower, he adds also the noble thought that came at the same time to mind.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

The Rhodora is a low shrub, a native of cold and wet places, with delicate purplish red flowers, which appear before the leaves.

cheapens his array: The color of the flowers is more beautiful in hue than the plumage of the gorgeous red-bird and makes it seem of slight value.

46. MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE

Douglas Jerrold



DOUGLAS JERROLD

WHEN the periodical "Punch" was established in 1841, among the brilliant writers immediately attached to its staff was Douglas Jerrold, already known as a dramatist and as a contributor to leading English magazines. Jerrold was the son of an actor, and was born in London, Jan. 3, 1803. As a lad he served as a midshipman during the campaign against Napoleon, though he was never in action. Thrown upon his own resources by the peace of 1815, he started life anew as a printer's apprentice. By degrees he rose in his trade, contributing meanwhile poems and articles to the six-penny magazines, until a criticism of

a new opera attracted the attention of the editor of an influential newspaper and opened to Jerrold the career of journalist. He wrote several comedies which were played with great success, and also one tragedy. His contributions to "Punch," continued almost to the day of his death, are distinguished for their keen wit and often biting satire. Among these are the Caudle Lectures, supposed to have been delivered in the privacy of the bedchamber by a nagging wife to her long-enduring husband, in which feminine inconsistency is most vigorously portrayed. Jerrold's death occurred at Kilburn Priory, London, June 8, 1857.

"**T**HAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold.

Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's Day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks, and no stirring out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There — do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks — always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No, they shall stop at home and never learn anything — the blessed creatures! — sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing — who indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent that umbrella. Oh yes: I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow, — you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the

money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! costs me sixteen pence at least — sixteen pence — two-and-eightpence for there and back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who is to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em; and I am sure you can't if you go on as you do: throwing away your property, and begging your children — buying umbrellas!

“Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care — I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way, — and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman — it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold — it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all! I may be laid up, for what you care, as I dare say I shall — and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course.

“Nice clothes, I shall get, too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt, quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once — better, I should say. But when I go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh that rain! — if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh, I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How am I to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed! — call themselves lords of creation! — pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella.

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want — then you may go to your club, and do as you like — and then nicely my poor dear children will be used — but then, sir, you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"And I should like to know how I am to go to mother's without that umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go — that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all — because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sop-

ping wet ; for they shan't stop at home ; they shan't lose their learning ; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't ; you are so aggravating, Caudle ; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school ; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault ; *I* didn't lend the umbrella."

Here Mr. Caudle fell asleep and dreamed that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs ; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella.

What . . . do ? Mr. Caudle is supposed to have lent his umbrella to a friend.

Saint Swithin's Day : It is supposed if it rains on this day, it will rain for forty days after. Hence the remark in the next few lines.

clogs were used before india rubber was common.

nozzle : a tip.

money . . . have : that she was to lend them.

47. PAST AND PRESENT

By Thomas Hood

THOMAS HOOD (London, May 23, 1798–May 3, 1845) was generally thought of in his own day as a humorist. He certainly did make jokes wonderfully easily and sometimes wonderfully well. But he was not merely a humorist. He was possessed of the gift of pathos : he could touch the heart as well as make people laugh. "When he laid down his puns and pranks," writes Thackeray of him, "put the motley off, and spoke out of his heart, all England and America listened with tears and wonder." "The Song of a Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" are well known. We prefer the following poem, in which the feeling is quite as genuine but not so melancholy.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day ;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky ;

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

48. LETTERS

By Charles Lamb

CHARLES LAMB (Feb. 10, 1775–Dec. 27, 1834) has written some of the most charming letters and essays in the language. He was of the most delicate and affectionate nature, and appreciated at its best whatever was good in men and books. He was for the greater part of his life a clerk in the India House, but when once his day's task was over, he gave himself up to literature and his friends. These letters to two of his closest intimates are noteworthy for feeling and humor.

TO ROBERT LLOYD

NOW 'tis Robert's turn.
MY DEAR ROBERT: One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that "this world to you seems drained of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to insinuate the high price of sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, have all a sweetness by turns. Good humor and good nature, friends at home that love

you, and friends abroad that miss you, you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. . . . You may extract honey from everything; do not go a gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, Bowles's and Charlotte Smiths and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are past, and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place. My kind love to all your sisters and to Thomas—he never writes to me—and tell Susanna I forgive her.

C. LAMB.

London, the 13th November, 1798.

TO THOMAS MANNING

[Mr. Manning was at just this time traveling in France: but he was purposing a journey to China and had just informed Lamb of his intention.]

MY DEAR MANNING: The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake don't think any more of "Independent Tartary." What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal* descendant of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed? Depend upon it they'll never make you their king as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your Christianity. Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England—there is a Tartar man now exhibiting at Exeter Change. Come and talk

with him and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favorable specimen of his countrymen. But, perhaps, the best thing you can do is to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the *idea* of *oblivion* ('tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories), or say, Independent, Independent, have I not already got an *independence*? That was a clever way of the old Puritans, pun divinity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such *parts* in heathen countries, among nasty unconvivial, horse-belching Tartar people! Some say they are Cannibals; and then conceive a Tartar-fellow eating my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 'tis the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things, 'tis all the poet's *invention*; but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would *up* behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's country. But these are all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds! The Tartars really are a cold, insipid, smouchy set. You'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought *originally*). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing

that gives the heartburn. Shave the upper lip. Go about like a European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy under. Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts. That has been your ruin. Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects to your friends in England, such as are of moderate understanding, and think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman. . . . I think I may some day bring you acquainted if you do not go to Tartary first; for you'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of the anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at fivepence a pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest but as meat.

God bless you: do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

Your sincere friend.

C. LAMB.

19th February, 1803, London.

[Mr. Manning in spite of this letter persisted in his intention and went to China, where he remained several years. During his absence Lamb wrote him a number of letters, among them the following:]

DEAR MANNING: When I last wrote you I was in lodgings; I am now in chambers, No. 4 Inner Temple

Lane, where I should be happy to see you any evening. Bring any of your friends, the Mandarins, with you. I have two sitting rooms : I call them so *par excellence*, for you may stand, or loll, or lean, or try any posture in them, but they are best for sitting ; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous mode which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, etc., rooms on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humor. In my next are shelves containing a small but well chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump. Here I hope to set up my rest and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodgings. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen. . . . Holcroft had finished his life when I wrote to you, and Hazlitt has since finished his life ; I do not mean his own life, but he has finished a life of Holcroft, which is going to press. Tuthill is Doctor Tuthill. I continue Mr. Lamb. I have published a little book for children on titles of honor ; and to give them some idea of the differences of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the King, who is the fountain of honor. — As at first, 1. Mr. C. Lamb ; 2. C. Lamb, Esq. ; 3. Sir C. Lamb, Bart. ; 4. Baron Lamb of Stamford ;¹ 5. Viscount Lamb ; 6. Earl Lamb ; 7. Marquis

¹ Where my family came from. I have chosen that, if ever I should have my choice.

Lamb; 8. Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country, otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th King Lamb; 10th Emperor Lamb; 11th Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing. Puns I have not made many since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which I remarked that they must be very sharp set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative. I am stuffed out so with eating turkey for dinner and another turkey for supper yesterday (Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia), that I can't jog on. It is New Year here. That is, it was New Year half a year back when I was writing this. Nothing puzzles me more than space and time, and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them. The Persian ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia. . . .

I remain yours ever

C. LAMB.

Robert Lloyd was a young man of poetic temper and had fallen into an affected melancholy.

Bowles's and Charlotte Smiths: forgotten poets; but the cheerful Lamb is still remembered with affection by many.

Prester John: a legendary figure of the Middle Ages, ruler of Tartary.

Mandeville's Travels: a famous book of the fourteenth century, extant in many languages.

Hartley: an English philosopher a little before Lamb's day.

Cambuscan: an unfinished story in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

horse of brass: a flying horse in the story of Cambuscan.

49. WINTER NEIGHBORS

By John Burroughs

JOHN BURROUGHS (born at Roxbury, N.Y., April 3, 1837) is a very distinctively American writer, both in the circumstances of his life and the character of his work. Born and brought up on a farm, a school-teacher for several years in his youth, for some time clerk and chief of a bureau in the Treasury Department, now living on his own farm near the Hudson, he has always pursued a course that might be open to almost any American. He has not led what one would think of as a "literary life." Yet because of his sincerity of observation and expression he finds himself now one of our noteworthy men of letters. Literature has always interested him, and for many years he has written. Yet his own knowledge of nature has always gone before reflection and expression. Hence his books have a very rare and charming quality that is not easily equaled.

THE country is more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in the winter than in the summer. The wild comes out. The urban, the cultivated, is hidden or negated. You shall hardly know a good field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest. Lines and boundaries are disregarded; gates and bar-ways are unclosed; man lets go his hold upon the earth; title-deeds are deep buried beneath the snow; the best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature; under the pressure of the cold all the wild

creatures become outlaws, and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts. The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash-heap and corn-crib, the snow-buntings to the stack and to the barnyard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north, and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night; and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn or steal the butternuts from your attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures and sets them adrift. Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

For my part, my nearest approach to a strange bedfellow is the little gray rabbit that has taken up her abode under my study floor. As she spends the day here and is out larking at night, she is not much of a bedfellow after all. It is probable that I disturb her slumbers more than she does mine. I think she is some support to me under there—a silent, wild-eyed witness and backer; a type of the gentle and harmless in savage nature. She has no sagacity to give me or lend me, but that soft, nimble foot of hers, and that touch as of cotton wherever she goes, are worthy of emulation. I think I can feel her good will through the floor, and I hope she can mine. When I have a happy thought I imagine her ears twitch, especially when I think of the sweet apple I will place by her doorway at night. I wonder if that fox chanced to catch a glimpse of her the other night when he

stealthily leaped over the fence near by and walked along between the study and the house? How clearly one could read that it was not a little dog that had passed there. There was something furtive in the track; it shied off away from the house and around it, as if eying it suspiciously; and then it had the caution and deliberation of the fox — bold, bold, but not too bold; wariness was in every footprint. If it had been a little dog that had chanced to wander that way, when he crossed my path he would have followed it up to the barn and have gone smelling around for a bone; but this sharp, cautious track held straight across all others, keeping five or six rods from the house, up the hill, across the highway toward a neighboring farmstead, with its nose in the air and its eye and ear alert, so to speak.

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, and who, perhaps, lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding-place is discovered by the jays and nut-hatches, and proclaimed from the treetops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command. Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries, I knew my neighbor was being berated. The birds would take turns at looking in upon him and uttering their alarm-notes. Every jay

within hearing would come to the spot and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and, with a kind of breathless eagerness and excitement, take a peep at the owl, and then join the outcry. When I approached they would hastily take a final look and then withdraw and regard my movements intently. After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments, I could usually make out the owl at the bottom, feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the ax. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all. When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Nor till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again. I put a cover over my study wood-box and kept him captive for a week. Look in upon him any time, night or day, and he was apparently wrapped in the profoundest slumber; but the live mice which I put into his box from time to time found his sleep was easily broken; there would be a sudden rustle in the box, a faint

squeak, and then silence. After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine: no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk! But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Another owl neighbor of mine, with whom I pass the time of day more frequently than with the last, lives farther away. I pass his castle every night on my way to the post-office, and in winter, if the hour is late enough, am pretty sure to see him standing in his doorway, surveying the passers-by and the landscape through narrow slits in his eyes. For four successive winters, now, have I observed him. As the twilight begins to deepen he rises out of his cavity in the apple tree, scarcely faster than the moon rises from behind the hill, and sits in the opening, completely framed by its outlines of gray bark and dead wood, and by his protective coloring virtually invisible to every eye that does not know he is there. Probably my own is the only eye that has ever penetrated his secret, and mine never would have done so had I not chanced on one occasion to see him leave his retreat and make a raid upon a shrike that was impaling a shrew-mouse upon a thorn in a neighboring tree, and which I was watching. Failing to get the mouse, the owl returned swiftly to his cavity, and ever since,

while going that way, I have been on the lookout for him. Dozens of teams and foot-passengers pass him late in the day, but he regards them not, nor they him. When I come alone and pause to salute him, he opens his eyes a little wider, and, appearing to recognize me, quickly shrinks and fades into the background of his door in a very weird and curious manner. When he is not at his outlook, or when he is, it requires the best powers of the eye to decide the point, as the empty cavity itself is almost an exact image of him. If the whole thing had been carefully studied, it could not have answered its purpose better. The owl stands quite perpendicular, presenting a front of light mottled gray; the eyes are closed to a mere slit, the ear feathers depressed, the beak buried in the plumage, and the whole attitude is one of silent, motionless waiting and observation. If a mouse should be seen crossing the highway, or scudding over any exposed part of the snowy surface in the twilight, the owl would doubtless swoop down upon it. I think the owl has learned to distinguish me from the rest of the passers-by; at least, when I stop before him, and he sees himself observed, he backs down into his den, as I have said, in a very amusing manner.

buried : *i.e.*, fences and marks of ownership are buried beneath the snow.

status : the general position.

slumbers : *i.e.*, in the daytime.

to see : It is commonly supposed that owls cannot see by daylight.

shrike : or butcher-bird.

50. A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND

By Paul Hamilton Hayne



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE was born at Charleston, S. C., Jan. 1, 1830, and died at Grovetown, Ga., July 6, 1886. He began life as a lawyer, but was soon attracted to literature. Although he devoted time and energy to journalism, he was by temper a poet and was widely known and loved for his poems. His work is of poetic quality, both in music and in feeling. Hayne was a representative Southern poet, and his verse is eminently characteristic of the Southern nature. Notice in the following the harmony between the sensuous subject and the poetic art as exhibited in the very long lines, the repetitions, and the alliterations. The effect given is very beautiful.

O H fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of
balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-
crested calm !

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,

Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint
 undertune,
 From its fields of purpling flowers
 Still wet with fragrant showers,
 The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal
 blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
 On the perfume of her sighs,
 Which steep the inmost spirit in a language rare and fine,
 And a peace more pure than sleep's
 Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
 Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides
 divine.

Those dreams ! ah me ! the splendor,
 So mystical and tender,
 Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their
 meaning round,
 And those waters calling, calling,
 With a nameless charm, enthralling,
 Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of
 sound !

Alas ! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtil
 wings of balm ;
 For behold ! its spirit fieth,
 And its fairy murmur dieth,
 And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless
 calm !

51. WOODS, MEADOWS, AND WATER

By John Richard Jefferies



JOHN RICHARD JEFFERIES

JOHN RICHARD JEFFERIES (Nov. 6, 1848–Aug. 14, 1887) was a man who was thoroughly in sympathy with nature as he knew it in one of the southern counties of England. Country born and bred, he was absolutely familiar with country life, and he gives us his impressions of it with the greatest simplicity and sincerity. He had continual leanings toward literature and wrote much, but never better than when he was describing the life in the heart of nature that he knew so well. The country of which he writes was the homelike and well-kept English farming country, very different from our American woodland and hillside.

THERE is a part of the wood where the bushes grow but thinly and the ash-poles are scattered at some distance from each other. It is on a steep slope — almost cliff — where the white chalk comes to the surface. On the edge above rise tall beech trees with smooth round trunks, whose roots push and project through the wall of chalk, and bend downwards, sometimes dislodging lumps of rubble to roll headlong among the bushes below. A few small firs cling half way up, and a tangled, matted mass of brier and bramble climbs

nearly to them, with many a stout thistle flourishing vigorously.

To get up this cliff is a work of some little difficulty: it is done by planting the foot on the ledges of rubble, or in the holes which the rabbits have made, holding tight to roots which curl and twist, in fantastic shapes, or to the woodbine hanging in festoons from branch to branch. The rubble under foot crumbles and slips, the roots tear up bodily from the thin soil, the branches bend, and the woodbine gives; and the wayfarer may readily descend much more rapidly than he desires. Not that serious consequences would ensue from a roll down forty feet of slope; but the bed of brier and bramble at the bottom is not so soft as it might be. The rabbits seem quite at home upon the steepest spot: they may be found upon much higher and more precipitous chalk cliffs than this, darting from point to point with ease.

Once at the summit under the beeches, and there a comfortable seat may be found upon the moss. The wood stretches away beneath for more than a mile in breadth, and beyond it winds the narrow mere glittering in the rays of the early spring sunshine. The bloom is on the blackthorn, but not yet on the may; the hedges are but just awakening from their long winter sleep, and the trees have hardly put forth a sign. But the rooks are busily engaged in the trees of the park, and away yonder at the distant colony in the elms of the meadows.

The wood is restless with life: every minute a pigeon rises, clattering his wings, and after him another; and

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so there is a constant fluttering and motion above the ash-poles. The number of wood-pigeons breeding here must be immense. Later on if you walk among the ash, you may find a nest every half-dozen yards. It is formed of a few twigs making a slender platform, on which the glossy white egg is laid, and where the bird will sit till you literally thrust her off her nest with your walking-stick. Such slender platforms, if built in the hedgerow, so soon as the breeze comes would assuredly be dashed to pieces ; but here the wind only touches the tops of the poles, and causes them to sway gently with a rattling noise, and the frail nest is not injured. Where the pigeon or dove builds in the more exposed hedgerows, the nest is stronger, and more twigs seem to be used, so that it is heavier.

Boys steal these eggs by the scores, yet it makes no difference apparently to the endless numbers of these birds, who fill the wood with their peculiar hoarse notes, which some country people say resemble the words "Take two cows, Taffy." The same good folk will have it that when the weather threatens rain the pigeon's note changes to "Joe's toe bleeds, Betty." The boys who steal the eggs have to swarm up the ash-poles for the purpose, and in so doing often stain their clothes with red marks. Upon the bark of the ash are innumerable little excrescences which when rubbed exude a small quantity of red juice.

The keeper detests this bird's-nesting ; not that he cares much about the pigeons, but because his pheasants are frequently disturbed just at the season when he wishes them to enjoy perfect quiet. It is easy to

tell from this post of vantage if any one be passing through the section of the wood within view, though they may be hidden by the boughs. The blackbirds utter a loud cry and scatter ; the pigeons rise and wheel about ; a pheasant gets up with a scream audible for a long distance, and goes with swift flight skimming away just above the ash-poles ; a pair of jays jabber round the summit of a tall fir tree, and thus the intruder's course is made known. But the wind, though light, is still too cold and chilly as it sweeps between the beech-trunks, to remain at this elevation ; it is warmer below in the woods.

At the foot of the cliff a natural hollow has been further scooped out by labor of man, and shaped into a small cave large enough for three or four to sit in. It is partly supported by strong wooden pillars, and at the mouth, a hut of slabs, thickly covered by furze fagots, has been constructed, with a door, and with roof thatched with reeds from the lake. A rude bench runs round three sides ; against the fourth some digging-tools recline, — strong spades and grub axes for rooting out a lost ferret, left here temporarily for convenience. The place, rough as it is, gives shelter, and throwing the door open, there is a visitor among the ash-poles and the hazel bushes overtopped with great fir trees and more distant oaks. In the later spring this is a lovely spot, the ground all tinted with the shimmering color of the bluebells, and the hazel musical with the voice of the nightingale.

Outside the wood, where the downland begins to rise gradually, there stretches a broad expanse of furze

growing luxuriantly on the thin barren soil, and a mile or more in width. It has a beauty of its own when in full yellow blossom — a yellow sea of flower, scenting the air with an almost overpowering odor as of a coarser pineapple, and full of the drowsy hum of the bees busy in the interspersed thyme. It has another beauty later on, when the thick undergrowth of heath is in bloom and a pale carpet spreads around. Here rabbits breed and sport, and hares hide, and the curious furze-chats fly to and fro; and lastly but not leastly, my lord, Reynard the Fox, loves to take his ease, till he finally meets his fate in the jaws of clamoring hounds, or is assassinated with the aid of villainous salt-peter. He is not easily shot, and will stand a charge fired broadside at a short distance without the slightest injury or apparent notice, beyond a slight quickening of his pace. His thick fur and tough skin turn the pellets. Even when mortally wounded, life will linger for hours.

The ordinary idea of the fox is that of a flying frightened creature tearing away for bare existence; he is really a bold and desperate animal. The keeper will tell you that once, when for some purpose, he was walking up a deep dry ditch, his spaniel and retriever suddenly "chopped" a fox, and got him to bay in a corner, when he turned, and in an instant laid the spaniel helpless and dying and severely handled the retriever. Seeing his dogs so injured and the fox, as it were, under his feet, the keeper imprudently attempted to seize him, but could not retain his hold, and got the sharp white teeth clean through his hand.

Though but once actually bitten, he recollects being snapped at viciously by another fox, whom he found in broad daylight, asleep in the hollow of a double mound with scarcely any shelter and within sixty yards of a house. Reynard was curled upon the ivy which, in the hedges, trails along the ground. The keeper crawled up on the bank and stopped, admiring the symmetry of the creature, when, purposely breaking a twig, the fox was up in a second, and snarled and snapped at his face, then slipped into the ditch and away. The fox is, in fact, quite as remarkable for boldness as for cunning. Last summer I met a fine fox on the turnpike road and close to a toll-gate, in the middle of the day. He came at full speed with a young rabbit in his jaws, evidently but just captured, and did not perceive that he was observed till within twenty yards, when, with a single bound, he cleared the sward beside the road, alighting with a crash in the bushes, carrying his prey with him.

Foxes, when they roam from the woods into the meadow land, prefer to sleep during the day in those osier beds which are found in the narrow corners formed by the meandering of the brooks. Between the willow wands there shoots up a thick undergrowth of sedges, long coarse grass and reeds; and in these the fox makes his bed, turning round and round till he has smoothed a place and trampled down the grass; then reclining, well sheltered from the wind. A dog will turn round and round in the same way before he lies down on the hearth-rug.

These reeds sometimes grow to a great height, as

much as ten or twelve feet. Along the Thames they are used, bound in bundles, to pitch the barges ; when the hull has been roughly coated with pitch, one end of the bundle of reeds (thickest end preferred) is set on fire and passed over it to make it melt and run into the chinks. So, mayhap, the Saxon and Danish rovers may have used to pitch the bottoms of their "ceols" when worn from constant grounding on the shallows and eyots.

chalk cliffs : see p. 304.

swarm : to shin or climb.

keeper : On the great estates in England the game is very carefully looked after by gamekeepers.

assassinated : The English consider that a fox should not be killed except after a hunt with horse and hound.

ceol : the old form of our "keel," by which name ships were often known.

52. A FOREST HYMN

By William Cullen Bryant

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influence

Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
An inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form

Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music ; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship ; — Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steep the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo ! all grow old and die — but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulcher,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure

My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God ! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

shaft : pillar or column.

darkling : a poetical word with much the meaning of "dark."

riper years : now that the world is older.

Father : What precedes has been introductory.

vaults, aisles : Bryant thinks of the forest as resembling Gothic architecture, as did Holmes, p. 198.

instinct : infused.

tyrant's throne : The living tree grows where the dead tree has fallen.

holy men : hermits and anchorites.

Spare me : Let me be convinced of thy power without these striking evidences of it.

53. A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER

By James Russell Lowell

LOWELL's best work has sometimes been thought to be in his essays. These were written in his prime and represent the full maturity of his thought. They are in the main concerning either the world of books or the world of nature. Both he loved deeply and observed closely. On pages 213, 438 will be found examples of his criticism. The following shows us how he knew and loved all the aspects of nature, even those apparently cold and harsh. The complete essay is a good example, too, of his appreciation of literature and his way of mingling his observations of nature with his recollections of books.

PART ONE

I THINK the old fellow has hitherto had scant justice done him in the main. We make him the symbol of old age or death, and think we have settled the matter. As if old age were never kindly as well as frosty; as if it had no reverend graces of its own as good in their way as the noisy impertinence of childhood, the elbowing self-conceit of youth, or the pompous mediocrity of middle life! As if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it! Suppose we grant that Winter is the sleep of the year, what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals.

"Sleep, Silence's child, the father of soft Rest,"

is a very agreeable acquaintance, and most of us are better employed in his company than anywhere else. For my own part, I think Winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are

more congenial to my mind than any charms of which his rivals are capable.

Spring is a fickle mistress, who either does not know her own mind, or is so long in making it up, whether you shall have her or not have her, that one gets tired at last of her pretty miffs and reconciliations. You go to her to be cheered up a bit, and ten to one catch her in the sulks, expecting you to find enough good humor for both. After she has become Mrs. Summer she grows a little more staid in her demeanor; and her abundant table, where you are sure to get the earliest fruits and vegetables of the season, is a good foundation for steady friendship; but she has lost that delicious aroma of maidenhood, and what was delicately rounded grace in the girl gives more than hints of something like redundance in the matron.

Autumn is the poet of the family. He gets you up a splendor that you would say was made out of real sunset; but it is nothing more than a few hectic leaves, when all is done. He is but a sentimentalist after all; a kind of Lamartine whining along the ancestral avenues he has made bare timber of, and begging a contribution of good-spirits from your own savings to keep him in countenance. But Winter has his delicate sensibilities too, only he does not make them as good as indelicate by thrusting them forever in your face. He is a better poet than Autumn, when he has a mind, but, like a truly great one as he is, he brings you down to your bare manhood, and bids you understand him out of that, with no adventitious helps of association, or he will none of you. He does not touch those melancholy

chords on which Autumn is as great a master as Heine. Well, is there no such thing as thrumming on them and maundering over them till they get out of tune, and you wish some manly hand would crash through them and leave them dangling brokenly forever?

Take Winter as you find him, and he turns out to be a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a crabbed generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness?" quotha. That's just it; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog, and makes you see things as they are; I thank him for it! The truth is, between ourselves, I have a very good opinion of the whole family, who always welcome me without making me feel as if I were too much of a poor relation. There ought to be some kind of distance, never so little, you know, to give the true relish. They are as good company, the worst of them, as any I know, and I am not a little flattered by a condescension from any of them; but I happen to hold Winter's retainer, this time, and like an honest advocate I am bound to make as good a showing as I can for him, even if it cost a few slurs upon the rest of the household. Moreover, Winter is coming, and one would like to get on the right side of him. . . .

The preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of Spring. In a gray December day, when, as the

farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snowdrops and anemones that harbingers his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those blue "clouds" from which Shakespeare says that Mars "doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes, also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snowstorm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival — compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night has no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. If the Virgin (*Notre Dame de la neige*) were to come back, here is an earth that would not bruise her foot nor stain it. It is —

"The fanned snow

That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er,"

packed so hard sometimes on hill-slopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as

if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidias's journeyman.

Poets have fancied the footprints of the wind in those light ripples that sometimes scurry across smooth water with a sudden blur. But on this gleaming hush the aërial deluge has left plain marks of its course; and in gullies through which it rushes torrent-like, the eye finds its bed irregularly scooped like that of a brook in hard beach-sand, or, in more sheltered spots, traced with outlines like those left by the sliding edges of the surf upon the shore. The air, after all, is only an infinitely thinner kind of water, such as I suppose we shall have to drink when the state does her whole duty as a moral reformer. Nor is the wind the only thing whose trail you will notice on this sensitive surface. You will find that you have more neighbors and night visitors than you dreamed of. Here is the dainty footprint of a cat; here a dog has looked in on you like an amateur watchman to see if all is right, slumping clumsily about in the mealy treachery. And look! before you were up in the morning, though you were a punctual courtier at the sun's levee, here has been a squirrel zigzagging to and fro like a hound gathering scent, and some tiny bird searching for unimaginable food—perhaps for the tinier creature, whatever it is, that drew this slender continuous trail like those made on the wet beach by light borderers of the sea. The earliest autographs were as frail as these. Poseidon traced his lines, or giant birds made their mark on preadamite sea-margins; and the thunder-gust left the tear-stains of its sudden passion there;

may, we have the signatures of delicatest fern-leaves on the soft ooze of eons that dozed away their dreamless leisure before consciousness came upon the earth with man. Some whim of nature locked them fast in stone for us after-thoughts of creation. Which of us shall leave a footprint as imperishable as that of the ornithorhynchus, or much more so than that of these Bedouins of the snow desert? Perhaps it was only because the ripple and the raindrop and the bird were not thinking of themselves that they had such luck. The chances of immortality depend very much on that. How often have we not seen poor mortals, dupes of a season's notoriety, carving their names on seeming solid rock of merest beach-sand, whose feeble hold on memory shall be washed away by the next wave of fickle opinion! Well, well, honest Jaques, there are better things to be found in the snow than sermons.

The snow that falls damp comes commonly in larger flakes from windless skies, and is the prettiest of all to watch from under cover. This is the kind Homer had in mind; and Dante, who had never read him, compares the flaring flakes of his fiery rain, to those of snow among the mountains without wind. This sort of snowfall has no fight in it, and does not challenge you to a wrestle like that which drives well from the northward, with all moisture thoroughly winnowed out of it by the frosty wind. Burns, who was more out of doors than most poets, and whose barefoot Muse got the color in her cheeks by vigorous exercise in all weathers, was thinking of this

drier deluge, when he speaks of the "whirling drift," and tells how

"Chanticleer
Shook off the powthery snow."

But the damper and more deliberate falls have a choice knack at draping the trees; and about eaves or stone walls, wherever, indeed, the evaporation is rapid, and it finds a chance to cling, it will build itself out in curves of wonderful beauty. I have seen one of these dumb waves, thus caught in the act of breaking, curl four feet beyond the edge of my roof and hang there for days, as if Nature were too well pleased with her work to let it crumble from its exquisite pause. After such a storm, if you are lucky enough to have even a sluggish ditch for a neighbor, be sure to pay it a visit. You will find its banks corniced with what seems precipitated light, and the dark current down below gleams as if with an inward luster. Dull of motion as it is, you never saw water that seemed alive before. It has a brightness like that of the eyes of some smaller animals, which gives assurance of life, but of a life foreign and unintelligible.

Alphonse de Lamartine: a French poet and prose writer of the Romantic school. Reduced in circumstances in his old age, he received both a contribution from friends and a pension from the government.

Heinrich Heine: a German lyric poet and critic of Hebrew descent, who lived the greater part of his life in Paris. Among his songs are "The Lorelei," "The Two Grenadiers." His poems are exquisite in fancy, but often touched with deep sadness.

quoth: forsooth; used in repeating the words of another in contempt or disdain. The preceding quotation is from Keats's "Ode to Autumn."

harbinger : a verbal use of the name of one of the officers who precede the royal presence.

Cowley : an English poet of the seventeenth century.

Notre . . . neige : Our Lady of the Snow.

Phidias : a Greek sculptor, often thought of as the greatest of all sculptors.

Poseidon : the Greek god of the sea.

made . . . mark : as preserved in fossils.

Bedouins : wandering Arabs.

Jaques : a moralizing character in "As You Like It." It was not he, however, who found sermons in stones; it was the Duke; see the play, II. i. 17.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
When nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *Love's Labor's Lost*.

54. ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

By William Cowper

WILLIAM COWPER (Nov. 26, 1731–April 25, 1800) was of an extremely delicate and sensitive nature. He was originally intended for the law, and might have made his way into public employment, had it not been for a shyness and diffidence that amounted to mania. This disposition was so extraordinary that even at thirty years of age, on receiving a position which demanded his appearance before the House of Lords, he was so apprehensive that he grew desperate, even sought to kill himself, and became actually insane. The rest of his life, more than thirty years, was passed in retirement. Although he was cured of his madness, he was still subject to melancholia, and it was only owing to the devoted care of his friends, Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen, that he lived happily. The latter endeavored to arouse and divert him in every way possible, and among other things suggested to him subjects for poetry. Poetry became a means of salvation from the dark cloud that hung over him. His poems are the natural expression of such a nature as his. Best known, perhaps, is the humorous piece, "John Gilpin," which caused great merriment, and came to great popularity. Our extract is a good example of his real power in the higher walks of poetry. It seems to us now a little formal, like almost all the poetry of its time, but really it was a very genuine expression of feeling. Cowper wrote to Mrs. King of it, "I have written a poem on the receipt of it [the picture]; a poem which, one excepted, I had more pleasure in writing than any I ever wrote." Of the picture itself he said in another letter, "I had rather possess it than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated." His mother had died when he was but six years old.

O H that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O, welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd’st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover’d thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav’st me, though unfelt, a kiss :
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers — Yes.
I heard the bell toll’d on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? — It was. — Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more !

Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learnt at last submission to my lot;
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession! but the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes

That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
“ Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,”

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed —
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet, oh the thought that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From lions enthroned and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
 The son of parents passed into the skies !
 And now, farewell ! — Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine :
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

last : This poem was written in 1790, when Cowper was almost sixty; his mother had died, as appears later, when he was young, in the year 1737.

the art : that of the painter.

wretch even then : unhappy, even so young.

It was : not that they were never to meet again, but never to part again.

bauble : toy.

once: Cowper's father was rector of the parish of Great Berkhamstead. At his death the rectory, of course, passed to his successor.

humor: Momentary moods are conceived as rocks interrupting the flow of his mother's love.

so . . . again: He would not call her back to earth for his own pleasure.

loved consort: his father.

scarce hoping: Cowper was often oppressed with very gloomy forebodings.

arrive: happen.

55. LETTERS

By William Cowper

THE letters of Cowper will be read with pleasure by many who have but little taste for his poetry. He possessed many of the qualifications of a good letter-writer, and had one great advantage which is apt to be rare with us now; namely, abundant leisure. Nowadays it seems as though no one had time to give to writing to friends. Cowper had no pressing occupation, and the age in which he lived was not in such a hurry as ours. Hence his letters, though not careful, formal productions, have an ease and a natural vivacity that is very attractive.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN

AUG. 6, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You like to hear from me. This is a very good reason why I should write; but I have nothing to say. This seems equally a good reason why I should not; yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me, "Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in, have you resolved never to speak again?" it would be but a poor reply, if, in an-

swer to the summons, I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this, by the way, suggests to me a reasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand ; that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing, just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate, and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it ; for he knows that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case, a letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by a preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before ; but merely by maintaining a progress and resolving as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop, till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms ? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say, "My good sir, a man has no right to do either." But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the moldy opinions of the last ; and so, good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime, to think when we can, and to write

whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

Yours,

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN

JUNE 12, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Every extraordinary occurrence in our lives affords us an opportunity to learn, if we will, something more of our own hearts and tempers

than we were before aware of. It is easy to promise ourselves beforehand, that our conduct shall be wise, or moderate, or resolute, on any given occasion. But when that occasion occurs, we do not always find it easy to make good the promise : such a difference there is between theory and practice. Perhaps this is no new remark ; but it is not a whit the worse for being old, if it be true.

Before I had published, I said to myself — “ You and I, Mr. Cowper, will not concern ourselves much about what the critics may say of our book.” But having once sent my wits for a venture, I soon became anxious about the issue, and found that I could not be satisfied with a warm place in my own good graces, unless my friends were pleased with me as much as I pleased myself. Meeting with their approbation, I began to feel the workings of ambition. “ It is well,” said I, “ that my friends are pleased, but friends are sometimes partial ; and mine, I have reason to think, are not altogether free from bias. Methinks I should like to hear a stranger or two speak well of me.” I was presently gratified by the approbation of the *London Magazine*, and the *Gentleman's*, particularly by that of the former and by the plaudit of Dr. Franklin. By the way, magazines are publications we have but little respect for, till we ourselves are chronicled in them ; and then they assume an importance in our esteem, which before we could not allow them. But the *Monthly Review*, the most formidable of all my judges, is still behind. What will that critical Rhadamanthus say when my shivering genius shall appear before him ? Still he keeps me in hot water,

and I must wait another month for his award. Alas ! when I wish for a favorable sentence from that quarter (to confess a weakness that I should not confess to all), I feel myself not a little influenced by a tender regard to my reputation here, even among my neighbors at Olney. Here are watch-makers, who themselves are wits, and who at present perhaps think me one. Here is a carpenter and a baker ; and not to mention others, here is your idol, Mr. —, whose smile is fame. All these read the *Monthly Review*, and all these will set me down for a dunce, if those terrible critics should show them the example. But oh ! wherever else I am accounted due, dear Mr. Griffith, let me pass for a genius at Olney.

We are sorry for little William's illness. It is, however, the privilege of infancy to recover almost immediately, what it has lost by sickness. We are sorry, too, for Mr. —'s dangerous condition ; but he that is well prepared for the great journey cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep at his departure.

Yours,

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

JUNE 25, 1785.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write in a nook that I call my *boudoir*. It is a summer-house, not much bigger than a sedan-chair, the door of which opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles ; and the window into my neighbor's

orchard. It formerly served an apothecary, now dead, as a smoking-room ; and under my feet is a trapdoor, which once covered a hole in the ground, where he kept his bottles. At present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses. Having lined it with garden mats, and furnished it with a table and two chairs, here I write all that I write in summer-time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion ; for intruders sometimes trouble me in the winter evenings at Olney. But (thanks to my *boudoir*!) I can now hide myself from them. A poet's retreat is sacred. They acknowledge the truth of that proposition, and never presume to violate it.

The last sentence puts me in mind to tell you that I have ordered my volume to your door. My bookseller is the most dilatory of all his fraternity, or you would have received it long since. It is more than a month since I returned him the last proof, and consequently, since the printing was finished. I sent him the manuscript at the beginning of last November, that he might publish while the town was full ; and he will hit the exact moment when it is entirely empty. Patience (you will perceive) is in no situation exempted from severest trials ; a remark that may serve to comfort you under the numberless trials of your own. . . .

Steinkirk : the name of a certain form of cravat fashionable about the time of the battle of Steinkirk (Aug. 3, 1692), from which it was named.

published : Cowper had published a volume of verse in this year.

Rhadamanthus : one of the Judges of the Dead in the classical mythology.

56. WAITING

By John Burroughs

JOHN BURROUGHS has written but little poetry, but no one who has felt the delicate charm of his prose or the kind sweetness of his character, will be surprised on reading this poem by him, one of the few that he has published.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me:
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
 The tidal wave unto the sea ;
 Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

pace: the hurried rush of a life intent on getting ahead.

friends . . . me: *i.e.*, those who have really some connection with his life or thought are as much on the lookout for him as he for them.

57. COLUMBUS

By William Hickling Prescott

PRESCOTT (May 4, 1796-Jan. 28, 1859) was one of the first of our great historians. Although almost deprived of sight by an accident in his youth, so that for a time he had to write by touch rather than by sight, he devoted himself to the study of history. He was fascinated by the history of Spain in the fifteenth century and of her discovery and conquest of the New World, and pursued this subject with immense thoroughness. He gave his learning to the world in a form that attracted all readers. The following extract is from "Ferdinand and Isabella." His other chief works are "The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru."



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

PART ONE

WHILE Ferdinand and Isabella were at Santa Fé, the capitulation was signed, that opened the

way to an extent of empire, compared with which their recent conquests, and indeed all their present dominions, were insignificant. The extraordinary intellectual activity of the Europeans in the fifteenth century, after the torpor of ages, carried them forward to high advancement in almost every department of science, but especially nautical, whose surprising results have acquired for the age the glory of being designated as peculiarly that of maritime discovery. This was eminently favored by the political condition of modern Europe. Under the Roman Empire the traffic with the East naturally centered in Rome, the commercial capital of the West. After the dismemberment of the empire, it continued to be conducted principally through the channel of the Italian ports, whence it was diffused over the remoter regions of Christendom. But these countries, which had now risen from the rank of subordinate provinces to that of separate independent states, viewed with jealousy this monopoly of the Italian cities, by means of which these latter were rapidly advancing beyond them in power and opulence. This was especially the case with Portugal and Castile, which, placed on the remote frontiers of the European continent, were far removed from the great routes of Asiatic intercourse; while this disadvantage was not compensated by such an extent of territory as secured consideration to some other of the European states, equally unfavorably situated for commercial purposes with themselves. Thus circumstanced, the two nations of Castile and Portugal were naturally led to turn their eyes on the

great ocean which washed their western borders, and to seek in its hitherto unexplored recesses for new domains, and, if possible, strike out some undiscovered track toward the opulent regions of the East.

The spirit of maritime enterprise was fomented and greatly facilitated in its operation by the invention of the astrolabe, and the discovery of the polarity of the magnet, whose first application to the purposes of navigation on an extended scale, may be referred to the fifteenth century. The Portuguese were the first to enter on the brilliant path of nautical discovery, which they pursued under the infant Don Henry with such activity, that, before the middle of the fifteenth century, they had penetrated as far as Cape de Verd, doubling many a fearful headland which had shut in the timid navigator of former days: until at length, in 1486, they descried the lofty promontory which terminates Africa on the south, and which, hailed by King John the Second, under whom it was discovered, as the harbinger of the long-sought passage to the east, received the cheering appellation of the Cape of Good Hope.

The Spaniards, in the meanwhile, did not languish in the career of maritime enterprise. Certain adventurers from the northern provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa, in 1393, had made themselves masters of one of the smallest of the group of islands, supposed to be the Fortunate Isles of the ancients, since known as the Canaries. Other private adventurers from Seville extended their conquests over these islands in the beginning of the present century. These were

completed in behalf of the crown under Ferdinand and Isabella, who equipped several fleets for their reduction, which at length terminated in 1495 with that of Tene-riffe. From the commencement of their reign, Ferdinand and Isabella had shown an earnest solicitude for the encouragement of commerce and nautical science, as is evinced by a variety of regulations, which, however imperfect, from the misconception of the true principles of trade in that day, are sufficiently indicative of the dispositions of the government. Under them, and indeed, under their predecessors as far back as Henry the Third, a considerable traffic had been carried on with the western coast of Africa, from which gold-dust and slaves were imported into the city of Seville. The annalist of this city notices the repeated interference of Isabella in behalf of these unfortunate beings, by ordinances tending to secure them a more equal protection of the laws, or opening such social indulgences as might mitigate the hardships of their condition. A misunderstanding gradually arose between the subjects of Castile and Portugal, in relation to their respective rights of discovery and commerce on the African coast, which promised a fruitful source of collision between the two crowns ; but which was happily adjusted by an article in the treaty of 1479, that terminated the war of the succession. By this it was settled that the right of traffic and of discovery on the western coast of Africa should be exclusively reserved to the Portuguese, who, in their turn, should resign all claims on the Canaries to the crown of Castile. The Spaniards, thus excluded from further progress to the south,

seemed to have no other opening left for naval adventure than the hitherto untraveled regions of the great western ocean. Fortunately, at this juncture, an individual appeared among them in the person of Christopher Columbus, endowed with capacity for stimulating them to this heroic enterprise and conducting it to a glorious issue.

This extraordinary man was a native of Genoa, of humble parentage, though perhaps honorable descent. He was instructed in his early youth at Pavia, where he acquired a strong relish for the mathematical sciences, in which he subsequently excelled. At the age of fourteen, he engaged in a sea-faring life, which he followed with little intermission till 1470; when, probably little more than thirty years of age, he landed in Portugal, the country to which adventurous spirits from all parts of the world then resorted, as the great theater of maritime enterprise. After his arrival, he continued to make voyages to the then known parts of the world, and, when on shore, occupied himself with the construction and sale of charts and maps; while his geographical researches were considerably aided by the possession of papers belonging to an eminent Portuguese navigator, a deceased relative of his wife. Thus stored with all that nautical science in that day could supply, and fortified by large practical experience, the reflecting mind of Columbus was naturally led to speculate on the existence of some other land beyond the western waters; and he conceived the possibility of reaching the eastern shores of Asia, whose provinces of Zipango and Cathay were emblazoned in

such gorgeous colors in the narratives of Mandeville and the Poli, by a more direct and commodious route than that which traversed the eastern continent.

The existence of land beyond the Atlantic, which was not discredited by some of the most enlightened ancients, had become a matter of common speculation at the close of the fifteenth century; when maritime adventure was daily disclosing the mysteries of the deep, and bringing to light new regions, that had hitherto existed only in fancy. . . .

Columbus's hypothesis rested on much higher ground than mere popular belief. What indeed was credulity with the vulgar, and speculation with the learned, amounted in his mind to a settled practical conviction, that made him ready to peril life and fortune on the result of the experiment. He was fortified still further in his conclusions by a correspondence with the learned Italian Toscanelli, who furnished him with a map of his own projection, in which the eastern coast of Asia was delineated opposite to the western coast of Europe.

capitulation: The word is correctly used for any formal political contract, although now commonly restricted to the agreements made on surrendering an army.

Castile: Spain was not consolidated into one power until the union of Ferdinand of Aragon with Isabella of Castile.

infant: a Spanish and Portuguese title for a prince of the blood royal.

Pavia: a town of Northern Italy.

Zipango, Cathay: the names by which Japan and China were known in Europe.

Mandeville: see p. 323.

Poli: Marco Polo and his father and uncle were the first European travelers in China.

[The story of Columbus's many efforts at many courts to arouse sufficient interest in his plan to gain help in carrying it out is too long to insert here. It is well known that he spent many years in the effort. Finally, just as he was leaving the court of Spain, the queen, Isabella, was induced to take a personal interest in the matter.]

PART TWO

Columbus, who was overtaken by the royal messenger at a few leagues' distance only from Granada, experienced the most courteous reception on his return to Santa Fé, where a definitive arrangement was concluded with the Spanish sovereigns, April 17, 1492. By the terms of the capitulation, Ferdinand and Isabella, as lords of the ocean-seas, constituted Christopher Columbus their admiral, viceroy, and governor-general of all such islands and continents as he should discover in the western ocean, with the privilege of nominating three candidates, for the selection of one by the crown, for the government of each of these territories. He was to be invested with exclusive right of jurisdiction over all commercial transactions within his admiralty. He was to be entitled to one tenth of all the products and profits within the limits of his discoveries, and an additional eighth, provided he should contribute one eighth part of the expense. By a subsequent ordinance, the official dignities above enumerated were settled on him and his heirs forever, with the privilege of prefixing the title of Don to their names, which had not then degenerated into an appellation of mere courtesy.

No sooner were the arrangements completed, than Isabella prepared with her characteristic promptness

to forward the expedition by the most efficient measures. Orders were sent to Seville and the other ports of Andalusia, to furnish stores and other articles requisite for the voyage, free of duty, and at as low rates as possible. The fleet, consisting of three vessels, was to sail from the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, which had been condemned for some delinquency to maintain two caravels for a twelvemonth for the public service. The third vessel was furnished by the admiral, aided, as it would seem, in defraying the charges, by his friend, the guardian of La Rabida, and the Pinzons, a family in Palos long distinguished for its enterprise among the mariners of that active community. With their assistance, Columbus was enabled to surmount the disinclination, and indeed open opposition, manifested by the Andalusian mariners to his perilous voyage ; so that in less than three months his little squadron was equipped for sea. A sufficient evidence of the extreme unpopularity of the expedition is afforded by a royal ordinance of the 30th of April, promising protection to all persons who should embark in it, from criminal prosecution of whatever kind, until two months after their return. The armament consisted of two caravels or light vessels without decks, and a third of larger burden. The total number of persons who embarked amounted to one hundred and twenty ; and the whole charges of the crown for the expedition did not exceed seventeen thousand florins. The fleet was instructed to keep clear of the African coast, and other maritime possessions of Portugal. At length, all things being in readiness, Colum-

bus and his whole crew partook of the sacrament, and confessed themselves, after the devout manner of the ancient Spanish voyagers, when engaged in any important enterprise ; and on the morning of the 3d of August, 1492, the intrepid navigator, bidding adieu to the Old World, launched forth on that unfathomed waste of waters where no sail had been ever spread before.

It is impossible to peruse the story of Columbus without assigning to him almost exclusively the glory of his great discovery ; for, from the first moment of its conception to that of its final execution, he was encountered by every species of mortification and embarrassment, with scarcely a heart to cheer, or a hand to help him. Those more enlightened persons, whom, during his long residence in Spain, he succeeded in interesting in his expedition, looked to it probably as the means of solving a dubious problem, with the same sort of vague and skeptical curiosity as to its successful result with which we contemplate, in our day, an attempt to arrive at the Northwest Passage. How feeble was the interest excited, even among those who, from their science and situation, would seem to have their attention most naturally drawn towards it, may be inferred from the infrequency of allusion to it in the correspondence and other writings of that time, previous to the actual discovery. Peter Martyr, one of the most accomplished scholars of the period, whose residence at the Castilian court must have fully instructed him in the designs of Columbus, and whose inquisitive mind led him subsequently to take the

deepest interest in the results of his discoveries, does not, so far as I am aware, allude to him in any part of his voluminous correspondence with the learned men of his time, previous to the first expedition. The common people regarded, not merely with apathy, but with terror, the prospect of a voyage that was to take the mariner from the safe and pleasant seas which he was accustomed to navigate, and send him roving on the boundless wilderness of waters, which tradition and superstitious fancy had peopled with innumerable forms of horror.

It is true that Columbus experienced a most honorable reception at the Castilian court ; such as naturally flowed from the benevolent spirit of Isabella, and her just appreciation of his pure and elevated character. But the queen was too little of a proficient in science to be able to estimate the merits of his hypothesis ; and as many of those on whose judgment she leaned deemed it chimerical, it is probable that she never entertained a deep conviction of its truth ; at least, not enough to warrant the liberal expenditure which she never refused to schemes of real importance. This is certainly inferred by the paltry amount actually expended on the armament, — far inferior to that appropriated to the equipment of two several fleets in the course of the late war for a foreign expedition, as well as that with which, in the ensuing year, she followed up Columbus's discoveries.

But while, on a review of the circumstances, we are led more and more to admire the constancy and unconquerable spirit which carried Columbus victorious

through all the difficulties of his undertaking, we must remember, in justice to Isabella, that although tardily, she did, in fact, furnish the resources essential to its execution; that she undertook the enterprise when it had been explicitly declined by other powers, and when probably none other of that age would have been found to countenance it; and that, after once plighting her faith to Columbus, she became his steady friend, shielding him against the calumnies of his enemies, reposing in him the most generous confidence, and serving him in the most acceptable manner, by supplying ample resources for the prosecution of his glorious discoveries.

Northwest Passage: The desire to find a practicable passage to China by the north of the American continent was the cause of many Arctic expeditions in our century. The passage is so difficult as to be unavailable for commercial purposes, but the desire to discover it has given rise to much geographical knowledge.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

From KEATS'S *Sonnet on Chapman's Homer*.

58. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

By Daniel Webster



DANIEL WEBSTER

DANIEL WEBSTER (Jan. 18, 1782-Oct. 24, 1852) was a man great in different walks of life: he was a great lawyer and a great statesman. Probably, however, he will be chiefly remembered, not merely as a striking personality or as a wonderful orator alone, but as a great public character, as one of those who has fitly voiced the sentiment of a whole people. His greatness as a lawyer can be appreciated by a few only; his position as a statesman was bitterly opposed by some of the purest souls of his time and has been unfavorably judged. But time will hardly rob him of having been for a long time the representative

voice of the United States in matters of statecraft and history. His orations on great events and on great characters will always impress many who would not care for the speech on the White murder or on Henry Clay's compromise. Such a speech is that commemorating the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, who died on the same day, and that July 4.

MR. ADAMS and Mr. Jefferson, fellow-citizens, were successively Presidents of the United States. The comparative merits of their respective administrations for a long time agitated and divided public opinion. They were rivals, each supported by numerous and powerful portions of the people, for the highest office. This contest, partly the cause and partly the consequence of the long existence of two great political parties in the country, is now part of the history

of our government. We may naturally regret that anything should have occurred to create difference and discord between those who had acted harmoniously and efficiently in the great concerns of the Revolution. But this is not the time, nor this the occasion, for entering into the grounds of that difference, or for attempting to discuss the merits of the questions which it involves. As practical questions they were canvassed when the measures which they regarded were acted on and adopted; and as belonging to history, the time has not come for their consideration.

It is, perhaps, not wonderful, that when the Constitution of the United States first went into operation, different opinions should be entertained as to the extent of the powers conferred by it. Here was a natural source of diversity of sentiment. It is still less wonderful, that that event, nearly contemporary with our government under the present Constitution, which so entirely shocked all Europe and disturbed our relations with her leading powers, should be thought, by different men, to have different bearings on our own prosperity; and that the early measures adopted by the government of the United States in consequence of this new state of things should be seen in opposite lights. It is for the future historian, when what now remains of prejudice and misconception shall have passed away, to state these different opinions and pronounce impartial judgment. In the meantime, all good men rejoice, and well may rejoice, that the sharpest differences sprung out of measures which, whether right or wrong, have ceased with the exigencies that

gave them birth, and have left no permanent effect either on the Constitution or on the general prosperity of the country. This remark, I am aware, may be supposed to have its exception in one measure, the alteration of the Constitution as to the mode of choosing President; but it is true in its general application. Thus the course of policy pursued toward France in 1798, on the one hand, and the measures of commercial restriction commenced in 1807, on the other, both subjects of warm and severe opposition, have passed away and left nothing behind them. They were temporary, and whether wise or unwise, their consequences were limited to their respective occasions. It is equally clear, at the same time, and it is equally gratifying, that those measures of both administrations which were of durable importance, and which drew after them momentous and long-remaining consequences, have received general approbation. Such was the organization, or rather the creation, of the navy, in the administration of Mr. Adams; such the acquisition of Louisiana, in that of Mr. Jefferson. The country, it may safely be added, is not likely to be willing either to approve, or to reprobate, indiscriminately and in the aggregate, all the measures of either, or of any, administration. The dictate of reason and of justice is, that, holding each one his own sentiments on the points of difference, we imitate the great men themselves in the forbearance and moderation which they have cherished, and in the mutual respect and kindness which they have been so much inclined to feel and to reciprocate.

No men, fellow-citizens, ever served their country

with more entire exemption from every imputation of selfish and mercenary motives than those to whose memory we are paying these proofs of respect. A suspicion of any disposition to enrich themselves, or to profit by their public employments, never rested on either. No sordid motive approached them. The inheritance which they have left to their children is of their character and their fame.

Fellow-citizens, I will detain you no longer by this faint and feeble tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. Even in other hands, adequate justice could not be done to them within the limits of this occasion. Their highest, their best praise, is your deep conviction of their merits, your affectionate gratitude for their labors and their services. It is not my voice, it is this cessation of ordinary pursuits, this arresting of all attention, these solemn ceremonies, and this crowded house, which speak their eulogy. Their fame, indeed, is safe. That is now treasured up beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, molder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with American Liberty it rose, and with American Liberty only can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir, "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore." I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, "Their name liveth evermore."

Of the illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence there now remains only Charles Carroll. He seems an aged oak standing alone on the plain, which time has spared a little longer after all its contemporaries have been leveled with the dust. Venerable object! we delight to gather round its trunk while yet it stands, and to dwell beneath its shadow. Sole survivor of an assembly of as great men as the world has witnessed, in a transaction one of the most important that history records, what thoughts, what interesting reflections, must fill his elevated and devout soul! If he dwell on the past, how touching its recollections; if he survey the present, how happy, how joyous, how full of the fruition of that hope which his ardent patriotism indulged; if he glance at the future, how does the prospect of his country's advancement almost bewilder his weakened conception! Fortunate, distinguished patriot! Interesting relic of the past! Let him know that, while we honor the dead, we do not forget the living; and that there is not a heart here which does not fervently pray that Heaven may keep him yet back from the society of his companions.

And now, fellow-citizens, let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this

sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and what we possess we owe to this liberty and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry, the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands and seas and skies to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and benefits of this liberty and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing, let us feel it deeply and powerfully, let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often and dwell on too long, cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well until they understand and feel its importance and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is that we may judge justly of our situation and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge upon you this consideration of our position and our character among the nations of the earth. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have maintained them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of others to our own, and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness.

Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

political parties: Adams had been a Federalist, Jefferson a Democrat.

canvassed: publicly considered.

that event: the French Revolution.

mode . . . President: The mode originally prescribed in the Constitution was changed by amendment.

Louisiana: purchased from France in 1803, included not merely the state of that name, but a very great part of our country west of the Mississippi.

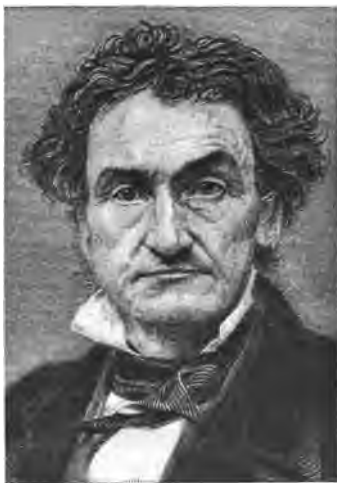
now: *i.e.*, in the year 1826.

“Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablist of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, ‘This is our Yankee Englishman, such limbs we make in Yankee land!’ As a logic fencer, or parliamentary Hercules, one would be inclined to back him at first sight against the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face, the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be *blown*, the mastiff mouth accurately closed,—I have not traced so much of silent Berserkir rage that I remember in any man.”

THOMAS CARLYLE: *Correspondence with Emerson.*

59. EULOGY ON WEBSTER

By Rufus Choate



RUFUS CHOATE

RUFUS CHOATE (Oct. 1, 1799–July 13, 1859) was a distinguished lawyer and statesman. Like Webster he was educated at Dartmouth College, and practiced law in Boston. Like Webster, he represented Massachusetts in the Senate. His Eulogy on Webster, then, is a most interesting speech aside from its own excellence. Our extract includes the passage which characterizes Webster's oratory, and offers the means of a valuable comparison between the manner of his subject and his own. Webster himself once said: "When I was a young man and first entered the law, my style of oratory was as round and flord

as Choate's. I do not think it the best. It is not according to my taste."

YOU are now to add to this his extraordinary power of influencing the convictions of others by speech, and you have completed the survey of the means of his greatness. And here again I begin, by admiring an aggregate made up of excellences and triumphs ordinarily deemed incompatible. He spoke with consummate ability to the bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to

every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed. In the halls of Congress, before the people assembled for political discussion in masses, before audiences smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or of the dead,—in each of these, again, his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted also to the critical proprieties of the place; each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence,—some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree; and yet, stranger still, when reduced to writing, as they fell from his lips, they composed a body of reading,—in many volumes,—solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony,—a classical and permanent political literature.

And yet all these modes of his eloquence, exactly adapted each to its stage and its end, were stamped with his image and superscription, identified by characteristics incapable to be counterfeited and impossible to be mistaken. The same high power of reason intent in every one to explore and display some truth; some truth of judicial, or historical, or biographical fact; some truth of law, deduced by construction, perhaps, or by illation; some truth of policy, for want whereof a nation,—generations, may be the worse,—reason seeking and unfolding truth; the same tone in all, of deep earnestness, expressive of strong desire that that which he felt to be important should be accepted as true and spring up to action; the same transparent, plain, forcible, and direct speech, conveying his exact thought to the mind,—not something less or more;

the same sovereignty of form, of brow, and eye, and tone, and manner, — everywhere the intellectual king of men, standing before you ; that same marvelousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the ordering of ideas, in felicities indescribable, by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended, — truth seemed more true, probability more plausible, greatness more grand, goodness more awful, every affection more tender, than when coming from other tongues, — these are, in all, his eloquence. But sometimes it became individualized and discriminated even from itself ; sometimes place and circumstances, great interests at stake, a stage, an audience fitted for the highest historic action, a crisis, personal or national, upon him, stirred the depths of that emotional nature, as the anger of the goddess stirs the sea on which the great epic is beginning ; strong passions, themselves kindled to intensity, quickened every faculty to a new life ; the stimulated associations of ideas brought all treasures of thought and knowledge within command ; the spell which often held his imagination fast dissolved, and she arose and gave him to choose of her urn of gold ; earnestness became vehemence, the simple, perspicuous, measured, and direct language became a headlong, full, and burning tide of speech ; the discourse of reason, wisdom, gravity, and beauty changed to that rarest, consummate eloquence, — grand, rapid, pathetic, terrible ; the master triumph of man in the rarest opportunity of his noblest power.

Such elevation above himself in congressional debate

was most uncommon. Some such there were in the great discussions of executive power following the removal of the deposits, which they who heard them will never forget, and some which rest in the tradition of hearers only. But there were other fields of oratory on which, under the influence of more uncommon springs of inspiration, he exemplified, in still other forms, an eloquence in which I do not know that he has a superior among men. Addressing masses by tens of thousands in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day, or designated to lead the meditations of an hour devoted to the remembrance of some national era, or of some incident marking the progress of the nation and lifting him up to a view of what is and what is past, and some indistinct revelation of the glory that lies in the future, or of some great historical name, just borne by the nation to his tomb—we have learned that then and there, at the base of Bunker Hill, before the corner stone was laid, and again when from the finished column the centuries looked on him; in Faneuil Hall, mourning for those with whose spoken or written eloquence of freedom its arches had so often resounded; on the rock of Plymouth; before the capitol, of which there shall not be one stone left on another, before his memory shall have ceased to live—in such scenes, unfettered by the laws of forensic or parliamentary debate; multitudes uncounted lifting up their eyes to him; some great historical scenes of America around; all symbols of her glory and art and power and fortune there; voices of the past not unheard; shapes beckoning from the

future, not unseen — sometimes that mighty intellect, borne upwards to a height and kindled to an illumination which we shall see no more, wrought out, as it were, in an instant, a picture of vision, warning, prediction; the progress of the nation; the contrasts of its eras; the heroic deaths; the motives to patriotism; the maxims and arts imperial by which the glory has been gathered and may be heightened — wrote out, in an instant, a picture to fade only when all record of our mind shall die.

In looking over the public remains of his oratory, it is striking to remark how, even in that most sober and massive understanding and nature you see gathered and expressed the characteristic sentiments and the passing time of our America. It is the strong old oak ~~which~~ ascends before you; yet our soil, our heaven, are attested in it as perfectly as if it were a flower of the year or day. Let me instance in one thing only. It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and character of the speaker, but a national consciousness, a national mood, a hope, a dread, a despair, in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes; such as breathes grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah; such as gave a spell to the expression of Grattan and of Kossuth — the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter or which man may hear, — the eloquence of a perishing

nation. There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth; such as that in which the leader of Israel in its first days holds up to the new nation the Land of Promise; such as that which in the well-imagined speeches scattered by Livy over the history of the "majestic series of victories," speaks the Roman consciousness of growing aggrandizement which should subject the world; such as that through which at the tribunes of her revolution, in the bulletins of her rising soldier, France told to the world her dream of glory. And of this kind somewhat is ours; cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a state beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of itself. It is to no purpose that they tell you it is in bad taste; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity; that a true national good-breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the nation is old or young; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb; whether these courses of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed. Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators and poets and artists to

erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the rock, the monument, the capitol, and bid "the distant generations hail!"

In this connection remark, somewhat more generally, to how extraordinary an extent he had by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us, with every historical epoch; with every policy; with every glory; with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which is peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the revolutionary drama, — to the age of the Constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be Republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be Unionists, — look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected, — look on the bright sisterhood of the states, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common beam and swelling a common harmony, — and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America.

We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass

that "our granite hills, our inland seas and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness"; our encircling ocean; the resting place of the Pilgrims; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools; all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy and law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on; what subject of American interest will you study; what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge that does not recall him?

to this: Choate has been speaking of Webster's personal presence and dignity.

canon: in this case, rule, principle.

or . . . dead: as in the case of the oration from which the extract from Webster is taken.

illation: inference.

epic: the "Æneid."

deposits: The removal of the deposits of United States money from the Bank of the United States was one of the acts of Andrew Jackson, when President; hence speeches on his right to do so are called "discussions of executive power."

forensic: pertaining to the bar.

Grattan: the Irish patriot.

Kossuth: a Hungarian leader, who visited the United States.

some great historical name: as in the case of the preceding extract.

leader of Israel: in the song of Moses. Deuteronomy, chap. xxii.

there is nothing: *i.e.*, he had spoken on all these themes.

new-born sister: California had been admitted to the union in 1850, three years before this speech.

60. CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONU-
MENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE name of Emerson is so identified with Concord, he was himself so representative of the spirit of the American Republic, that this poem should be known by all.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone ;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

It was before the bridge over the Concord River that the minute men opposed the British, April 19, 1775.

creeps : The river is not very swift. It flows into the Merrimac, and so into the sea.

61. THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By Edward E. Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (born in Boston, April 3, 1822) has written much, but he is most widely known by a story which was almost his first. In the middle of the Civil War, when patriotism was strained to its utmost, and there were symptoms of disloyalty here and there at the North, there appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" an article called "The Man without a Country." It purported to be the true story of a young man who had been implicated in the treason of Aaron Burr and had been brought to trial at the same time that Burr was tried. In the trial, on being asked if he wished to say anything to show that he had been true to the United States, he had cried out hastily that he had had enough of the United States and wished he might never hear of the United States again. The court ordered that he should have his wish, and directed that for the remainder of his life he should be kept on one ship or another of the United States navy, with great precaution that he should never hear a single word of his country. The story shows how, now and then, it happened that the idea of home and country was by accident forced upon him,—and how he felt when it was.

I SAY this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet, and then leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was

the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out "The Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book, and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?—
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well,”—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,—

“For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,”—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, “And by Jove,” said Phillips, “we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him.”

[On a later occasion the ship on which was Philip Nolan overhauled a slaver and freed the slaves. It happened that Nolan was the only man aboard who could talk Portuguese, which was the only European language the slaves understood. So he told them that they were free and should be set ashore at Cape Palmas. But this did not seem to please them, and the captain asked Nolan why. Nolan interpreted:—]

“He says, ‘Not Palmas.’ He says, ‘Take us home; take us to our own country; take us to our own house; take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.’ He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his

people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words he said :—

"Tell them yes, yes, yes ; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home."

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long ; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me : "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant

home to his heaven. Stick by your family, boy ; forget that you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy ; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag ; never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day !"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me ; but he did, almost in a whisper, say : "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age !"

the Bermudas : It has been thought that the scene of "The Tempest" was laid in the Bermudas.

"Breathes there a man" : The passage is the introduction to Canto VI.

did not understand : The one who tells this part of the story did not know the story of Nolan.

62. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe



JULIA WARD HOWE

At the beginning of the Civil War the forces of the Northern States were encamped near Washington, where throngs of friends visited the men daily, bringing words of cheer and encouragement. Among these visitors came one day a woman whose voice and pen had been devoted to furthering the freedom of the negroes, the question which had placed the North and South in active strife. Shortly after this visit there appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," a Boston magazine, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," a poem whose spirited lines appealed at once to the patriotic Northern senti-

ment. The writer of this poem, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was born in New York City, May 27, 1819, and is a descendant of men who fought for liberty in Revolutionary days. After her marriage to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, she published her first volume of poems, followed later by other works both in verse and prose. But her literary reputation rests chiefly upon the "Battle Hymn," which has been sung by camp fires, at national gatherings, and religious services. The rhythm of the poem suggests the tramp of marching feet, and its tone is of trust and heroism. Mrs. Howe has all her life been identified with movements for the benefit of the poor and oppressed, and, though from her advanced age she is removed from active work, she still retains interest in every cause for the good of humanity.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword :

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps :

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel :
“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
His heel !

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment-seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me :
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

63. ADDRESSES

By Abraham Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Hardin County, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809, and died in Washington, April 15, 1865. Perhaps nothing is more extraordinary about this great man than that he should find a place among the authors and orators of his country. That a man almost wholly without early education, except such as he could give himself, should have thus excelled others who had had every advantage, is but one of many evidences of intellectual power. The first of the two speeches following owes its fame largely to its perfect sincerity of thought and its perfect simplicity of statement. For the first, Lincoln

had always been absolutely honest ; for the second, he had always read the Bible. The Second Inaugural is only a little less noteworthy for the same qualities.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Fourscore and seven : this speech was delivered at the dedication of the battlefield as a national cemetery. The battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, 1863; the cemetery was dedicated, Nov. 19, 1863.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

At this second appearing to take the oath of Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, on which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the Inaugural Address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would

accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained: neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued

through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none ; with charity for all ; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in ; to bind up the nation's wounds ; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

This address was delivered on the occasion of Lincoln's inauguration for his second term as President, March 4, 1865 ; it was only six weeks before his assassination.

64. ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

By Henry Ward Beecher

HENRY WARD BEECHER (June 24, 1813–March 8, 1887) was one of the most eminent preachers of his time. He was also, however, a reformer, an editor, a philanthropist, a man of active public spirit; in fact, ready to make his great powers tell wherever there was opportunity for good. Perhaps his greatest single public service was his series of speeches in England, during the Civil War, in which he put his cause in the true light before the people of that country. He was long minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where the following oration on the death of Lincoln was pronounced.



HENRY WARD BEECHER

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dealt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness: had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in

wars until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan, only, lay between them and "the promised land." The Promised Land! Oh what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely foreshadowed place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day; it was holy and endeared as God's favored spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him: "Thou mayest not go over. Get thee up into the mountain; look upon it; and die!"

From that silent summit the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. This was but a moment's anguish; he forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King, the sphere of judges and prophets, the Mount of sorrow and salvation, the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass

over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people! Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men at home were striking: upon it foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms: and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one, such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope that it might not be premature, and hope against caution that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sins of his people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out of the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land.

Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us.

Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul ! Thou hast indeed entered into the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remain the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching ; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, O weary heart ! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered ! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee forevermore. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as a star is above the clouds, that hide us but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought here in vain ; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy of final victory was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men

embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure ; that our government was firmer than ever ; that the land was cleansed of plague ; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings ; that blood was stanchd, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon ; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth,—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days,—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour, under the blow of a single bereavement, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy ; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight without a space between !

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accus-

tomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its firstborn were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The great city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The huge Leviathan lay down and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

[Following is the conclusion of the sermon.]

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at

every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead — dead — dead — he yet speaketh ! Is Washington dead ? Is Hampden dead ? Is David dead ? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live ? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome ! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace ! Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here ; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor.

Four years ago, O Illinois ! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people ; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's ; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, ye prairies ! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall make pilgrimage to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds, that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem ! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty !

Jewish lawgiver : The text for this sermon was Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1-5.

November of 1860 : the time of Lincoln's election to the Presidency.

joy of final victory : the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

triumphal march : The body of Lincoln was carried to Spring-

field, Ill., by the same route by which Lincoln had come from Illinois to Washington to be inaugurated. The funeral journey was fourteen days in progress.

65. FROM THE COMMEMORATION ODE

By James Russell Lowell

At the close of the Civil War, Harvard University dedicated a Memorial Hall to those of her sons who had fallen in the great struggle. Lowell was called upon for an ode for the occasion. The war had stirred his nature to its depths, — both as a public event and by private grief, — and he produced a poem which for nobility of thought and expression is his greatest achievement.

[The following are the lines on Abraham Lincoln.]

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with a passion of an angry grief :
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
 They knew that outward grace is dust ;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind ;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
 Yet also drawn to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface
 And thwart her genial will :
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
 I praise him not ; it were too late,
 And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate,
 So always firmly he :
 He knew to bide his time

And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These are all gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

from present things : The especial topic of the occasion was the Harvard men who had fallen in the war. Lowell turns from them to speak of Lincoln, the great leader of the war.

us : dative.

sea-mark now : at one time so clear as to be easily seen from the sea and a help to sailors, at another hidden by clouds.

Plutarch's men : Lowell had in mind the strength and simplicity of the figures drawn by Plutarch, for whom see p. 240.

66. COLLEGE

By Donald Grant Mitchell

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1822. He was graduated from Yale College, and tried his hand at the law, but, as is often the case, found himself better fitted for literature. The confinement of professional work was bad for his health, and for some time he traveled abroad. Returning to New York, he published one or two books in the taste of the day, but in 1850 he wrote "The Reveries of a Bachelor," under the name of Ik Marvel. The book met with a warm welcome, and remains popular because it has so much genuine human feeling. A few years afterwards he purchased a farm on the outskirts of New Haven, where he has since lived. His surroundings have given an open-air character to his later writings that is very charming.

SCHOOLMATES slip out of sight and knowledge and are forgotten ; or if you meet them, they bear another character ; the boy is not there. It is a new acquaintance that you make, with nothing of your fellow upon the benches, but the name. Though the eye and face cleave to your memory, and you meet them afterward, and think you have met a friend — the voice or the action will break the charm, and you find only — another man.

But with your classmates in that later school, where form and character were both nearer ripeness, and where knowledge labored for together, bred the first manly sympathies, — it is different. And as you meet them, or hear of them, the thought of their advance makes a measure of their own — it makes a measure of the NOW.

You judge of your happiness by theirs — of your progress by theirs, and of your prospects by theirs. If one is happy, you seek to trace out the way by which he has wrought his happiness ; you consider how it differs from your own ; and you think with sighs, how you might possibly have wrought the same ; but now it has escaped. If another has won some honorable distinction, you fall to thinking, how the man — your old equal, as you thought, upon the college benches — has outrun you. It pricks to effort and teaches the difference between now and then. Life with all its duties, and hopes, gathers upon your Present, like a great weight, or like a storm ready to burst. It is met anew ; it pleads more strongly ; and action, that has been neglected, rises before you — a giant of remorse.

Stop not, loiter not, look not backward, if you would be among the foremost! The great NOW, so quick, so broad, so fleeting, is yours; in an hour it will belong to the eternity of the Past. The temper of Life is to be made good by big honest blows; stop striking, and you will do nothing; strike feebly, and you will do almost as little. Success rides on every hour: grapple it, and you may win; but without a grapple, it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and who lacks the weapon, will never triumph.

There were some seventy of us — all scattered now. I meet one here and there at wide distances apart, and we talk together of old days, and of our present work and life, — and separate. Just so ships at sea, in murky weather, will shift their course to come within hailing distance, and compare their longitude and — part. One I have met wandering in southern Italy, dreaming as I was dreaming — over the tomb of Virgil. It seemed strange to talk of our old readings in Tacitus there upon classic ground; but we did, and ran on to talk of our lives; and sitting down upon the promontory of Baie, looking off upon that blue sea, as clear as the classics, we told each other our respective stories. And two nights after, upon the quay, in sight of Vesuvius, which shed a lurid glow upon the sky, that was reflected from the white walls of the Hotel de Russie, and from the broad lava pavements, we parted — he to wander among the isles of the Ægean, and I to turn northward.

Another time, as I was wandering among those mysterious figures that crowd the foyer of the French

opera upon a night of the Masked Ball, I saw a familiar face ; I followed it with my eye, until I became convinced. He did not know me until I named his old seat upon the bench of the Division Room and the hard-faced Tutor G——. Then we talked of the old rivalries, and Christmas jollities, and of this and that one, whom we had come upon in our wayward tracks ; nor did we tire of comparing the old memories, with the unearthly gayety of the scene about us, until daylight broke.

In a quiet mountain town of New England, I came not long since upon another : he was hale and hearty, and pushing his lawyer work with just the same nervous energy with which he used to recite a theorem of Euclid. He was father, too, of a couple of stout, curly-pated boys ; and his good woman, as he called her, appeared a sensible, honest, good-natured lady. I must say that I envied him his wife, much more than I had envied my companion of the opera — his Domino.

I happened only a little while ago to drop into the college chapel of a Sunday. There were the same hard oak benches below, and the lucky fellows who enjoyed a corner seat, were leaning back upon the rail, after the old fashion. The tutors were perched up in their side boxes, looking as prim, and serious, and important as ever. The same stout Doctor read the hymn in the same rhythmical way ; and he prayed the same prayer, for (I thought) the same old sort of sinners. As I shut my eyes to listen, it seemed as if the intermediate years had all gone out ; and that I was on my pew bench, and thinking out those little

schemes for excuses or for effort which were to relieve me, or to advance me, in my college world.

There was a pleasure, like the pleasure of dreaming about forgotten joys—in listening to the Doctor's sermon: he began in the same half-embarrassed, half-awkward way; and fumbled at his Bible leaves, and the poor pinched cushion, as he did long before. But as he went on with his rusty and polemic vigor, the poetry within him would now and then warm his soul into a burst of fervid eloquence, and his face would glow, and his hands tremble, and the cushion and the Bible leaves be all forgot, in the glow of his thought, until with half cough, and a pinch at the cushion, he fell back into his strong but tread-mill argumentation.

In the corner above was the stately, white-haired professor, wearing the old dignity of carriage, and a smile as bland, as if the years had all been playthings; and had I seen him in his lecture room, I daresay I should have found the same suavity of address, the same marvelous currency of talk, and the same infinite composure over the exploding retorts.

Near him was the silver-haired old gentleman, — with a very astute expression, — who used to have an odd habit of tightening his cloak about his nether limbs. I could not see that his eye was any the less bright; nor did he seem less eager to catch at the handle of some witticism, or bit of satire, — to the poor student's cost. I remembered my old awe of him, I must say, with something of a grudge; but I had got fairly over it now. There are sharper griefs in life than a professor's talk.

Farther on, I saw the long-faced, dark-haired man, who looked as if we were always near some explosive, electric battery, or upon an insulated stool. He was, I believe, a man of fine feelings; but he had a way of reducing all action to dry, hard, mathematical system, with very little poetry about it. I know there was not much poetry in his problems in physics, and still less in his half-yearly examinations. But I do not dread them now.

Over opposite, I was glad to see still, the aged head of the kind and generous old man, who in my day presided over the college; and who carried with him the affections of each succeeding class,—added to their respect for his learning. This seems a higher triumph to me now than it seemed then. A strong mind or a cultivated mind may challenge respect; but there is needed a noble one, to win affection.

A new man now filled his place in the president's seat; but he was one whom I had known, and been proud to know. His figure was bent, and thin—the very figure that an old Flemish master would have chosen for a scholar. His eye had a kind of piercing luster, as if it had long been fixed on books; and his expression—when unrelieved by his affable smile—was that of hard midnight toil. With all his polish of mind, he was a gentleman at heart; and treated us always with a manly courtesy that is not forgotten.

But of all the faces that used to be ranged below—four hundred men and boys—there was not one with whom to join hands, and live back again. Their griefs, joys, and toil were chaining them to their labor of life.

Each one in his thought, coursing over a world as wide as my own;—how many thousand worlds of thought upon this one world of ours.

I stepped dreamily through the corridors of the old Athenæum, thinking of that first, fearful step, when the faces were new, and the stern tutor was strange, and the prolix Livy so hard. I went up at night, and skulked around the buildings, when the lights were blazing from all the windows, and they were busy with their tasks—plain tasks, and easy tasks,—because they are certain tasks. Happy fellows—thought I—who have only to do what is set before you to be done. But the time is coming, and very fast, when you must not only do, but know what to do. The time is coming, where in place of your one master, you will have a thousand masters—masters of duty, of business, of pleasure, and of grief—giving you harder lessons, each one of them, than any of your Fluxions.

MORNING will pass, and the NOON will come—hot and scorching.

seventy: in the class of '41 at Yale.

Euclid: The work of Euclid on geometry is still the basis of all text-books on the subject.

domino: a kind of cloak worn at a masked ball, or, as here, the wearer.

Athenæum: the building of one of the students' societies.

Fluxions: a mathematical method invented by Isaac Newton, practically the same as that commonly called the calculus.

67. A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

MRS. BROWNING (born March 6, 1806; died June 30, 1861) was herself a poet long before she married the great poet whose name she bears. Elizabeth Barrett was a girl with an extraordinary gift for learning, and early began to read even the classic poets and to write poetry herself. She began to publish her poems at the age of twenty-six, and was at once recognized as one of the foremost Englishwomen in her especial field. In 1843 she wrote "The Cry of the Children," as well known as any of her poems, and about this time she first met Robert Browning, to whom she was married three years afterward. The remainder of her life was passed in Italy, whither she was taken by her husband on account of ill health in England. Here she wrote her greatest and most characteristic work, "Aurora Leigh." Mrs. Browning rather lacks the insight into life and character that we often include in our conception of a great poet, but she had those qualities which are more poetic, — aspiration, fervor, devotion.

I

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

II

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III

High on the shore sat the great god Pan
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

V

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
"The only way, since gods began,
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man :
 The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain, —
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Pan was the Greek god of nature. He was conceived by them as having the head and body of a man and the legs of a goat. He was the inventor of the syrinx, or shepherd's flute, called from him Pan's pipes. In the poem he is making a musical pipe out of a reed. To do this he has to cut the reed to pieces, destroy its natural beauty, and take out its pith. But when the work is finished, he produces exquisite music from "the poor dry empty thing."

ban : evil, destruction.

it : the reed.

sign . . . **leaf** : *i.e.* it was no longer a thing of nature.

how . . . **river** : *i.e.* how beautiful it had been.

68. NIL NISI BONUM

By William Makepeace Thackeray

THACKERAY (born July 18, 1811 ; died Dec. 24, 1863) is most famous as a novelist, as the author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and "Pendennis." But though he wrote great novels he also wrote much else. In his youth he thought of being a painter. When he found this impossible, he became a journalist, writing chiefly for "Punch." In time he discovered his power as a novelist and produced the work which is his greatest title to fame. Toward the end of his life he became the editor of "The Cornhill Magazine," and here he found an opportunity for those charming and intimate little talks with his readers which he called the "Roundabout Papers." They are among the best examples of the true essay. On some subject which has occupied his mind the author gives us his reflections, without stiffness or

formality, making us feel that we are listening to the conversation of some older friend who tells us of the thoughts that pass through his mind. Our extract is of particular interest because it refers to authors whom we have already come to know.

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. This is no review, or history, or criticism: only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with these two eminent men. One was the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet, and socially the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart?

Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did; to inflame a national rancor which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to understand how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. . . .

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends, some few most dearly loved relatives, and multitudes of admiring readers deplore, our republic has already decreed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this posthumous honor. He is not a poet and man of letters merely, but citizen, statesman, a great British worthy. Almost from the first moment when he appears, amongst boys, amongst college students, amongst men, he is marked, and takes easy rank as a great Englishman. All sorts of suc-

cesses are easy to him: as a lad he goes down into the arena with others, and wins all the prizes to which he has a mind. A place in the senate is straightway offered to the young man. He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so minded, without party anger or intrigue, but not without party faith and a sort of heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still, he is poet and philosopher even more than orator. That he may have leisure and means to pursue his darling studies, he absents himself for a while, and accepts a richly remunerative post in the East. As learned a man may live in a cottage or a college common room; but it always seemed to me that ample means and recognized rank were Macaulay's as of right. . . .

In this little paper let us keep to the text of *nil nisi bonum*. One paper I have read regarding Lord Macaulay says, "he had no heart." Why, a man's books may not always speak the truth, but they speak his mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me this man's heart is beating through every page he penned. He is always in a storm of revolt and indignation against wrong, craft, tyranny. How he cheers heroic resistance; how he backs and applauds freedom struggling for its own; how he hates scoundrels ever so victorious and successful; how he recognizes genius, though selfish villains possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart, might say that Johnson had none; and two men more generous, and more loving, and more hating, and more partial, and more noble, do not live in our history. Those who knew Lord Macaulay knew how admirably tender and generous and

affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theater footlights and call for bouquets from the gallery as he wept over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon, — and to him, indeed, it is addressed, — I say to him, “Bear Scott’s words in your mind, and *be good, my dear!*” Here are two literary men gone to their account, and *laus deo*, as far as we know, it is fair and open and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted, each pursuing his calling; each speaking his truth as God bade him; each honest in his life, dear and irreproachable in his dealings; dear to his friends, honored by his country, beloved at his fireside. It has been the fortunate lot of both to give incalculable happiness and delight to the world which thanks them in return with an immense kindness, respect, affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to *our service*. We may not win the bâton or epaulettes, but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag.

Nil Nisi Bonum: part of a Latin phrase meaning “Nothing but good [should be said] of the dead.”

Sir Walter: Scott.

two men: Washington Irving and Lord Macaulay.

Goldsmith: see p. 185.

Gibbon: the historian, author of “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

first ambassador: Irving passed many years in Europe.

pater patriæ: the father of his country, Washington.

ate . . . salt: To eat bread and salt or take a meal was, with the Arabs, a sign of friendship.

senate: Macaulay had a seat in Parliament at the age of thirty.

accepts . . . East: In 1834 Macaulay went to India as legal member of the Supreme Council of the East India Company.

Johnson: See p. 491.

his business: There was no reason for him to make public his family feeling.

laus deo: praise be to God.

bâton or epaulettes: the insignia of a commanding officer.

69. THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

By Thomas Moore

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and died at Bromham, England, Feb. 25, 1852. He is now known chiefly by his songs. In his own day, however, his romantic poems, "Lalla Rookh" and others, were considered highly delightful. Changes of taste, which often deal hardly with the great works of men, have now put them in the background. His "Irish Melodies" were always favorites, and their lasting popularity shows that they have more genuine claim to public favor than his longer poems. The "Canadian Boat Song" is perhaps even better known.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brother, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Ottawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, —
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs !
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

70. STUDIES

By Francis Bacon

FRANCIS BACON was born in London, Jan. 22, 1561, and died there, April 9, 1626. He is often called Sir Francis Bacon, for he inherited the title, of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and sometimes, but not accurately, Lord Bacon, for he was created Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. He was a great man in the world of state and in the world of letters. As a politician and a statesman there are two opinions: he has been severely blamed and highly praised. As a man of letters, however, there can be no doubt that his service to the world of thought was very great. His deeper, more philosophic works are not generally read, but there are few who cannot appreciate in some degree the wisdom of the *Essays*. They are very condensed little



FRANCIS BACON

pieces, very full of meaning. There is hardly a sentence which, although we readily get at its meaning, does not suggest large fields of thought hinted at but not expressed. One should not read over these few sentences hastily; each one should be carefully thought over to get some idea of its implication as well as its more obvious meaning.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, as in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsel, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but what is a wisdom, without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.

Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

"Studies become habits;" nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises: bowling is good for the stone and the reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like; so, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find a difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Splitters of cumin seeds." If he be not apt to beat over matters and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

in . . . retiring: *i.e.* the personal pleasure of withdrawing from the world.

counsel: advice.

humor: eccentric disposition.

by deputy: *i.e.* one can get some one else to do it.

distilled: *i.e.* you cannot get the best out of them except by reading them yourselves.

moral: *sc.* philosophy.

schoolmen: philosophers of the Middle Ages.

splitters of cummin seeds: like the Pharisees of old.

71. HYPERION

By John Keats

JOHN KEATS was born in London, Oct. 29, 1795, and died in Rome, Feb. 23, 1821, where he was buried in the Protestant cemetery (see p. 236). Although little more than twenty-five years of age when he died, he had written poetry which entitles him to be called one of England's famous poets. His best poems are his shorter ones. "Endymion" was a longer poem in several books and has great faults as well as great beauties. It was harshly received by some of the critical reviews, and Keats was somewhat discouraged in his work upon another long poem, "Hyperion," and left it unfinished. The beginning of it is singularly beautiful, and is here given. The subject is the old god Saturn, who has been dethroned and cast down from his sovereignty by Jupiter. To him in his affliction comes his sister Thea.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more

By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptered ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
While his bowed head seemed list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world ;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pygmy's height : she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear

Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain :
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone :
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents ; Oh how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods.
"Saturn, look up ! — though wherefore, poor old King ?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one :
I cannot say, ' Oh wherefore sleepest thou,'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God ;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy scepter passed ; and all the air
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;
And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time ! O moments big as years !
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it só upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on : — O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave ;
So came these words and went : the while in tears
She touched her large fair forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern ;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet.

about . . . head : Saturn, the ancient god, was a Titan, conceived by the Greeks as of enormous size.

Naiad : the nymphs of fountain and river.

unsceptered : He had been cast from his kingdom by his son Jupiter.

Earth : The Titans were thought of as children of Heaven and Earth.

Goddess : She was Thea, the wife of Hyperion, the ancient Sun-god.

Amazon : The Amazons were a fabled race of warlike women. The Greeks seem to have been the first to conceive the idea, but it has cropped up here and there since their day. The great river of South America has its name from stories of warlike women living on its banks.

Achilles : the most powerful hero of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

Ixion was punished in Tartarus by revolving forever on a wheel.

72. WALDEN

By Henry D. Thoreau



HENRY D. THOREAU

THOREAU was born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817, lived there most of his life, and died there May 6, 1862. He was a curious mixture of book-lover and nature-lover. His knowledge of books was far closer than his knowledge of nature, but he needed nature more than he needed books; for books only gave him thoughts, and he could think for himself. What he really wanted in this world was freedom to think—and to act—as he pleased, and this he found impossible when he had any close connection with the common affairs of everyday life among men in general. He wished to escape

from such matters and not be bothered by them. Hence he took small part in the world about him. At one time he left it altogether, built a little house by a pond near Concord, and lived for a time very happily by himself. It is from his account of this experience—the book is called “Walden”—that our extract is taken.

George William Curtis wrote of him: “His knowledge was original. He was a fine-ear and a sharp-eye in the woods and fields; and he added to his knowledge of nature the wisdom of the most ancient times and of the best literature.” And Lowell says of his writings: “He had caught his English at its living source, among the poets and prose-writers of its best days; his literature was extensive and recondite; his quotations are always nuggets of the purest ore; there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language and thoughts as clearly crystallized; his metaphors and images are always fresh from the soil; he had watched Nature like a detective who is to go upon the stand; as we read him it seems as if all out-of-doors had kept

a diary and become its own Montaigne : we look at the landscape as in a Claude Lorraine glass ; compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's 'Selborne,' seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac."

WHEN first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, on the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the wall being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination, it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited the year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a traveling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted ; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but outside the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is

still rolled up in my garret ; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go out of doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The Harivansha says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds ; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade the villager,—the wood-thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field-sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord, and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that, our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground ; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond, it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a

mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and as the sun arose I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples, or its smooth, reflecting surface, was revealed ; while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rainstorm in August, when both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening and the wood-thrush sang around and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time ; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. From a hill-top near by, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides, sloping, toward each other, suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the northwest — those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint —

and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to, and float, the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent, but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated, and floated even, by this small sheet of intervening water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but *dry land*.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture enough for my imagination. The low scrub-oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose, stretched away toward the prairies of the west and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon," said Damodara, when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both time and place were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras of history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and

delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair, then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted : —

“There was a shepherd that did live,
And held his thoughts as high
As were the mounts whereon his flocks
Did hourly feed him by.”

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Montaigne : an old French essayist, always ready to tell the causes of his own thoughts.

Claude Lorraine glass : a kind of looking-glass made by covering one side of a piece of glass with black paint.

White's "Selborne" : see p. 213 for what Lowell says of it elsewhere.

Olympus : the dwelling-place of the Greek gods.

Harivansha : an old poem of Hindustan, perhaps twenty centuries old.

Pleiades : The Pleiades and the Hyades are small constellations; Aldebaran and Altair are single stars; the former, the most conspicuous of the Hyades, has been very famous in all ages.

73. THE CLOUD

By Percy Bysshe Shelley



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born in Sussex, England, Aug. 4, 1792, and died by drowning in the Gulf of Spezzia, July 8, 1822. He was a poet of very beautiful and spiritual ideas. Perhaps, unfortunately, he lived so wholly in the world of his own thought and feeling that he could often hardly appreciate the world of other men and women. One result was that many of his acts were thus very hasty and ill-judged; another was that much of his poetry is poetry of indignant revolt against the established order of society. That part of his poetry which attacked existing abuses will not probably live: the errors of that day were

corrected by more active men than Shelley. But that part of his poetry inspired by his own beautiful conception of life and his imaginative view of nature is of lasting value.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves, when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings ;

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

The orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, —
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

genii : disembodied spirits, supposed to influence human beings in certain ways, and to have their abiding-place in the sea, in streams, and other places of nature.

sanguine : red, ruddy.

rack : thin, flying clouds.

jag : a sharp notch or tooth.

cenotaph : an empty tomb, a monument erected to some one buried elsewhere.

74. FROM THE EASY CHAIR

By George William Curtis

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is a name associated with many of the most generous movements of the American people. In his youth he was interested in the curious experiment at Brook Farm. Later, he helped the antislavery cause. He was one of the brilliant lecturers who made the old Lyceum system such a power in the country. For many years he held important positions on "Harper's Magazine" and "Harper's Weekly." For the magazine he wrote every month the "Editor's Easy Chair," which thus became a series of essays not unlike "The Roundabout Papers," containing his wise and kindly comment on affairs public and semi-public, as they came to his eye.

THE TOWN

IN the city that we like to call the metropolis, the newspapers enable us to begin every day with the knowledge that yesterday Mr. and Mrs. A. entertained at dinner Messieurs and Mesdames B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, and J, and why is this precious knowledge imparted to us? Why are we not also taught what else they did during the day? Why do we learn nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Y and Z, at the other end of the alphabet in Baxter Street. For these good folks who are mentioned are in no way distinguished except for riches. If, indeed, they had done or said or written anything memorable, if they had painted fine pictures, or carved statues of mark, or designed noble buildings, or composed beautiful music, if they had effected humane reforms, had happily cheered or refined or enriched human life, or in any way had made the world better and men and women happier, the curiosity to hear of them and to see them, and to read of their daily course of life would be as intelligible as the pleas-

ure in seeing the birthplace of Burns, or walking in Anne Hathaway's garden, or hearing of Abraham Lincoln, or seeing Washington's bedstead and sitting in his chair.

But to read day after day in the paper this golden domesday book, the lists of rich people who ate terrapin together, or danced together in lace frills and white cravats afterward, is what might be done in some world of satire. But in a hard-working, sensible, Yankee world! You might say that nobody does read it; but the column of the newspaper which is devoted to this narrative, contrasted with the few paragraphs in which the important news from all parts of the globe is discussed, refutes you. The newspaper understands itself. It is a shrewd merchant who supplies the demand in the market.

But is there no other than a humiliating explanation of the fact? Is it only snobbishness, a mean admiration of mean things? Are we all essentially lackeys who love to wear a livery? Or is it not rather—all this interest in the small performances of those who, if distinguished for nothing else, are the distinguished favorites of fortune—the result of the ceaseless aspiration for a better condition and the instinct of the imagination to decorate our lives with the vision of a fairer circumstance than our own, and to revenge the tyranny of fate by the hope of heaven? If the fine Titania could sing to Bottom:—

“ Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.

* * * * *

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.”

Why should not our liberal fancy sing the same song to the Four Hundred? They may be deftly enchanted to our eyes if to no others, and to our own view Bottom also be translated.

It is not what they are, but what we believe them to be, of which we read in the newspapers. The poor sewing-girl, as she stitches her life away, "in poverty, hunger, and dirt," seeing unconsciously the fairy texture and costly delicacy of the robe she fashions, follows it in fancy to the form which is to wear it, and which to that fancy must needs be that of a most lovely and most gracious woman, because none other would that soft splendor of raiment befit. The lofty and benignant lady must needs also mate with her kind, and move only among those "learned and fair and good as she." All the circumstance of life must conform, and amid light and perfume and music, the unspeakable hours of such women, such men, glide by. The girl's head droops. For one brief moment she dreams, and the charmed life is real.

In a less degree, in our prosaic and plodding daily routine, we invest the life of the favorites of fortune with an ideal charm. It is to our fond fancy all that it might be. Those figures are not what Circe's wand might disclose. They are gods and goddesses feasting, and in happier moments we feign ourselves possible Ixions to be admitted to the celestial banquet. In the streets of the summer city their palaces are closed, their brilliant equipages are gone; they do not sparkle and murmur in their opera boxes, nor roll stately in slow lines along the trimmed avenues of the Park

But still the celestial life proceeds, a little out of sight, its lovely leisure brimmed with deeds becoming those who have no care but to do good and to transfigure their own fair fortune into a blessing for the world. We read the gross details of dress and dinner. But they remind us only more keenly of the ample resource, the boundless opportunity, which our favorites of fortune enjoy.

Thus, Orestes, we ponder the society column, not because we are snobs, but because our imaginations take fire; the hard narrowness and hard conditions of our lives are soothed as we contemplate those who have no excuse not to be our benefactors; and what they should be, our imaginations, benevolent to ourselves, assure us that they are.

domesday book: A domesday book was a book in which names and property were recorded in early times in England. The chief Domesday Book contains a sort of census ordered by William the Conqueror, and is thus a record of the property owners of that time.

translated: transformed; the word is so used in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when Bottom's companions see him with an ass's head.

in . . . dirt: The quotation is from Hood's "Song of a Shirt."

learned . . . as she: from Ben Jonson's epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney.

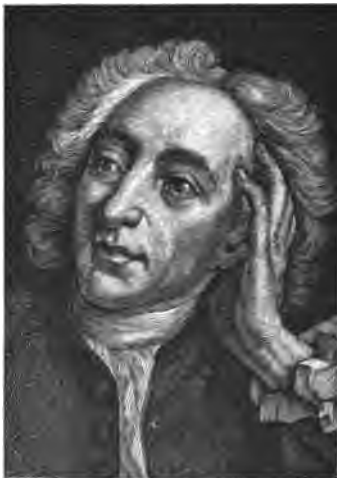
Circe was an enchantress who changed the companions of Ulysses into swine.

Ixions: Ixion, however, betrayed the hospitality of the gods and was punished; see p. 437.

Orestes: Curtis conceives a companion to whom the foregoing is addressed.

75. MAN

By Alexander Pope



ALEXANDER POPE

ALEXANDER POPE (May 21, 1688–May 30, 1744) was one of the prodigies of literature. He had great obstacles in life; he was deformed and without strength; his religion served as a barrier in his career. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, he was able, not only to make his fortune by his poetry at a time when most poets depended upon the patronage of the great, but also to establish his way of writing poetry as an example to almost all who followed him for many years. Goldsmith lived some time after him; yet, if you will compare our extract from Goldsmith with the extract following, you

will see how much more alike they are than they are like any later poets. "The Essay on Man" was, in Pope's own estimation, his great work, and it certainly represents his peculiar powers at their best. His chief characteristic is epigrammatic brilliancy; his poetry is full of passages which remain in the mind.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the skeptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such
Whether he thinks too little or too much ;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still, by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all,
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go wondrous creature ! mount where science guides ;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
Or Eastern priests in giddy circles run
And turn their heads to imitate the sun ;
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end ?
Alas ! what wonder ! man's superior part

Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science, then, with modesty thy guide :
 First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which served the past, and must the time to come.

then : This passage comes from the beginning of the Second Book ; in the First he had spoken of the necessity of self-knowledge.

proper : that which is his own.

isthmus : a narrow place between two worlds.

in doubt to : in doubt whether to.

but : only.

still : always.

Instruct . . . run : i.e. determine the law of their service.

empyreal : spiritual.

call : takes as object "the mazy round."

Eastern priests : the dancing dervishes.

admired : wondered at.

equipage : accompaniment.

all our : all which our.

76. WEALTH

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, philosopher, essayist, and poet, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, within "a kite-string of the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin." Emerson was educated at a grammar school,

and completed his course at Harvard, from which college he was graduated at eighteen. After leaving college he taught school for five years and then entered the ministry, and for a time was pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston. His views were too advanced, however, for the doctrine of his church, so he resigned and retired to Concord, where he purchased a home near the spot on which, in 1775, the first battle of the Revolution was fought. Concord remained his home until his death, April 27, 1882, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Emerson was justly considered the liberator of American literature; before his time American authors were bound by English thought and tradition. Also the influence of Puritan theology had infused a depressing tone into literature. Emerson came as the prophet of the dignity and worth of man's nature, and as the exponent of the philosophy of the ideal and the true. He was a master of language; his sentences are faultless, but sometimes his thought is not easily grasped. His life corresponded with his lofty; cheerful, and simple, teachings; he indeed practiced what he preached.

AS soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, How does that man get his living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

Wealth has its source in application of the mind to nature, from the rudest strokes of ax or spade up to the last secrets of art. Intimate ties subsist between

thought and all production ; because a better order is equivalent to vast amounts of brute labor. The forces and the resistances are Nature's, but the mind acts in bringing things from where they abound to where they are wanted ; in wise combining ; in directing the practice of the useful arts, and in the creation of finer values, by fine art, by eloquence, by song or by the reproduction of memory. Wealth is in applications of mind to nature ; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs ; another sees by the course of streams and growth of markets where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago ; but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam ; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam pipe to the wheat crop. Puff now, O Steam ! the steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle ; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a

half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile, and coal carries coal by rail and by boat to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comforts brings its industrial power.

When the farmer's peaches are taken from under the tree and carried into town, they have a new look and a hundred-fold value over the fruit which grew on the same bough and lies fulsomely on the ground. The craft of the merchant is this bringing a thing from where it abounds, to where it is costly. Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp; and three meals; in a horse, or a locomotive to cross the land; in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with; in books to read; and so, in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet and hands and eyes and blood, length to the day, and knowledge and good-will.

Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law which Nature thunders in these northern climates. First, she requires that each man should feed himself. If, happily, his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and by making his wants less, or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to lie. She gives him no rest until this is done; she starves, taunts, and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter,

sleep, friends, and daylight, until he has fought his own way to his own loaf. Then less peremptorily, but still with sting enough, she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop window, every fruit tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and his dignity to gratify. It is of no use to argue the wants down: the philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few; but will a man content himself with a hut and a handful of dried peas? He is born to be rich. He is thoroughly related; and is tempted out of his appetites and fancies to the conquest of this and that piece of nature, until he finds his well-being in the use of his planet, and of more planets than his own. Wealth requires—besides the crust of bread and the roof—the freedom of the city, the freedom of the earth, traveling, machinery, the benefits of science, music, fine arts, the best culture and the best company. He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men, of men in distant countries, and in past times. The same correspondence that is between thirst in the stomach and water in the spring, exists between the whole of man and the whole of nature. . . . The world is his tool chest, and he is successful, or his education is carried on just so far, as is the marriage of his faculties with nature, or the degree in which he takes up things into himself. . . .

Whilst it is each man's interest, that, not only ease

and convenience of living, but also wealth or surplus product should exist somewhere, it need not be in his hands. Often it is very undesirable to him. Goethe said well, "Nobody should be rich but those who can understand it." Some men are born to own, and can animate all their possessions. Others cannot: their owning is not graceful; seems to be a compromise of their character; they seem to steal their own dividends. They should own who can minister; not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the greater proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars, but they whose work carves out work for more, opens a path for all. For he is a rich man in whom the people are rich, and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor, and how to give all access to the masterpieces of art and nature is the problem of civilization.

James Watt (1736-1819): a famous British inventor and civil engineer; began experimenting in improving the steam engine about 1760, and invented the condensing steam engine in 1765.

George Stephenson (1781-1848): the perfecter of the locomotive. He was engineer of the Stockton and Darlington railroad, England, opened Sept. 27, 1825, which was the first railroad to carry passengers and goods by steam locomotion.

northern climates: In tropical regions men do not have to do so much to get food.

thoroughly related: i.e. stands in relation to or connection with other things.

Goethe: a famous German poet, dramatist, and prose writer, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aug. 29, 1749, died at Weimar, March 22, 1832.

who can minister: i.e. such as can use their wealth in the service of those about them.

77. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

By Robert Burns



ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS (Jan. 25, 1759–July 21, 1796) is one of the great poets of our tongue and one who should be known, even if but slightly. Rather unfortunately (at least for the majority of English-speaking people) he wrote chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and his language, which makes him only the more delightful to his countrymen, stands seriously in the way of his appreciation by others. He wrote also in literary English, but his English poems have not the sincere ring of his Scotch, — even "The Cotter's Saturday Night" seems a little artificial beside his songs. The reason that Burns wrote in the Scot-

tish dialect was that he was a true Scotchman, one of the people, without convention or formality. His life was, on the whole, unfortunate, for his disposition and his surroundings constantly jarred with his finer poetic character. But the result of it all was poetry purer and finer than anything else of its time, sincere and songful in its wording, and in its thought full of generous love for his country and for true manhood everywhere.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that :

The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine.

A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that :
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might.
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come what may,
As come it will for a' that ;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;

For a' that, and a' that.
 It's coming yet, for a' that ;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

hodden-gray : coarse gray cloth.

birkie : conceited fellow.

coof : blockhead.

riband, star : insignia of orders of nobility.

aboon : above.

fa' : try.

gree : preëminence.

78. UTOPIA AND ITS CUSTOMS

By Sir Thomas More



SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR THOMAS MORE (Feb. 7, 1478—July 6, 1535) was the chief man of letters of the reign of Henry VIII. It is worth noting that his chief work, that by which he is now famous, the "Utopia," was written in Latin. Latin in that day was the general language of scholars all over Europe. More wrote in English when there was need of it; but this book was written for as large an audience as would listen. It is a description of an imaginary country,—the name is formed from the Greek and means "Nowhere,"—in which More is able to present his idea of the perfection of government and politics. There

have been several such ideal commonwealths, but no other is so well known as the Utopia. More was a wise man: it is true that his sketch of manners and customs went far beyond anything possible in the

England of that day. Indeed, it is probable that even now mankind has not reached such a state of wisdom and common-sense as he imagined. Still, More discerned a number of sound principles, although he chose to convey them in a curious form. In practical politics he was not so fortunate : he was a wise statesman and much concerned in public affairs ; but being unable conscientiously to carry out some of the desires of the despotic Henry VIII., he was put to death.

THE island of Utopia is, in the middle, two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it ; but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent ; between its horns the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads into a great bay which is environed by land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds. In this bay is no great current ; the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbor, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce ; but the entry into the bay, occasioned by rocks on the one hand and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and may, therefore, be easily avoided, and on the top of it is a tower in which a garrison is kept ; the other rocks lie under the water and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter the bay without one of their pilots, he would run great danger of shipwreck ; for even they themselves could not pass it safe, if some marks that are on the coast did not direct their way ; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbors, and the coast is fortified both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent. Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent and to bring the sea quite around them. To accomplish this, he ordered a deep channel to be dug, fifteen miles long, and that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants, but also his own soldiers, to labor in carrying it on. As he set a vast number of men to work, he, beyond all men's expectations, brought it to a speedy conclusion. And his neighbors, who at first laughed at the folly of the undertaking, no sooner saw it brought to perfection, than they were struck with admiration and terror.

There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built, the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it.

Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a

year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns ; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the center of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles, and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground ; no town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built over all the country farmhouses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them ; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family ; and over thirty families there is a magistrate.

Every twenty of this family come back to the town after they have stayed two years in the country ; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town.

By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors, which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most convenient.

They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner ; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat, in order to be hatched, and they are no sooner out of the shell and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those who feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them.

They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them ; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in which they employ oxen ; for though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer ; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge and with less trouble ; and even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labor, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn but that which is to be their bread ; for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or licorice, with which they abound ; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle than are necessary for their consumption ; and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbors.

When they want anything in the country which it

does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see that it is given them; for they meet generally in the town once a month upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day. . . .

Besides agriculture, which is so common to them all, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself, such as the manufacture of wool or flax, masonry, smith's work, or carpenter work; for there is no other sort of trade that is in great esteem among them.

Throughout the island they wear the same sort of clothes without any other distinction, except what is necessary to distinguish the two sexes and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters; and as it is neither disagreeable nor uneasy, so it is suited to the climate, and calculated both for their summers and winters. Every family make their own clothes; but all among them, women as well as men, learn one or other of the trades mentioned. Women, for the most part, deal in wool and flax, which suit best their weakness, leaving the ruder trades to the men. The same trade generally passes down from father to son, inclinations often following descent; but if any man's genius lies another way, he is by adoption translated into a family that deals in the trade to which he is

inclined; and when that is done, care is taken not only by his father, but by the magistrate, that he may be put to a discreet and good man.

The chief and almost the only business of the Syphogrants, or magistrates, is to take care that no man may live idle, but that every one may follow his trade diligently: yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning to night, as if they were beasts of burden; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint six of these for work; three of which are before dinner, and three after. They then sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, go to bed and sleep eight hours. The rest of their time besides that taken up in work, eating, and sleeping is left to every man's discretion; yet they are not to abuse that interval to luxury and idleness, but must employ it in some proper exercise according to their various inclinations, which is for the most part reading.

Utopus: the name of an early king, formed, of course, from the name of the country, as is usual in such legends.

politeness: civilization.

admiration: wonder.

Amaurot: the capital city.

for the hens: as in the modern incubator.

common . . . all: general.

inclinations often following descent: they often liked their father's occupation.

The world's opinion of the schemes of the "Utopia" is indicated by the adjective "utopian," which means excellent but impracticable.

79. BALLADE OF TRUE WISDOM

By Andrew Lang

ANDREW LANG was born at Selkirk, Scotland, March 31, 1844. He is a man of very broad scholarship and culture, and has written on many different subjects and in many different forms. His works are sometimes scholarly, upon such topics as folklore and comparative religions, sometimes critical on subjects in classic and modern literatures, and on other subjects as well. At one time he produced a good deal of very charming verse. It is never great poetry, nor does it affect to be, but it is never without the qualities of grace, purity, and delicacy of thought as well as expression.



ANDREW LANG

WHILE others are asking for beauty or fame,
Or praying to know that for which they should
pray,

Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame,
Or chasing the Muses, the weary and gray,
The sage has found out a more excellent way —
To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,
And his humble petition puts up day by day,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Inventors may bow to the God that is lame,
And crave from the fire on his stithy a ray;

Philosophers kneel to the God without name,
 Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they ;
 The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay,
 The maiden wild roses will wreath for the Hours ;
 But the wise man will ask, ere libation he pay,
 For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Oh! grant me a life without pleasure or blame
 (As mortals count pleasure who rush through their
 day
 With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame)!
 Oh grant me a house by the beach of a bay,
 Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play
 With the seaweed in summer, ye bountiful powers!
 And I'd leave all the hurry, the noise, and the fray,
 For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

ENVOY

Gods, grant or withhold it; your "yea" and your "nay"
 Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours :
 But life *is* worth living, and here we would stay
 For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Queen Venus : the goddess of love.

Muses : the goddesses of the arts, and especially of poetry.

Pan : one of the Greek nature gods.

Pallas : the goddess of wisdom.

the God that is lame : Vulcan, the Greek god of mechanics.

the people of Athens : Acts xvii. 23.

Diana : the goddess of hunting and the woods.

the Hours : are represented as blooming young women.

Envoy : This is the regular name in French poetry for the last stanza of a ballade; it is only half as long as the first three stanzas.

80. THE GOLDEN SCALES

By Joseph Addison

JOSEPH ADDISON was the son of Dr. Launcelot Addison, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, and was born at the Rectory of Milston, May 1, 1672. Dr. Addison had led an adventurous life before he settled down in his quiet parsonage ; as a minister of the fallen Church of England, he had wandered from country-house to country-house at the close of the Rebellion, had been chaplain to the garrison at Dunkirk and afterwards chaplain to the garrison of Tangier. The wide experience thus gained relieved the narrowness of view common to country parsons, and under such influence young Addison passed his boyhood, instinctively imbibing a reverence for things pure and honest. He spent ten years at the University of Oxford, where he studied the Latin poets and wrote Latin verses while the whole country was in a political turmoil and men were divided into two great parties, Whigs and Tories. From Oxford he went abroad and spent nearly four years in leisurely travel, sauntering through France and Italy, studying the lands and the people. When he returned to England, he took his place at once among the wits, and a few months later a poem on the battle of Blenheim lifted him into fame. Two years afterwards he was Under-secretary of State ; by 1708, he was member of Parliament and Chief Secretary for Ireland. His career continued with unabated success till eleven years later his body was laid in the sacred resting place of poets and heroes in Westminster Abbey. His reputation does not rest upon his statesmanship or his wealth, but upon his rank as a man of letters. He is best known by the Essays contributed to "The Tattler" and "The Spectator," weekly periodicals established by his friend and former school fellow, Richard Steele. In these papers, as they were called, Addison embraced a wide range of subjects, — poetry, literature, politics, morals, and religion. Some essays are playful chats over the tea-cups concerning the latest play or the last fashion in woman's dress ; others are earnest appeals for higher living, and others again are sarcastic flings at the opposite political party. In all he wrote his style is strong and graceful, his wit keen but kindly, his fancy always light and playful, while under all is a large and generous humanity.

I WAS lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a

passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of Scripture, where we are told that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been weighed in a balance, and been found wanting. In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancing of the clouds; and, in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former paper, had an eye to several of these foregoing instances in that beautiful description wherein he represents the archangel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

These several amusing thoughts having taken possession of my mind sometime before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision.

I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public; I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me; when, on a sud-

den, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found upon examining these weights, they showed the value of everything that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another, upon which the latter, to show its comparative lightness, immediately "flew up and kicked the beam."

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances, for upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word Eternity, though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scale, I laid several titles and honors, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exactly a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word Vanity. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another ;

a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were, likewise, several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scale, as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, "In the dialect of men," and underneath it, "CALAMITIES"; on the other side was written "In the language of the gods," and underneath, "BLESSINGS." I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy;" I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries, for notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was heavier than that of learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; for notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from

its conjunction with the former, than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon showed itself in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars, too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it in one of the scales, and flung a twopenny piece in the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I recorded in this paper. I afterward threw both sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and in the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this is to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word TEKEL engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may

perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearance, but to regulate my esteem and passions toward them according to their real and intrinsic value.

Hector: In Greek legend, the son of Priam, king of Troy. He was the leader of the Trojans in the Trojan War, and was slain by Achilles, who dragged his victim's body three times around the walls of the city. **Achilles**: a Greek legendary warrior, chief of the Myrmidons, a Thessalian tribe. He was the slayer of Hector, and was himself killed by Paris.

Turnus: legendary king of the Rutulians in Italy. **Aeneas**: son of Anchises and Venus, a Trojan prince who escaped after the destruction of Troy to Italy, where he became the ancestral hero of the Romans.

Belshazzar: son of Nebuchadnezzar, the last king of ancient Babylonia.

Spectator: an English periodical published daily from March 1, 1711, to Dec. 6, 1712, to which Addison contributed two hundred and seventy-four numbers.

Tory: one of the great political parties that arose in England in the seventeenth century; it favored Church and State. **Whig** was the name of the opposing party which professed liberal principles.

Tekel: "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Daniel vi. 27.

81. THE FOOL'S PRAYER

By Edward Rowland Sill

E. R. SILL (born at Windsor, Conn., April 29, 1841 ; died at Cleveland, O., 1887) lived the greater part of his active life in California, where he was for twelve years professor of English in the University of that State. He was one of those poetic spirits who are profoundly in love with nature, and deeply interested in the moral side of life. Our extract exemplifies the latter quality: it presents a moral idea in the form of a story. His poems were little known when first published; but fortunately recognition came to him before his death.



EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

THE royal feast was done ; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : " Sir Fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer ! "

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before :
They could not see his bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool ;
His pleading voice arose, " O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

“ No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool
The rod must heal the sin ; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

“ 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay,
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“ These clumsy feet still in the mire
Go crushing blossoms without end,
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart strings of a friend.

“ The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung !
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung !

“ Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all,
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“ Earth bears no balsam for mistakes,
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
The King and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
“ Be merciful to me, a fool ! ”

cap and bells: It was an old-time custom to keep a professional jester to amuse king and nobles by wit or impudence; the jester wore a conical cap with bells attached.

painted grin: The jester's face was painted much as is a modern clown's.

murmured low: What is the lesson that the jester gave the king?

82. THE TAX ON TEA

By Edmund Burke

EDMUND BURKE (born in Dublin, Jan. 12, 1729, died at Beaconsfield, England, July 9, 1797) was an English orator and statesman. It is his reputation to have always thought and spoken a little over the heads of those with whom he had to do. If this were his fault, it was a noble one. Goldsmith says of him:—

“Too deep for his hearers, he
went on refining
And thought of convincing when
they thought of dining.”

His orations in Parliament were greatly admired for their eloquence, but they often failed to gain his hearers. We

Americans should be grateful to him, for he was a staunch friend to us during the trying times leading to the Revolutionary War.



EDMUND BURKE

THIS light, too, is passed and set forever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the reproducer of this fatal scheme, whom I cannot even now remember, without some

degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of more pointed and finished wit, and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better, by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skillfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House between wind and water; and not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious or more earnest than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required, to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House; and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it.

I beg pardon, sir, if when I speak of this, and other great men, I appear to digress in saying something of their characters. In this eventful history of the revolutions of America, the characters of such men are of much importance. Great men are the guide-posts and landmarks in the state. The credit of such men at

court, or in the nation, is the sole cause of all the public measures. It would be an invidious thing (most foreign, I trust, to what you think my disposition) to remark the errors into which the authority of great names has brought the nation, without doing justice at the same time to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them. There are many young members in the House (such of late has been the rapid succession of public men) who never saw that prodigy, Charles Townshend, nor, of course, know what a ferment he was able to excite in everything by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had, undoubtedly. Many of us remember them. We are to-day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause—to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame—a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshiped that goddess wherever she appeared; but he paid particular devotion to her in her favorite habitation, in her chosen temple, the House of Commons. Besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body, it is impossible, Mr. Speaker, not to observe, that this House has a collective character of its own. That character, too, however imperfect, is not unamiable. Like all great public collections of men, you possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. But among vices, there is none which the House abhors in the same degree with obstinacy. Obstinacy, sir, is certainly a great vice; and, in the changeful state of public affairs, it is frequently the cause of

great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues, constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity and firmness, are closely allied with this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence ; and, in their excess, all these virtues very easily fall into it. He who paid such a punctilious attention to all your feelings certainly took care not to shock them by that vice which is the most disagreeable to you.

The fear of displeasing those who ought most to be pleased, betrayed him sometimes into the other extreme. He had voted, and, in the year 1765, had been an advocate for the Stamp Act. Things and the disposition of men's minds were changed. In short, the Stamp Act began to be no favorite in the House. He therefore attended at the private meeting in which the resolutions moved by a right honorable gentleman were settled — resolutions leading to the repeal. The next day he voted for that repeal — and he would have spoken for it, too, if an illness (not, as was then given out, a political, but, to my knowledge, a very real illness) had not prevented it.

The very next session, as the fashion of this world passeth away, the repeal began to be in as bad an odor in this House as the Stamp Act had been in the session before. To conform to the temper which began to prevail, and to prevail mostly among those most in power, he declared, very early in the winter, that a revenue must be had out of America. Instantly he was tied down to his engagements by some who had no objections to such experiments when made at the cost of

persons for whom they had no particular regard. The whole body of courtiers drove him onward. They always talked as if the king stood in a sort of humiliated state until something of the kind should be done.

Here this extraordinary man, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, found himself in great straits. To please universally was the object of his life ; but to tax and please no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men. However, he attempted it. To render the tax palatable to the partisans of American revenue, he made a preamble stating the necessity of such a revenue. To close with the American distinction, this revenue was external, or port duty ; but again, to soften it to the other party, it was a duty of supply. To gratify the colonists, it was laid on British manufactures ; to satisfy the merchants of Britain the duty was trivial, and except that on tea, which touched only the devoted East India Company, on none of the grand objects of commerce. To counterwork the American contraband, the duty on tea was reduced from a shilling to threepence. But to secure the favor of those who would tax America, the scene of collection was changed, and, with the rest, it was levied in the colonies. What need I say more ? This fine-spun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy. But the original plan of the duties, and the mode of executing that plan, both arose singly and solely from a love of our applause. He was truly the child of the House. He never thought, did, or said anything, but with a view to you. He every day adapted himself to your disposition, and adjusted himself before it as at a looking-glass.

He had observed (indeed it could not escape him) that several persons infinitely his inferiors in all respects, had formerly rendered themselves considerable in this House by one method alone. They were a race of men (I hope in God the species is extinct) who, when they rose in their place, no man living could divine from any known adherence to parties, to opinions, or to principles, from any order or system in their politics, or from any sequel or connection in their ideas, what part they were going to take in any debate. It is astonishing how much this uncertainty, especially at critical times, called the attention of all parties on such men. All eyes were fixed on them, all ears open to hear them. Each party gaped and looked alternately for their vote, almost to the end of their speeches. While the House hung in this uncertainty, now the *hear-hims* rose from this side — now they rebelled from the other ; and that party to whom they fell at length from their tremulous and dancing balance, always received them with a tempest of applause. The future of such men was a temptation too great to be resisted by one to whom a single whiff of incense withheld gave much greater pain than he received delight in the clouds of it which daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers. He was a candidate for contradictory honors, and his great aim was to make those agree in admiration of him who had never agreed in anything else.

Hence arose this unfortunate act, the subject of to-day's debate ; from a disposition which, after making an American revenue to please one, repealed it to

please others, and again revived it in hopes of pleasing a third, and of catching something in the ideas of all.

this fatal scheme : the Stamp Act.

Mr. Speaker : speeches in Parliament are always addressed to the Speaker.

83. SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

By Matthew Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD was born Dec. 24, 1822, and died April 15, 1888. He was a distinguished poet and essayist. His poems were written in his younger days : as he grew older he became so much interested in the actual life of his day that he probably had little time for verse. His great aim was to raise the England of his day to a higher intellectual plane, to enable men to live better by teaching them to think better. He was a commissioner of education, a professor of poetry, and a writer and lecturer on religious, political, and literary subjects, and his influence was very great. In his poems we find the same spirit in a very different form. The poem of which a part follows is a narrative poem of which one object, perhaps, was to show the beauty of a pure and strong classic style. It should be compared with the extract from Tennyson. Matthew Arnold is clear, definite, strong, like a Greek statue ; Tennyson is glowing, emotional, suggestive, like a modern picture.

BUT Rustum strode to his tent-door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel ; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device ;
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth ; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel —

Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddlecloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore
By sandy Bahrein in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare —
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,

Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window-panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs ; long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared ;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed,*so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming ; and he stood
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said : —

“ O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold !
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me ! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried ; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?
Be governed ! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die !
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou.”

So he spake, mildly ; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs ; hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said :

“ Oh, by thy father’s head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? speak ! are thou not he ? ”

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul : —

“ Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean !
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.

For if I now confess this thing he asks
And hide it not, but say : ‘ Rustum is here ! ’
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab’s hall,

In Samarcand, he will arise and cry :
‘ I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight ; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared ; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.’
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud ;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me.”

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud : —

“ Rise ! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth ; make good thy vaunt, or yield !
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight ?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum’s face and flee !
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods, —
Oxus in summer wash them all away.”

He spoke ; and Sohrab answered, on his feet :
“ Art thou so fierce ? Thou wilt not fright me so !
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin ! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young,
But yet success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,

We know not, and no search will make us know ;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

Rustum : was the great hero of the Persians, who were now at war with the Tartars. Sohrab, the Tartar champion, had challenged any Persian to single combat. Sohrab knew he was the son of Rustum, though he had been brought up away from his father. But Rustum in accepting Sohrab's challenge did not tell his name, nor did Sohrab know who Rustum was. So father and son were ignorantly about to fight each other.

Ruksh : Rustum's war-horse.

dight : clad, harnessed.

Bahrein : The Bahrein islands are noted for their pearl fisheries.

tale : full count.

perused : looked at intently.

tried : tested in battle.

son : Rustum did not know that he had a son. On Sohrab's birth he had been told that a daughter was born.

Afrasiab : The Tartar king.

sways : goes as heaven wills.

event : outcome.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
— Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. BARBAULD.

84. THE LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

By Samuel Johnson

JOHNSON was born at Litchfield, England, Sept. 18, 1709, and died in London, Dec. 13, 1784. He gained and held till his death the position of acknowledged head of English letters. His works are to-day not very widely read, but Johnson himself is still regarded with admiration on account of his fine character, which is wonderfully preserved for us in the biography by his friend Boswell. The chief element in his character was a noble independence of thought and life. This quality is nowhere exhibited better than in his letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. Chesterfield



SAMUEL JOHNSON

was a man of letters and fashion who had desired to have Johnson dedicate his Dictionary to him. The circumstances may easily be inferred from the letter.

7TH FEBRUARY, 1755.

MY LORD, — I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address,

and could not forbear to wish that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

World : a periodical not unlike "The Spectator" of Addison.

Dictionary : Johnson's Dictionary (published 1755) was the greatest book of its kind, and a great feat for a single man.

encouragement : Literary men used to depend largely upon the munificence of wealthy persons who were called "patrons."

The just resentment of Johnson was not so easily appeased. In a letter written with singular dignity and energy of thought, he repelled the tardy advances of his patron. The Dictionary came forth without a dedication. In the preface the author truly declared that he owed nothing to the great, and described the difficulties with which he had been left to struggle so forcibly and pathetically that the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame, Horne Tooke, never could read that passage without tears. The public, on this occasion, did Johnson full justice, and something more than justice. The best lexicographer may well be content if his productions are received by the world with cold esteem. But Johnson's Dictionary was hailed with an enthusiasm such as no similar work has ever excited. It was indeed the first dictionary that could be read with pleasure.

MACAULAY : "Essay on Samuel Johnson."

85. L'ALLEGRO

By John Milton



JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (born Dec. 9, 1608 ; died Nov. 8, 1674) generally comes to mind as the author of "Paradise Lost." This is certainly his greatest work. But it was the work of his ripe age : when he wrote it he had already written much else, although nothing which would have given him the fame he now has. In the years before his great epic Milton had been actively in the service of the Puritan commonwealth : he had written hardly any poetry, but in prose pamphlets had defended the cause of the people. Before that he had written poetry, and it is from one of these earlier poems that we take our extract. They are not the

great poems of Puritanism — "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas"—they are the poems of a young man of serious life, but with love of beauty, charm, and elegance. These three epochs of Milton's life must be remembered ; he was first a young poet of serious beauty, then the stout defender of liberty, then England's greatest epic poet.

AND if I give thee honor due,
 A Mirth, admit me of thy crew ;
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watchtower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;

Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window wish good morrow
Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedgerow elm, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye has caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes ;
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thestylis, to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlet will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he, by friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream bowl duly set,

When in one night ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And cropful out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throng of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear ;
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

Mirth : The poet addresses Euphrosyne, the nymph of mirth.

her : Liberty, alluded to in the passage before our extract.

to come : The construction here has aroused much discussion ;

probably it is the same as that of "to hear." The meaning seems to be that the poet comes to his window and looks out.

in spite : without regard to.

the rear : the last remnant.

tells his tale : counts the number of his sheep.

dinner : The time has passed from morning to noon.

Corydon, Thyrsis, Phillis, Thestylis : pastoral names.

sometimes : We pass now to a time later in the day.

she, he : a country lass and lad.

friar's lantern : the will-o'-the-wisp.

drudging goblin : This is not the same adventure as that of the friar's lantern.

flings : intransitive.

learned sock : The sock was a peculiar kind of boot worn by the comic actors of Greece. Milton uses it to indicate comedy.

86. THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

By Thomas Babington Macaulay

It is as a historian and an essayist that Macaulay is most famous. His "History of England" shows an imaginative creation of the life of the people that is most stimulating. Our extract, however, is not from the "History," but from one of the historical essays. It does much to give us an idea of his conception of history, which we may compare with that of Carlyle. It also gives us a good idea of the optimistic spirit in which Macaulay viewed the progress of the world.

THE history of England is emphatically the history of progress. It is the history of a constant movement of the public mind which produced a constant change in the institutions of a great society. We see that society, at the beginning of the twelfth century, in a state more miserable than the state in which the most degraded nations of the East now are. We see it subjected to the tyranny of a handful of

armed foreigners. We see a strong distinction of caste separating the victorious Norman from the vanquished Saxon. We see the great body of the population in a state of personal slavery. We see the most debasing and cruel superstition exercising boundless dominion over the most elevated and benevolent minds. We see the multitude sunk in brutal ignorance, and the studious few engaged in acquiring what did not deserve the name of knowledge. In the course of seven centuries this wretched and degraded race have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw — have spread their dominion over every quarter of the globe, have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents of which no dim intimation had ever reached Ptolemy or Strabo; have created a maritime power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa together; have carried the science of healing, the means of locomotion and correspondence, every mechanical art, every manufacture, everything that promotes the convenience of life to a perfection which our ancestors would have thought magical; have produced a literature abounding with works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; have discovered the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, have speculated with exquisite subtlety on the operations of the human mind, have been the acknowledged leaders of the human race in the career of political improvement. The history of England is the history of this change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of

the inhabitants of our own island. There is much amusing and instructive episodical matter, but this is the main action. To us, we will own, nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday Book, the England of the Curfew and the Forest Laws, the England of crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws — became the England which we know and love, — the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade. The charter of Henry Beauclerk, the Great Charter, the first assembling of the House of Commons, the extinction of personal slavery, the separation from the See of Rome, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Revolution, the establishment of the liberty of unlicensed printing, the abolition of religious disabilities, the reform of the representative system, all these seem to us to be the successive stages of one great revolution; nor can we comprehend any one of these memorable events unless we look at it in connection with those which preceded, and with those which followed it. Each of those great and ever-memorable struggles, — Saxon against Norman, Villein against Lord, Protestant against Papist, Roundhead against Cavalier, Dissenter against Churchman, Manchester against Old Sarum, was in its own order and season, a struggle on the result of which were staked the dearest interests of the human race; and every man who in the contests which, in his time, divided our country, distinguished himself on the right side, is entitled to our gratitude and respect.

at . . . century : about the beginning of the Norman dynasty, which came in with William the Conqueror in 1066.

Doomsday Book : see p. 451.

Forest Laws : severe regulations for the maintenance of the forests.

Manchester . . . Sarum : The reference is to the Reform Act of 1832. Old Sarum had been a borough, and so returned two members to Parliament. But by the nineteenth century the place had been gradually deserted so that there was not a single house within its limits. The owners of the land named the members of Parliament. Meantime great cities like Manchester had grown up from places that had not had representatives. The Reform Act was meant to equalize matters.

87. TINTERN ABBEY

• By William Wordsworth

WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, on the borders of the English Lake Country, April 7, 1770, and died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850. He early in life devoted himself to poetry, and especially to discerning the poetry of nature. For many years he lived the simplest possible life that he might have leisure to observe and meditate. His poems are not of nature alone, but of man as well. The most widely known are probably some shorter pieces; but nothing so well expresses his earlier feeling for nature as the poem which follows. It will repay the closest study, although at first the thought and sentiment may not be wholly easy to come at.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LINES

Composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour.

FIVE years have past; five summers with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come where I again repose
Here under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses.

Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din

Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration ; feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime ; — that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened : — that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on —
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, —
How oft, in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again,
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er these mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all — I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite : a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity ;
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear ; both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read

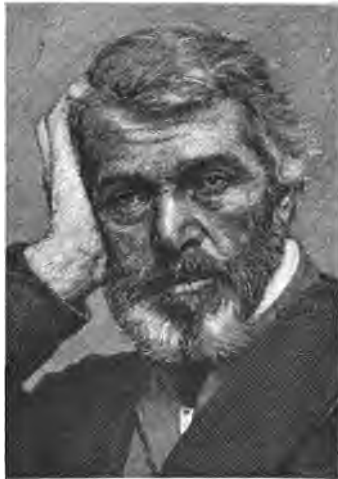
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore, let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee ; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams

Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together ; and that I, so long
 A worshiper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service : rather say
 With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

88. THE HERO

By Thomas Carlyle

THOMAS CARLYLE (Dec. 4, 1795–Feb. 4, 1881) was one of the great figures of English literature in the nineteenth century. So far as the character of his work is concerned, he was a writer of biography and history. Actually, he was something more : he was one who enabled people to look at life from a new standpoint. History, he held, must show us the actual life of the people, not merely the rise and fall of political parties and the battles of great generals. Particularly must it show us the lives of great men and leaders of humanity. All else, to Carlyle, is unimportant ; one must pierce the great chaos of happenings to the core and see what is there ; one must get to know the great men



THOMAS CARLYLE

who have been in this world. And great men — but the Hero is the key to Carlyle's thought, and in the following extract from his essay on Johnson we have one of his early expressions of the idea.

LEAVING now this our English "Odyssey," with its Singer and Scholiast, let us come to the Ulysses, that great Samuel Johnson himself, the far-experienced "much-enduring man," whose labors and pilgrimage are here sung. A full-length image of his Existence has been preserved for us ; and he, perhaps of all living Englishmen, was the one who best deserved that honor. For if it is true, and now almost proverbial, that "the Life of the lowest mortal, if faithfully recorded, would be interesting to the highest," how much more when the mortal in question was already distinguished in fortune and natural quality, so that his thinkings and doings were not significant of himself only, but of large masses of mankind ! "There is not a man whom I meet on the streets," says one, "but I could like, were it otherwise convenient, to know his Biography ;" nevertheless, could an enlightened curiosity be so far gratified, it must be owned the Biography of most ought to be, in an extreme degree, *summary*. In this world there is so wonderfully little self-subsistence among men ; next to no originality (though never absolutely *none*) ; one Life is too servilely the copy of another ; and so in whole thousands of them you find little that is properly new ; nothing but the old song sung by a new voice, with better or worse execution, here and there an ornamental quaver, and false notes enough ; but the fundamental tune is ever the same ; and for the *words*, these, all

that they meant, stand written generally on the Church-yard-stone : *Natus sum; esuriebam, quærebam; nunc repletus requiesco*. Mankind sail their Life voyage in huge fleets, following some single whale-fishing or herring-fishing Commodore : the log-book of each differs not, in essential purport, from that of any other ; nay, the most have no legible log-book (reflection, observation not being among their talents) ; keep no reckoning, only *keep in sight* of the flagship,—and fish. Read the Commodore's Papers (know *his* Life), and even your lover of that street Biography will have learned the most of what he sought after.

Or the servile *imitancy*, and yet also a nobler relationship and mysterious union to one another which lies in such imitancy of Mankind, might be illustrated under the different figure (itself nowise *original*) of a Flock of Sheep. Sheep go in flocks for three reasons : First, because they are of a gregarious temper, and *love* to be together ; Secondly, because of their cowardice—they are afraid to be left alone ; Thirdly, because the common run of them are dull of sight, to a proverb, and can have no choice in roads ; sheep can in fact *see* nothing in a celestial Luminary and a scoured pewter Tankard ; would discern only that both dazzled them, and were of unspeakable glory. How like their fellow-creatures of the human species ! Men, too, as was from the first maintained here, are gregarious ; then surely faint-hearted enough, trembling to be left by themselves ; above all, dull-sighted, down to the verge of utter blindness. Thus are we seen ever running in torrents and mobs, if we run at all ; and

after what foolish scoured Tankards, mistaking them for suns ! Foolish Turnip-lanterns likewise, to all appearance supernatural, keep whole nations quaking, their hair on end. Neither know we, except by blind habit, where the good pastures lie : solely when the sweet grass is between our teeth, we know it, and chew it ; also when grass is bitter and scant, we know it, and bleat and butt : these last two facts we know of a truth and in very deed. Thus do Men and Sheep play their parts on this Nether Earth : wandering restlessly in large masses, they know not whither ; for most part each following his neighbor, and his own nose.

Nevertheless, not always ; look better, you shall find certain that do, in some small degree, *know whither*. Sheep have their Bell-wether : some ram of the folds, endowed with more valor, with clearer vision than other sheep ; he leads them through the wolds, by height and hollow, to the woods and water-courses, for covert or for pleasant provender ; courageously marching, and if need be, leaping, and with hoof and horn doing battle, in the van ; him they courageously, and with assured heart, follow. Touching it is, as every herdsman will inform you, with what chivalrous devotedness these woolly Hosts adhere to their Wether ; and rush after him, through good report and through bad report, were it into safe shelters and green thymy nooks, or into asphaltic lakes and the jaws of devouring lions. Ever also must we recall that fact which we owe Jean Paul's quick eye : " If you hold a stick before the Wether, so that he, by necessity, leaps in passing you, and then

withdraw your stick, the Flock will nevertheless all leap as he did; and the thousandth sheep shall be found impetuously vaulting over air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier." Reader, wouldst thou understand Society, ponder well those ovine proceedings; thou wilt find them all curiously significant.

Now if sheep always, how much more must men always, have their Chief, their Guide! Man, too, is by nature quite thoroughly *gregarious*: nay, ever he struggles to be something more, to be *social*; not even when Society has become impossible does that deep-seated tendency and effort forsake him. Man, as if by miraculous magic, imparts his Thoughts, his Mood of mind to man; an unspeakable communion binds all past, present, and future men into one indissoluble whole, almost into one living Individual. Of which high, mysterious Truth, this disposition to *imitate*, to lead and be led, this impossibility *not* to imitate, is the most constant, and one of the simplest manifestations. To "imitate!" which of us all can measure the significance that lies in that one word? By virtue of which the infant Man, born at Woolsthorpe, grows up not to be a hairy Savage and chewer of Acorns, but an Isaac Newton and Discoverer of Solar Systems! Thus, both in a celestial and terrestrial sense, are we a *Flock*, such as there is no other: nay, looking away from the base and ludicrous to the sublime and sacred side of the matter (since in every matter there are two sides), have not we also a SHEPHERD, "if we will but hear his voice"? Of those stupid multitudes there is no one but has an immortal Soul within him; a reflex and living image of God's whole

Universe: strangely, from its dim environment, the light of the Highest looks through him; for which reason, indeed, it is that we claim a brotherhood with him, and so love to know his History, and come into clearer and clearer union with all that he feels, and says, and does.

However, the chief thing to be noted was this: Amid those dull millions, who, as a dull flock, roll hither and thither, whithersoever they are led, and seem all sightless and slavish, accomplishing, attempting little save what the animal instinct (in its somewhat higher kind) might teach (to keep themselves and their young ones alive), are scattered here and there superior natures, whose eye is not destitute of free vision, nor their heart of free volition. These later, therefore, examine and determine, not what others do, but what it is right to do; towards which and which only, will they, with such force as is given them, resolutely endeavor: for if the Machine, living or inanimate, is merely *fed*, or desires to be fed, and so *works*, the Person can *will*, and so *do*. These are properly our Men, our Great Men; the guides of the dull host, which follows them as by an irrevocable decree.

Odyssey: so Carlyle speaks of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Singer and Scholiast: i.e., the author and the editor, Boswell and John Wilson Croker.

says one: Carlyle often attributes his ideas to some one else.

natus . . . requiesco: I was born; I was hungry and sought food; now I am filled and lie quiet.

foolish turnip-lanterns: matters that seem brilliant, but are really nothing.

Jean Paul: Richter, an author much admired by Carlyle.

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